00126522

THE
ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY
Town Hall, Bombay.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018

126522 ac

P
19
19

LONDON:
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET.
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.
1850.

00126522

LONDON:
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

MR. PUNCH presents his profoundest sense of admiration and respect to His Royal Highness Prince Albert.

Mr. Punch, having completed another Volume—always a national event—ventures to address His Royal Highness, as the originator of the Exhibition of the World's Industry in 1851; convinced that, as His Royal Highness is deeply interested in the successful issue of that great endeavour, His Royal Highness will learn with peculiar delight the intentions of Mr. Punch with reference to his own proposed contributions on that eventful occasion.

Mr. Punch proposes to send, to be enshrined in the Crystal Palace, his Nineteen Volumes, superbly printed on sheep Vellum—the sheep segregated and fed on the aromatic herbage of Mount Hymettus—and illuminated with colours of gem-like lustre. The Nineteen Volumes will be bound in the skins of unicorns; with, at least, one phœnix feather in each, by way of marker.

But the pageant contemplated by Mr. Punch—the procession from his cell, 85, Fleet Street, to the Great Glass Hive in Hyde Park—will, Mr. P. humbly believes, afford to the foreign nations, awhile boarding and lodging in England, matter of most valuable instruction and most abounding amusement.

Even as the Camel carries a copy of the Koran to Mecca, so will each and every of the Nineteen Volumes be borne from 85, Fleet Street, by some animal of significant species, (the animal richly caparisoned, and duly mounted and paged,) to the Palace in Hyde Park.

Will your Royal Highness vouchsafe to Mr. Punch two little minutes, that he may just hint, in general phrase, at his preparations for the great event?

Volume I. will be deposited in a superbly carved chest, to be borne upon an Elephant; the Lord Mayor himself—as Punch's fellow-citizen—having offered to ride on the neck of the beast, and to take every

charge of the precious tome. The Elephant is selected as typical of the united strength and gentleness of PUNCH—of the power that can root up the upas, or play with a rose-bud.

VOLUME II. will be carried by an Ostrich. And wherefore? Is not the pen of PUNCH as white as the primest plume of the bird?

VOLUME III. upon a Lion—descended in a direct line from the original British; and though, when roused, pouring forth a roar quite equal to the earliest note of his great progenitor, nevertheless, a Lion in whom silent magnanimity is the greater quality than noise.

VOLUME IV. will be consigned to the Hippopotamus: only a just tribute to the good-nature that redeems ugliness, and turns what would otherwise be a monster, to quite a pet.

And thus, MR. PUNCH proposes to lay his Nineteen Volumes on the backs of beasts and birds, too various for your Royal Highness's patience to be particularised. Suffice it to say, there will be the graceful Stag, the grisly Bear, the massive Brahmin Bull—ditto JOHN, represented by a distinguished amateur from Smithfield; the Giraffe, the Alpaca, the Porcupine; and, saving your Royal Highness, the very cream and pith of the animal world, for the nonce made active members of the Parcels' Delivery Company; and guided and waited upon by a whole army of riders and attendants,—all of them living representatives of the thousands of pictorial individuals that at the present moment people the pages of PUNCH, as thickly as fire-flies burn in a tropic night.

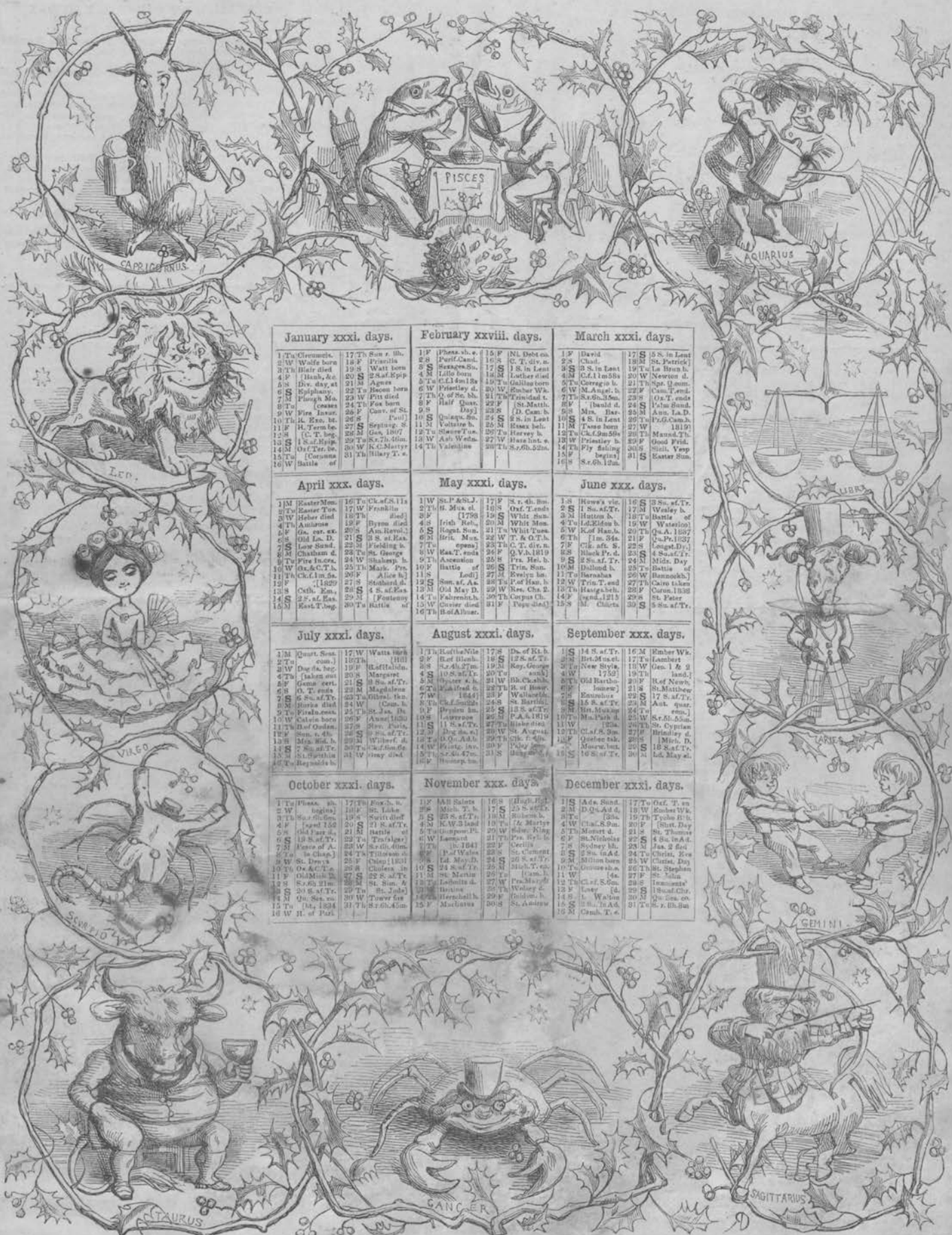
When the procession shall have reached its Crystal destination, the Nineteen Volumes—to triumphant blasts of trumpets—will be duly deposited within the shrine prepared for them. A guard of honour, composed of individuals of all nations—so that all the inhabitants of all the globe shall be represented, clustered around the marvellous work—shall take their post, to be duly relieved, pending the Exhibition. Already MR. PUNCH has a thousand letters, from writers in every nook of the world, supplicating the enjoyment of such honour.

And thus, your Royal Highness, you may assure yourself—from the admiring and loyal zeal of PUNCH—of a new glory for the Exhibition of 1851. And that the thought of it may cast an added light, and impart a newer pleasure to your yet merrier Christmas, and your still happier New Year,

Is the wish of your Obedient humble Servant,

Punch.

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1850.



January xxxi. days.

1	Tu	Circumcis.	17	Th	Sun r. 8h.
2	W	Wolfe born	18	F	Prisc[illa
3	Th	Blair died	19	S	Watt born
4	F	(Bank, &c	20	S	2 S.af.Epip.
5	S	Div. day, at	21	M	Agnes
6	S	Epiphany.	22	Tu	Bacon born
7	M	Plough Mo.	23	W	Pitt died
8	Tu	[ceases	24	Th	Fox born
9	W	Fire Insur.	25	F	Conv. of St.
10	Th	R. Exc. bt.	26	S	Paul]
11	F	R. Term be.	27	S	Septuag. S
12	S	(C. T. beg.	28	M	Gen. 1807
13	S	1 S.af.Epip.	29	Tu	S.r.7h.46m.
14	M	Os f.Ter. be.	30	W	K.C.Martyr
15	Tu	[Corinna	31	Th	Hilary T. e.
16	W	Battle of			

February xxviii. days.

1	F	Phras. sb. e.	15	F	Ni. Debt ca.
2	S	Purif.Cand.	16	S	C. T. div. n.
3	S	Septuges.Su.	17	S	1 S. in Lent
4	M	Lille born	18	M	Luther died
5	Tu	C.L.14m18s	19	Tu	Galileo born
6	W	Priestley d.	20	W	Ember Wk.
7	Th	O. of Sc. bh.	21	Th	Trinidad t.
8	F	Half Quar.	22	F	[St.Matth.
9	S	Day]	23	S	(D. Cam. b.
10	S	Quinqu. Su.	24	S	2 S. in Lent
11	M	Voltaire b.	25	M	Essex beh.
12	Tu	Shrove Tue.	26	Tu	Hervey b.
13	W	Ash Wedn.	27	W	Hare hint. e.
14	Th	Valentine	28	Th	S.r.6h.52m.

March xxxi. days.

1	F	David	17	S	S. in Lent
2	S	Chad.	18	M	St. Patrick]
3	S	3 S. in Lent	19	Tu	La Bruy.b.
4	M	C.f.11m59s	20	W	Newton d.
5	Tu	Correggio b.	21	Th	Spr. Quom.
6	W	M. Angel. b.	22	F	Cam.T.end.
7	Th	S.r.6h.35m.	23	S	(Ox.T. ends
8	F	[Bould d.	24	S	Palm Sund.
9	S	Mrs. Bar-	25	M	Ann. La.D.
10	S	4 S. in Lent	26	Tu	Pr.G.Cam.b.
11	M	Tasso born	27	W	1819]
12	Tu	C.f.9m59s	28	Th	Maund.Th.
13	W	Priestley b.	29	F	Good Frid.
14	Th	Fly fishing	30	S	Sicil. Vesp
15	F	begins]	31	S	Easter Sun.
16	S	S.r.6h.12m.			

April xxx. days.

1	M	Easter Mon.	16	Tu	Ck.af.S.11s
2	Tu	Easter Tue.	17	W	Franklin
3	W	Heber died	18	Th	died]
4	Th	Ambrose	19	F	Byron died
5	F	Gu. pot. ex.	20	S	Am.Revol.]
6	S	Old Lu. D.	21	S	3 S. af.Eas.
7	S	Low Sund.	22	M	Fielding b.
8	M	Chatham d.	23	Tu	St. George
9	Tu	Fire In.ces.	24	W	Shakesp. b.
10	W	Ox.&C.T.b.	25	Th	Mark. Pro.
11	Th	Ck.f.1m.5s.	26	F	Alice b.]
12	F	[1829	27	S	Stothard d.
13	S	Cath. Em.,	28	S	4 S. af.Eas.
14	S	2 S. af.Eas.	29	M	[Fontenoy
15	M	East.T.beg.	30	Tu	Battle of

May xxxi. days.

1	W	St.P.&St.J.	17	F	S.r. 4h. 8m.
2	Th	H. Mus. el.	18	S	Oxf. T.ends
3	F	[1793	19	S	Whit Sun.
4	S	Irish Reb.	20	M	Whit Mon.
5	S	Rogat. Sun.	21	Tu	Whit Tues.
6	M	Brit. Mus.	22	W	T. & O.T.b.
7	Tu	opens]	23	Th	C. T. div. n.
8	W	Eas.T. ends	24	F	Q.V.b.1819
9	Th	Ascension	25	S	Pra. Hei. b.
10	F	Battle of	26	S	Trin. Sun.
11	S	Lodi]	27	M	Evelyn bu.
12	S	Sun. af. As.	28	Tu	P.of Han. b.
13	M	Old May D.	29	W	Res. Chs. 2.
14	Tu	Fahrenh.b.	30	Th	Corpus Ch.
15	W	Cuvier died	31	F	Pope died]
16	Th	B.of Alhuer.			

June xxx. days.

1	S	Howe's vic.	16	S	3 Su. af.Tr.
2	S	1 Su. af.Tr.	17	M	Wesley b.
3	M	Hutton b.	18	Tu	Battle of
4	Tu	Ld.Eldon b.	19	W	Waterloo]
5	W	Kof Han.b.	20	Th	Qu.A. 1837
6	Th	[Im. 34s.	21	F	Qu.Pr.1837
7	F	Clk. aft. S.	22	S	Longst.Dy.]
8	S	Black Pr. d.	23	S	4 Su.af.Tr.
9	S	2 Su.af. Tr.	24	M	Mids. Day
10	M	Dalhousi b.	25	Tu	Battle of
11	Tu	Barnabas	26	W	Bannockb.]
12	W	Trin.T. end	27	Th	Cairo taken
13	Th	Hastg.beh.	28	F	Caron.1838
14	F	(prod.,1215	29	S	St. Peter
15	S	M. Chirts.	30	S	5 Su. af.Tr.

July xxxi. days.

1	M	Quart. Sess.	17	W	Watts born
2	Tu	com.)	18	Th	[Hill
3	W	Dog-da. beg.	19	F	Raffl.d.Sin.
4	Th	(taken out	20	S	Margaret
5	F	Gaunt cert.	21	S	6 Su. af.Tr.
6	S	O. T. ends	23	M	Magdalene
7	S	6 Su. af.Tr.	23	Tu	Dibsal. ten.
8	M	Horsa died	24	W	(Cam. b.
9	Tu	Fielding dest.	25	Th	St. Jas. Ap.
10	W	Calvin born	26	F	Anne] 1850
11	Th	Bat of Ondam.	27	S	Sev. Asia,
12	F	Sess. c. 4h.	28	S	7 S. af.Tr.
13	S	Mrs. Sid. b.	29	M	Wilberf. d.
14	S	7 Su. af.Tr.	30	Tu	Ck.f.8m.6s.
15	M	St. Swithin	31	W	Gray died.
16	Tu	Reynolds b.			

August xxxi. days.

1	Th	Battle Nile	17	S	Ds. of Kt. b.
2	F	Bat Blenh.	18	S	12 S. af. Tr.
3	S	S.r.4h.27m.	19	M	Roy. George
4	S	10 S. af.Tr.	20	Tu	ends]
5	M	Oyster s. b.	21	W	Bk.Ch.shb.
6	Tu	Fl.sailed 6.	22	Th	R. of Hour.
7	W	1644]	23	F	Wallace hb.
8	Th	Ck.f.sunds.	24	S	St. Bartlm.
9	F	Peyton hn.	25	S	13 S. af.Tr.
10	S	Lawrence	26	M	P.A.A. 1819
11	S	11 S. af.Tr.	27	Tu	Rider died
12	M	Dog-da. e.]	28	W	St. August.
13	Tu	D.Q.s.Ad.b.	29	Th	Clk. f. 40s.
14	W	Printg. inv.	30	F	Paley [on
15	Th	S.r.4h.47m.	31	S	Dan. 2d C.]
16	F	Bloomsp. bn.			

September xxx. days.

1	S	14 S. af.Tr.	16	M	Ember Wk.
2	S	Brt. Mus. el.	17	Tu	Lambert
3	M	New Style,	18	W	Gen. 1 & 2
4	Tu	1752]	19	Th	land.]
5	W	Old Bartho-	20	F	R.of Newb.
6	Th	lomew]	21	S	St.Matthew
7	F	Excursion	22	S	17 S. af.Tr.
8	S	15 S. af.Tr.	23	M	Aut. quar.
9	S	Brt. Museum	24	Tu	com.)
10	M	Mrs. Park d.	25	W	S.r.5h.55m.
11	Tu	[22s.	26	Th	St. Cyprian
12	W	Cl.af.8.30m.	27	F	Brindley d.
13	Th	Quebec tak.	28	S	[Mrs. D.
14	F	Mourn. bus.	29	S	18 S.af.Tr.
15	S	16 S. af. Tr.	30	M	Ld. May el.

October xxxi. days.

1	Tu	Phras. sb.	17	Th	Rox.b. e.
2	W	begins]	18	F	St. Luke
3	Th	S.r.5h.5m.	19	S	Swift died
4	F	[aged 152	20	S	21 S.af.Tr.
5	S	Old Parr d.,	21	M	Battle of
6	S	19 S.af.Tr.	22	Tu	Trafalgar]
7	M	Agnes of A.	23	W	S.r.6h.40m.
8	Tu	is Chap.)	24	Th	Tillotson d.
9	W	St. Denys	25	F	Crisp.] 1631
10	Th	Os.&C.T.e.	26	S	Cholera in
11	F	O.&M.T.b.	27	S	Sun. af.Tr.
12	S	S.r.6h. 21m.	28	M	St. Sim. &
13	S	20 S. af.Tr.	29	Tu	St. Jude]
14	M	Qu. Sax. ex.	30	W	Tower fire
15	Tu	Dr. 1534	31	Th	S.r.6h.45m
16	W	B. of Pari.			

November xxx. days.

1	F	All Saints	16	S	[Hugh.Rpt.
2	S	Mich. T. b.	17	S	25 S. af.Tr.
3	S	23 S. af.Tr.	18	M	Roberts b.
4	M	K.W.3 land	19	Tu	Iz. Martyr
5	Tu	Gunpow.Pl.	20	W	Edw. King
6	W	Earnscliff	21	Th	Pra. Ky. b.
7	Th	[b. 1841	22	F	Cecilia
8	F	P. of Wales	23	S	St. Clement
9	S	Ld. May D.	24	S	26 S. af.Tr.
10	S	24 S.af.Tr.	25	M	Mich.T.e.
11	M	St. Martin	26	Tu	[Cam. b.
12	Tu	Lefebvre d.	27	W	Pra. Margt.
13	W	Bentinck	28	Th	Wesley d.
14	Th	Herschell b.	29	F	Feldom b.
15	F	Mackarel	30	S	St. Andrew

December xxxi. days.

1	S	Adv. Sund.	17	Tu	Oxf. T. en
2	M	D.Qs.Ad.d.	18	W	Ember Wk.
3	Tu	[35s.	19	Th	Tycho B.b.
4	W	Clk.f.8.9m.	20	F	[Shrt. Day
5	Th	Mozart d.	21	S	St. Thomas
6	F	St. Nicholas	22	S	4 Su. in Ad.
7	S	Sydney bh.	23	M	Jas. 2 fled
8	S	2 Su. in Ad.	24	Tu	Christ, Rcs
9	M	Milton born	25	W	Christ. Day
10	Tu	Quinqua.s.a.	26	Th	St. Stephen
11	W	[35s.	27	F	St. John
12	Th	Cl.af.8.9m.	28	S	Innocents'
13	F	Lucy [d.	29	S	1 Su.af.Chr.
14	S	L. Walton	30	M	Qu.Sax. co.
15	S	3 Su. in Ad.	31	Tu	S.r. 4h.8m
16	M	Camb. T. e.			

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1850.

CALIFORNIAN GLOSSARY.

Californian.	*English.*
Dust-bin	A Pocket.
Dust-hole	A Sacramento Bank of issue.
Dust to Dust	Man, go and dig.
Dusty Bob	A Shilling's worth of Gold.
'Ow dust you	What are you worth?
Flying Dustman	A Spendthrift.
To dust a jacket	To lace a coat.
Devil's Dust	Money.
Kicking up a Dust	Spending your Money freely.
Dig-nity	Getting Money.
In-Dig-nity	Not getting Money.
Spade-husbandry	Digging Gold and keeping it.
Poor	Having plenty of Gold, but nothing to buy with it.

CALIFORNIAN MEASURES.

One inch given = One ell taken.
One foot of digging = Two inches of a bowie knife.
One summary measure = One Indian tribe massacred.

PLANETARY INTELLIGENCE.—There will be visible frequently in the neighbourhood of Smithfield a collision between *Taurus* (the Bull), and *Gemini* (the Twins), by which the *Gemini* will be thrown into the *Libra* (or Scales). The Dog-star, in a state of hydrophobic rabies, will rush away rom *Aquarius* (or the Watering-pot); and the *Virgo* (or Maiden lady) will become a falling star, and drop to the ground suddenly.

TO GAME PRESERVERS.—On the 14th of February give your gamekeepers a holiday; for, on this day, the feathered tribes pair: so that the poachers will not be able to destroy a *single* bird.

SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER.—Nothing in England carries so much suspicion upon the very face of it as——a moustache.

SOLAR PHENOMENA.—Among the Eclipses for the year 1850 we must not omit to notice the total Eclipse of the Sun, which occurs every day in the Vernon Gallery.

"DID YOU WANT YER DOOR SWEPT, MARM?"

GENERAL DIRECTIONS FOR RAILWAY TRAVELLERS.

TIME—Depends on the Railway. To ascertain it on the South Eastern or North Kent Line, you must go to every station and wait till a train comes.

CHILDREN.—Children under 10 years of age charged half fare, which is not half fair, when they're big for their age. Infants in arms may *not* be strangled, though every one travelling out of town in their company is certain "to go to the country with a good cry,"—as recommended by MR. DISRAELI.

SMOKING—Not allowed, from obvious motives; except to the locomotives and the axle-boxes.

RAILWAY SERVANTS—Are generally their own masters and yours into the bargain. A book is kept for complaints, called the Station Book, because, though complaints be entered in it, they very seldom get out, but remain stationary.

LUGGAGE.—The best adhesive label you can use is to stick to it yourself.

RAILWAY CON.—Why are all English Railway Directors French Railway Shareholders? Because they all always take a Lyons share.

THE YOUNG CUCKOO A CRICKETER.—Fact; for the old Cuckoo lays her egg in the hedge-sparrow's nest, and the young one, soon after it is hatched, bowls the young hedge-sparrows out.

HIGH AND LOW WATER.—It will be low water at the Charing Cross Fountains when it is high water at the adjoining Baths and Washhouses.

A BLACK SUSPICION.—That accomplished young vocalist, JETTY TREFFZ, takes a trip to America; and the Yankees won't go and hear her on account of her Christian name.

Fire Insurances must be Paid to day (Jan. 8).—Better not. Be burnt out like a man, and trust to friends.

Good Wishes for January.—MAY you ne'er want a friend, and a barrel of oysters to give him.

MEMS. FOR PAYERS OF ASSESSED TAXES.

TAX ON BUTCHERS' HORSES.—Always having to trot ten miles an hour, and to go hardest over the stones.

ON HORSES NOT EXCEEDING 13 HANDS HIGH.—Having to drag a four-wheeled chaise with a stout gent., his stout wife, and four healthy children.

ON CARRIAGES.—If the tax on a Carriage be £5 5*s.*, and the tax on "every additional body used on same carriage" be £3 3*s.*, required the tax payable on a Hammersmith 'bus, with sixteen additional bodies on the roof.

ON SERVANT-MEN.—Masters have to pay for one, £1 4*s.*—N.B. This does not include breakage, beer, or board wages.

FOR EVERY WAITER IN ANY TAVERN OR EATING-HOUSE.—One penny per meal, if you wish to be looked upon as a gent.; or all your loose coppers, if you wish to be considered a gentleman.

TO FIND THE VALUE OF A COOK.—Divide the services rendered by the wages paid; deduct the kitchen stuff, subtract the cold meat by finding how often three policemen will go into one area, and the quotient will help you to the result.

TO FIND THE VALUE OF A FRIEND.—Ask him to put his name to a Bill.

TO FIND THE VALUE OF TIME.—Travel by a Bayswater Omnibus.

TO FIND THE VALUE OF EAU DE COLOGNE.—Walk into Smithfield Market.

TO FIND THE VALUE OF PATIENCE.—Consult BRADSHAW'S *Guide* to ascertain the time of starting of a Railway Train.

FIGHT TO COME OFF IN FEBRUARY.—The mill between Spring and Winter will take place this month It is expected that Old Snowy will show play; but the odds are ten to one on the Verdant Youth.

DOMESTIC SANITARY REGULATIONS.

CALIFORNIA. THE LATEST FROM THE "DIGGINS."

LADY DAY'S BIRTH-DAY.

I SHALL come into the world—full-grown—on the 25th of March. It is by no means improbable that my disposition may partake both of the Lion and the Lamb; my voice, something between a roar and a bleat. All my ancestry—from the first LADY DAY that smiled on LADY EVE—has been romping and hoydenish; sweeping and bouncing about the earth like a jolly fat girl in a drawing-room. Be not surprised, if you see me lay hold of the trees, and give them a lusty shaking—all for their good: to stir the blood in their veins, and make it circulate, and burst into green life. And further, should you hear me rattling at your window, or—if more boisterously given—should see me playing with and pitching tiles, like quoits, from the house-top,—take it all in good part, as of no mischief meant, but as proof of my vigorous lustihood. With my loud, clear voice, I may wake millions of things from their winter-sleep: shake the drowsy bat in the church loft; call back birds from over the sea; cry out to the rooks to mend their nests: and, kissing the waters, startle the fish, quickening them with my breath. And, if you have an eye and a heart for such matters, you will see me sporting with the young lambs; and blowing gently amid their white, tender woel; and now giving them a rouse that makes them leap from the earth, frolicking with LADY DAY. And more; whispering about the hives, you may hear me calling out the bees to come to the banquet of spring flowers, that LADY DAY wears in her hair, and holds in brimming bunches in her hands: snowdrops, violets, with tulips that glance fire even into the heart of a Dutchman. My roughest singing is full of promise; a promise of fruit and blessed corn. So learn this moral from LADY DAY;—even in the voice of a tempest to hear the accents of hope; in the roar of a hurricane to have faith in gentle airs and pleasant sunshine.

CALIFORNIAN MAXIMS AND PROVERBS.

Spades are trumps.

The more dirt you handle, the more gold sticks to your fingers.

Capital of the United States, Washing-town. Proposed Capital of California, Gold-washing-town.

Such is the want of houses for the gold diggers, that it is proposed to change the name of the auriferous region from El Dorado to *El Out o' Door-ado*.

HOW TO FIND HIGH-WATER AT LONDON-BRIDGE.

Draw a tumbler of Thames water from your own cistern. If dogs' hairs float at the top, it is high-water. If sticklebacks sink to the bottom, it is low.

What sanitary measure is the City likely to give us? Short.

Costume for Sewer Commissioners.—A flushing jacket.

SONG OF THE CALIFORNIAN EMIGRANT.
"*My Lodging is on the Gold Ground.*"

A DINNER JOKE.

Shred an old JOE MILLER, and garnish with some of your own sauce. Serve up as cool as you possibly can, and hash for the next day if opportunity offers.

Holidays kept at the Public Offices.—From 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. on week days, and—of course—all days on Sundays.

How to learn the Moon's Age.—When, like a good-natured spinster, she makes light of it.

A Bed without a Bedstead.—The bed of the Sacramento.

The Californian Arms.—Bowie knives, rifles, and revolving pistols proper, with Yankees rampant gules, on a field or.

To Restore Stale Bread.—Request the cook's "cousin," the charwoman, and the policeman, to bring it back again.

ERROR OF ASTROLOGERS.—Inferring moonshine from the aspects of the stars.

What are MR. H. TAYLOR'S opinions on Sanitary Measures? Insanitary.

Nice Board Wages.—The Admiralty Board has £136,303 a year.

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1850.

RENT DAY.—THE CELLAR AND MODEL LODGING-HOUSE.

THE CELLAR.

TO DESTROY SLUGS.

Lime is the best material for destroying slugs. It is prepared by exposing Chalk to a strong heat. When Lime is not to be obtained by a cheaper method, evaporate a sufficient quantity of London Milk to dryness, and roast the residue.

MORAL ARITHMETIC

Suppose a Governor has £1,000 a year, and 1 son of 21 years of age, how much allowance for the indiscretion of youth ought he to make annually?

A SUBSTITUTE FOR YEAST.

It is strongly recommended by the Protectionist party, in the shape of a restoration of the Corn Law, which will be certain to make bread rise.

RIDDLE FOR RAILWAYS.

Why is a pair of lovers, estranged from one another, like railway accounts and railway affairs? Because they don't correspond.

THE PARLIAMENTARY SEASON.

It is confidently hoped by many fathers and mothers of families that Parliament will not separate this year before the Fall of the Leaf, consequent upon the reduction of the Duty on Tea.

A SIMPLE VAPOUR BATH.

Get into hot water with a Common Councilman about the merits of Corporation management, and you will be sure to have a great deal of vapour.

SHORT RULES FOR CALCULATION.

To Find the Value of a Dozen Articles.—Send them to a Magazine, and double the sum offered by the proprietor.

Another Way.—Send them to the butterman, who will not only fix their value, but their weight, at per pound.

To Find the Value of a Pound at any price.—Try to borrow one, when you are desperately hard up.

QUESTIONS ARISING UNDER THE HEALTH OF TOWNS' ACT.

Whether certain unprofitable Railways may not be covered over, in pursuance of the clause authorising the covering over of drains, such Railways having been constant drains on the pockets of the shareholders?

Whether, under the clause authorising the removal of offensive matter, MADAME TUSSAUD'S placards, which are full of offensive matter, may not be removed from the eye of the public?

Whether, under the provision for preventing human beings from congregating in underground cellars, the Vernon Gallery ought not to be forthwith closed?

THE ROAD TO RICHES.

Let your own business alone, and attend to everybody else's; buy whatever you fancy, whether you want it or not; let your principal employment consist in recreation; if misfortunes befall you, never retrench, but go on in the hope that something will turn up; have none of your bills receipted; keep no accounts; deny yourself no enjoyment or luxury; dabble in bricks and mortar, and leave all your affairs to the management of your lawyer.

TABLE OF MISCELLANEOUS DUTIES.

Duty on Cabmen.—To get double the legal fare from all who can be cheated or bullied out of it.

Duty on Omnibus Horses.—To wear out their own insides by dragging an unlimited number of outsides, and to die like *Macbeth*, "with harness on their backs."

Duty on Male Servants in Livery.—To plush for their betters.

Duty on Society.—To continue to "mind its *Punch*," as it always has done hitherto.

A GROAN FROM UNDERNEATH THE BEDCLOTHES.

The woman that gives her husband the last cup of tea, or will not allow him to put his feet on the fender after dinner, or makes him jump out of bed to put the candle out, is no longer worthy to be classed amongst womankind, for such acts of cruelty only belong to women that are unkind.

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.—A ministerial measure is supposed to have most weight, and it is a curious fact that, the greater the weight, the less difficulty is there to get it carried. Jewellers weigh their gold by carats, but silver watches cannot be thus weighed, as *turnips* cannot be put into the scale against carats.

HINT TO THE BENEVOLENT.

The persons most in want of baths and washhouses are those who have no coppers.

Riddle for Young Ladies.—Why is a teller of untruths like one of the stages of a house? Because he 's a story.

SPORT WORTH SEEING.

A match between a lawyer and an undertaker, running each other up a bill.

Mythology made Easy.—HYMEN was represented by the ancients as carrying a torch by daylight, to signify the state of sanity of persons about to marry.

FEMALE LOGIC.

It is customary with some young ladies to divine future events by inspecting the sediment in the bottom of a breakfast-cup, and they will actually build their hopes of getting a husband on no better grounds than those of tea or coffee.

THE MODEL LODGING-HOUSE.

RAILWAY MAXIM.

When directors combine, shareholders should unite.—*Variation of Burke.*

IMPROVEMENT ON JOHNSON.

Sir, the man who could make a pun could also invent a riddle.

PRIME PICKLES.

It may not be generally known, but is nevertheless true, that olive branches will make pickles as well as olives.

TO TELL WHICH WAY THE CAT JUMPS.

You may always tell which way the cat jumps by finding "cook's cousin" with a quantity of cold meat in his possession. The cat that has been jumping has usually very fine whiskers, and might often be taken for a policeman in disguise.

GREATEST GOOSE EVER SEEN.

A goose standing on one of the rails of the South Western.

SMITHFIELD.

MIDSUMMER'S BIRTH-DAY.

THE world may safely reckon upon my birth on the 24th of June. This year I propose to enjoy myself—to make up for the pinchings that my elder brothers, MASTERS MIDSUMMER FORTY-EIGHT and FORTY-NINE—(poor fellows!)—suffered at the hands of men; having nowhere to recreate, and no money to spend. Therefore, gentle friend, expect me, on the 24th, to look in at your window—which pray leave open—with a gracious smile, and a delicious whiff of flowers. I shall then observe,—"Arise, my friend, and come forth—taking the arm of MIDSUMMER. Let us away to Covent Garden, and consider the peas in their sweetness, the strawberries in their glory. Let us pluck our roses while we may; eat our whitebait while we have health and strength; and quaff our modest glass of hock with the pleasant hour as it passes. And so wander with the wife of your bosom, or the wife that is to be, sipping from flower to flower, and be the ice at GRAINGER'S the only coldness that shall ever come between ye. And as Crab is the zodiacal genius of my birth, so do proper homage to the sign, by sacrificing to a Lobster at the supper hearth. And then come with MIDSUMMER into his fields, and take pleasure and gather wisdom from what MIDSUMMER there hath done for you. Listen to the cuckoo, and take heed how you do nought but talk of yourself; behold the grasshopper, how merrily he sings and vaults, because he has no thick blood in him. See the millions of flowers that smile upon you, and—dropping on a haycock, a throne for APOLLO—consider what a beautiful world is above you, and about you; and take heed you do your best to be worthy of the goodness that abounds in it, and is heaped in all places."

DIRECTIONS TO MAKE A WILL.

Take a light dinner, with three-fourths of a bottle of sound genial port to open the pores of the heart. Cut all your animosities off with a shilling. If, however, you have a design against the artist who painted your portrait, you will bequeath it to the National Gallery. To insure society to your widow, only leave her your fortune on express condition that she marries again. After this, should she prefer poverty, the compliment will be doubly valuable. Should you have a grudge against any particular parish, leave a leg of mutton and trimmings to be rung for three times a week at all the churches.—N.B. If you make your will yourself, make it short and straightforward, like the words on a finger-post. Don't imitate legal phraseology. You can't go in a roundabout, like the lawyers, without meaning something—and the something may be fatal.

A CON. FOR THE CORPORATION.

Why are the Corporation, opponents of Baths and Washhouses, inconsistent with themselves? Because, though they are not Bath chaps, they are pig-headed.

DANGEROUS DEALINGS.

A Smithfield bargain is necessarily a gambling transaction, since it always involves risking the chance of a toss-up.

A CHANGE FOR THE WORSE.

Smithfield, once celebrated for the firmness of its Martyrs, is now equally renowned for the obstinacy of its Cattle-mart-ers.

HOW TO MAKE THINGS PLEASANT IN AN OMNIBUS.

Take a bull-dog in with you; or a couple of babies; or produce a pistol, and quietly cock it; or take the *Hue and Cry* out of your pocket, and as you read it, look most intently at the features of every person in the omnibus.

An Obvious Truism.—If there were no beasts there would be no Smithfield.

May 22nd. Quakers swarm in the Metropolis.—The beadle of Exeter-Hall is mistaken by Arcadians for the Lord Mayor of London.

Characteristics of a Nobleman.—The elegance of his carriage, and the loftiness of his gate.

Animals admitted to the Opera.—Puppies and white kids.

THE ROAD SIDE ON THE DERBY DAY.

A "DRAG" FULL OF GUARDSMEN IS SUPPOSED TO BE PASSING.

MILD WEATHER INSURANCE.—If the Weather Office belonged to Government, whom ought LORD JOHN RUSSELL to appoint for its director? FATHER MATTHEW, to keep the weather temperate.

ADVICE TO SPONGES.—The uninvited guest, who "drops in" the thirteenth to dinner, may make up his mind to the following catastrophe; that either the mistress of the house, or himself, is sure to be *put out*, and perhaps both.

THE LIONS IN MAY.

Among the attractions afforded by London to country visitors was formerly the menagerie at Exeter Change. This has long been done away with; but those who like wild-beast shows may still go and hear the live lions roar at the No-Popery Meeting at Exeter Hall.

ENIGMA FOR POLITICIANS.

Why is a glass of good Port like a Protectionist party? Because it has a body without a head.

THE RETURN OF THE SWALLOW.

White-bait now make their appearance at Greenwich and Blackwall.

NATURAL HISTORY FOR NEPHEWS.

The Aunt that has providently heaped together her store for the winter will repay attention.

INNOCENT VICTIM.

Hung Beef.

When is a railway train like a farce at the Adelphi? When it 's all right (WRIGHT).

THE HONEYMOON.

AUGUSTUS MAKES THE TEA FOR THE FIRST MONTH OF HIS MARRIAGE.

TO MAKE PIGEONS LAY.

An infallible plan for getting pigeons to lay, is giving them plenty of Champagne at Epsom on the Derby-day.

LADIES OF ENGLAND, ANSWER THIS.

If the man is a wretch who lifts his hand against a woman, what must the woman be who raises the hearth-brush against a man—and that man her husband?

"THAT 'S YOUR TICKET."

Etiquette, in the dialect of cheap, tremendous-sacrificing, concerns, means a "ticket:"—thus, to charge inside just double of what is marked on a ticket outside, is what they call their "code of etiquette."

THE FEAST OF VISION.

The flowers in June, being in their richest bloom, afford the eye a magnificent blow-out.

New Theory of Saturn and his Belt.—The Star and Garter.

THE SCOTTISH FETE IN HOLLAND PARK.

HINTS ABOUT FIRE.

ALWAYS use "Safety Lucifers," as they invariably tumble out of the box. Remember the proverb, "It never smokes (in bed) but there's fire." If you wish to be comfortable, never retire for the night till you 've smelt all over the house, nearly smothered your family by throwing water on the fires, made every body go to bed without candles, knotted your sheets into a fire escape, and thrown your feather bed and pillows into the street, to fall upon in case you should have to jump out of the window.

Practise climbing out of your top windows over the parapet on to your roof, from time to time, as the accomplishment will come useful in case of emergency. Also practise descending by your sheets, in your night shirt, taking care to avoid the area rails, and choosing a time when the streets are not crowded. Request the policeman to knock you up frequently, that you may acquire the habit of waking on his signal, and have the engines brought and exercised in front of your house, from time to time, that they may become familiar with the premises in case of fire.

SPORT FOR LADIES.

The DUCHESS OF A. bets the COUNTESS OF B. that she will drive to thirty different shops, and purchase fifty different articles, choose twenty several patterns, eat two ices and a jelly, make a dozen morning calls, and pick up a story at each, dine, dress, and go to the Opera, in seven hours fifty-nine minutes.—*Belle's Life in London.*

THE JULY WARBLER.

The feathery choir is now nearly silent; but the whistle of the mud-lark is still heard on the banks of the Thames. He may be seen at low water, searching about for what he can pick up; and his pipe, though strong, is not unpleasant.

The True Dog-Days.—The time of life at which too many of us were puppies.

TO JOLLY GARDENERS.

The Rum Shrub, which is one of the most agreeable shrubs in the shrubbery, requires no watering, all the year round. In due time it produces a plentiful crop of grog-blossoms.

The Highland Reel—Is performed in the finest style by the natives of Glenlivat, after an over-copious indulgence in the whiskey of that ilk.

Which of their towns did the Scotchmen leave unrepresented at the National fête? They all came without Brechin (breechin').

Cutting Capers—Are likely to be performed by gentlemen who rashly attempt the sword dance.

An Extraordinary Husband.—A man who never once in his life beat his wife, except at cribbage.

MAN'S LAST FRIEND IS THE TAX-GATHERER.

HIS wife may leave him, his family disown him, his children run away from him, his best friends and worst acquaintances avoid him, but the Tax-gatherer follows him wherever he goes, even to the grave. It must be most flattering to an Englishman's pride, that, poor as he may be, he has always one friend that takes care of him, and who will call without the smallest ceremony and share his last penny loaf. Solitude and selfishness cannot exist in England, for no man can live independent of the Tax-gatherer. His existence is a partnership drawn up for life, between the Government and himself, in which the former takes what it likes, and the latter gives more than he likes. In short, every Englishman may be said to possess two shadows,—his own genuine, true-born shadow, and the Government presentation shadow; but there is this difference between the two, that, whereas his own shadow merely walks after him, the Government shadow walks in front of him if it is not paid the moment it runs after him.

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1850.

OUT OF TOWN.

SET FAIR.

STORMY, AND MUCH RAIN.

BARLEY-WATER FOR THE HEALTHY.

Soak common barley in water, and set by in heaps till it begins to sprout, when dry it by exposure to a tolerable heat. Pour on the barley, thus prepared, hot water in proportion to the strength of which you wish the liquor to be. Strain, and flavour according to taste, with an infusion of the dried leaves of the *Humulus Lupulus*, or common hop-plant. Add to the compound, before it has cooled, a small quantity of baker's yeast, and let the whole remain in a warm place till an effervescence, which will occur in it, shall have subsided. Then draw off into convenient vessels—wooden barrels are preferable—and reserve for use; the best place to keep it in is an ordinary cellar. This beverage may be made in quantities of from 10 gallons upwards, and from half-a-pint to a pint of it forms an agreeable draught; though some will drink as much as a quart at a pull.

To Tell the Moon's Age.—It being, in our opinion, ungallant, if not ungenerous, to tell a lady's age, we shall give the moon the benefit of her sex, and will say nothing about her age to anybody.

DEFINITION OF LIGHT.

Light is a scarce article, that is laid on by Somerset House at so much a pane, and which is immediately cut off, if not paid the day it becomes due. In this way the tax-gatherer is the extinguisher of the Sun, and in this manner does Government increase the enlightenment of the people by keeping them in the greatest possible darkness. The window-tax is the blindest measure that was ever put upon a nation, to keep it in the dark.

HOW TO MAKE THINGS PLEASANT AT A DINNER PARTY.

Talk incessantly of your dear departed wife—or railway shares—or the prevalence of small-pox—or the benefits of temperance; or enquire most anxiously, every five minutes, if there is not a dreadful smell of fire? hoping each time that your kind host is insured.

How to Pull a Person's Nose.—Make him a present of half-a-dozen of the best silk pocket-handkerchiefs.

HIGH AND LOW WATER AT RAMSGATE.

High water may be ascertained by consulting the shoes and stockings of the juveniles, for if these are very wet the height of the tide may be regarded as a dry fact.

The soil in California is so rich, that if you sow goose-quills over-night, you will have a crop of gold pens in the morning.

HOW TO MAKE THINGS PLEASANT AT AN EVENING PARTY.

Sprinkle the floor of the drawing-room, when the company are down at supper, with pepper and snuff, and it is astonishing how pleasant things will be when the company come up to dance.

THE MOST MASCULINE OF ALL GAMES.

The sports of the He-lands.

DERIVATION.

Investment may be divided into two kinds—the wise, who invest their money in the Stocks—and the foolish, who put theirs away in old Stockings. Stocks must clearly have been drawn from Stockings.

REFLECTION FOR YOUNG JEREMY DIDDLERS.

How much more pleasant it is to pay our addresses than our debts!

A GREAT COMMERCIAL FACT.

"Time is money," said a debtor to his creditor, "and therefore, if you will give me time, it is just the same thing as if I gave you money."

THE NEW ARRIVAL.

A DRAWN BONNET.

A lady says, that "the prettiest drawn bonnet she knows, is the bonnet drawn after a quarrel out of your husband." By-the-by, talking of drawn bonnets, we believe we are revealing no particular secret in stating that Shee is the artist generally who draws them.

HOW TO MAKE AN ETHIOPIAN.

Get a pale man with a cracked voice. Shut him up in a room with a Camphine light burning. Release your pale man after a couple of hours, and if he is sufficiently black in the face, give him a white waistcoat, and your Ethiopian will be complete. If one Camphine will not do, try two.

A CONTRAST IN CALVES.

In Hyde Park, during that delightful time of the year, the Season, the footmen of Belgravia make a grand display of their legs, which it is curious to compare with the show of wretched calves in Smithfield, so discreditable to the livery of London.

ADVICE ON THE TEETH.

A decayed tooth is like a penny steam-boat:—if you wish to "ease her," you will do wrong to "stop her;" and, in fact, the only thing you can do by way of remedy, is, to call upon the dentist, and get him to give you a "turn a-head."

A Hint to Ladies with Grey Hair.—Never say "Dye."

TOURISTS UPON THE CONTINENT IN THE YEAR OF REVOLUTIONS.

MICHAELMAS DAY'S BIRTH-DAY.

ON the 29th of September, I shall descend upon the world—upon the back or a fine fat stubble goose. The goose I shall fly in at the kitchen window, offering the bird as sacrifice to the fireside gods. You will be sure to invite a chosen few—or not a few, according to the circumference of the mahogany, (I dote on a round dinner-table)—to keep the Birth-day of MICHAELMAS. The house will, at an early hour, smell like a Pagan altar with odoriferous herbs and squillæ. You will after dinner give the Immortal Memory of QUEEN ELIZABETH, as she appeared at Tilbury Fort, preparatory to the cooking of the goose of the Spaniards. You will then, if your Port be particularly good, in a neat speech, give the British Constitution, requesting the company to be so good as to remember what they have escaped by the destruction of the Dons. How, at this minute, they might be able to talk nothing better than Castilian; how Sherry might have defeated Barleycorn; how the national hornpipe might have given place to the fandango, and the graceful and no less equivocal paletot for ladies have been laid upon the shelf by the odious mantilla. How Spanish flies might have blown in our larders, to the destruction of the English blue-bottle; how the sweet freedom of Exeter Hall might have knelt to the tyranny of the Inquisition; and even decent Smithfield been turned into a place for bull-fights. That you have escaped all these national horrors, you owe to the tutelary genius of England, strong in a certain Michaelmas. Tax-gatherers might have levied with the thumb-screw, and the water-rate been enforced by the strapado. DON NARVAEZ might have been Jack of the Red Box at the Foreign Office, *vice* VISCOUNT PALMERSTON nowhere, and the English 3 per cents been only a shade higher than Spanish Bonds. That all this is all otherwise, you will thank the spirit of English MICHAELMAS, and drink his lusty health, and in his honour, roast Spanish chesnuts accordingly.

REGISTRATION OF BIRTHS.

When a child is born, it is necessary, within 42 days, to give notice to godfathers and godmothers, what name or names the blessed infant is to bear, that the initials may be duly registered in the silver mug expected.

BREAKFAST ABROAD.

On some fine morning, the city which you reside in undergoing a siege, you ring for your egg and toast; instead of which there comes a shell and a roll of musketry.

ALLOWANCE TO WITNESSES.

For a witness who gets confused under the bullying of a counsel.—No allowance.

For a witness who tells the truth to the damage of his own side.—Monkey's allowance.

For a witness who goes any length for those who call him.—Every allowance.

How to Find "Meem" Time.—Learn of Molly, the maid, the time of dinner, and always drop in at the exact moment.

THE CLIMATE OF THE CONTINENT.

It has lately been the complaint of valetudinarians, who have gone abroad for the benefit of their health, that, betake themselves where they would, they suffered from convulsions.

CONS. FROM THE CONTINENTAL TROUBLES.

Why was it unfair to make the Socialists walk from New Orleans to Icaria? Because they had paid their money to Cab it (CABET).

P—s, the brewer, meeting the POPE, asked his Holiness what he (P—s) could do that he (the POPE) couldn't. The POPE gave it up. "You can't get into the Vat-I-can," rejoined P—s with a witty smile.

Why are the Pope and his people unlikely to agree? Because they differ on *Cardinal* points.

Tenancy.—If you determine to move your goods by moonlight, it may perhaps be desirable, for the satisfaction of the policeman, to have about you the receipt for the rent for the expired quarter.

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1850.

HOW TO MAKE LIFE EMINENTLY DISAGREEABLE.

(By a strong-minded Married Woman).

Always provide for everything beforehand. As things are sure to turn out differently from what you have arranged, this will familiarise you with disappointment.

Always go back upon a mistake or a misfortune, and so take the opportunity of proving how much better things would have been if something had been done that hasn't.

Never give way in trifles, as there is no saying how soon you may be called upon to give way in matters of more importance.

A mistress may talk *at* her servants, but should never lower herself so far as to talk *to* them.

Never dress for your husband, which will teach him to value you for your gifts of mind, not your attractions of person.

Never give expression to your affections, as there is no saying how soon they may alter, and you may thus be guilty of great inconsistency.

Never consult the taste of your husband, or he will in time come to look on his house as a Club, where all is comfort and self-indulgence.

SENTIMENT IN SPRING.—The solitary rambler will now observe that the meadows, after the vernal showers, are adorned with the ranunculus or bachelor's button; and will wish he could say the same of his shirts when they come home from the wash.

TYPOGRAPHICAL EARTHQUAKE.

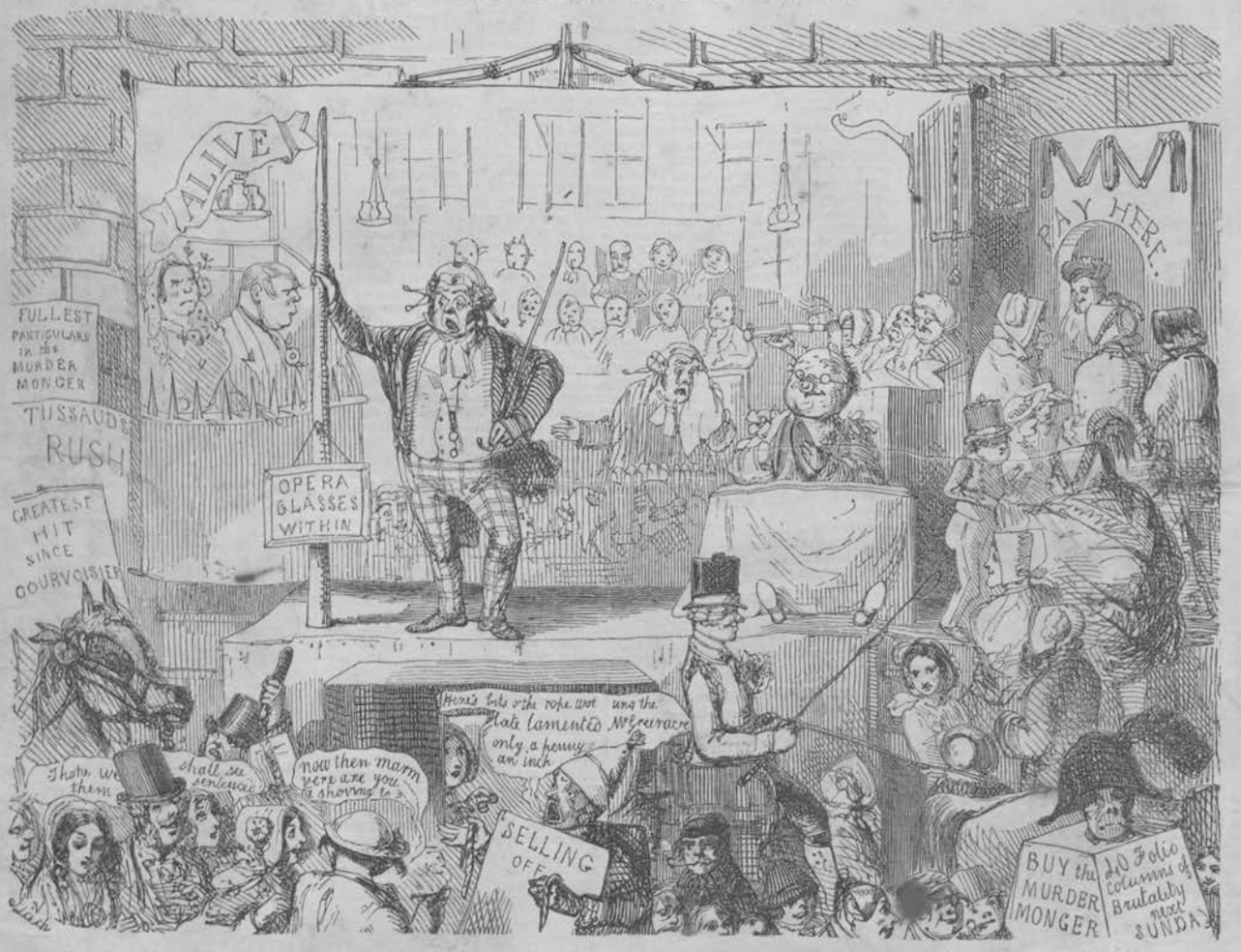
Last year a severe shock of an earthquake was felt on the extensive grounds of the English Language, which trembled to that excess in consequence, that it nearly lost all its parts of speech, and for weeks could hardly articulate. The shock was the most severe in the Strand, on a small spot occupied by the office of the *Fonetic Nuz*. ("Pece2 iz hashes!") Every dictionary was turned topsy-turvy, and words were found wanting to express the consternation that was experienced on reading the newspaper that was published soon after the earthquake. Not a syllable had been left standing in its proper place; broken nouns and damaged adjectives were strewed about in every direction; verbs were knocked into the most disfigured mass of verbiage; indefinite articles were rendered still more indefinite; and prepositions, participles, and pronouns lay in such a preposterous heap of unpronounceable rubbish, that it would have puzzled any lexicographic coroner to have pronounced a single sentence upon them.

WISHING THEM MANY HAPPY RETURNS.

We see that Tobacco is to be included amongst the provisions to be sent out to SIR JOHN FRANKLIN. We hope Government will not forget to send him, for the good omen of the thing, a liberal quantity of *short cut* and *returns*, so that SIR JOHN may soon "pipe all hands" cheerily for England.

THE TRIUMPH OF GOOD HUMOUR—Waiting whilst a stuttering man gets through the word 'p-p-p-p-pre-p-p-p-p-pos-s-s-s-s-s-s-t-t-t-t-t-terous."

THE TRIAL-FOR-MURDER MANIA.


ALIVE
FULLEST PARTICULARS IN the MURDER MONGER
TUSSAUD'S RUSH
GREATEST HIT SINCE COURVOISIER
OPERA GLASSES WITHIN
STAY HERE.
Shall see them
shall see sentence
now then marm yere are you a shoving to?
Here's bits o'the rope wot hung the late lamented Mr Courvoisier only a penny an inch
SELLING OFF
BUY the MURDER MONGER
20 Folio columns of Brutality next SUNDAY

"ALL IN! ALL IN! WALK UP, LADIES!—JUST A GOING TO BEGIN! NONE OF YOUR SHAMS HERE, BUT REAL BULLET-HEADED MURDERERS! ALL IN! ALL IN!"

A FEW GOLDEN RULES TRANSMUTED INTO BRASS.

THE GOLDEN RULE.	THE BRAZEN RULE.
1. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.	1. Put off till to-morrow the dun who won't be done to-day.
2. Never trouble another or a trifle which you can do yourself.	2. When another would trouble you for a trifle, never trouble yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have it, if you would make the most of your means.	3. Spend your money before you have it; and when you have it, spend it again, for by so doing you enjoy your means twice, instead of only once.
4. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.	4. You have only to do a Creditor willingly, and he will never be troublesome.

A DIFFERENCE OF AGES.

Man has Seven Ages. Woman has but Two—the age of twenty, and the age of thirty-nine. A woman who had lived *beyond the age of forty* would be immortalised throughout the world as a female OLD PARR, and would make the fortune of several quacks by bequeathing her name to a Life Pill, to be used, of course, *only by gentlemen*, for women, it is well known, have a decided objection against growing old; and if they took a Life Pill at all it would be one to make them grow younger and not older.

PRESENCE OF MIND IN PRESENTS.

Every present should have a hidden meaning in it; for instance, if a gentlemen is desperately in love with a young lady, he cannot do better than give her a foot-muff, as it implies, in the openest manner, that he is a muff always ready to lie at her feet; and if a young lady is dying to be married to a young gentleman, she can tell him so in the most flattering, insinuating way, by giving him a most beautiful embroidered slipper—mind, only one, as it is the very oddness of the present which confesses to him that, to complete the happy pair, he alone can supply the handsome *fellow*.

TO PERSONS ABOUT TO COMMENCE HOUSEKEEPING.—Of all housekeepers there is not one that will keep a house longer than the Court of Chancery. It will keep it for a hundred years, and, at the end of that period, the house will be so thoroughly cleaned out, and swept from top to bottom, that no one shall know it to be the same.

KENSINGTON GARDENING OPERATIONS.—Mothers should prepare for the season by planting out delicate off-shoots, with a view to grafting on to young sprigs. For the purpose of grafting, it is better to select the older branches, which should be nailed with care.

LICENSES.—A marriage license costs five pounds, and a pawnbroker's license costs fifteen. It has never yet been decided by the law authorities, whether a marriage license may be dispensed with in cases where a pawnbroker's license has been obtained; the latter, perhaps, conferring the power of pledging one's vows, and popping the question.

SANITARY AND INSANITARY MATTERS.

CHRISTMAS DAY'S BIRTH-DAY.

THE 25th of December you will hold in especial honour. As early as 4 a.m. I—CHRISTMAS—shall expect to be greeted by the "wobbling" of the pudding in the boiler, whilst all sorts of delicious odours will steal even through the key-holes, making sweet the out-door air. At early light, the Robin Redbreast—the unpaid Christmas minstrel—shall whistle you a blithe and jolly song! Your house will, I know, be green as a bower with holly. Holly that typifies green spirits and red hearts. You will make the poor's-box at church rattle rejoicingly; you will call up smiles and thanks from astonished crossing-sweepers. You will carve your turkey with a fearless hand, for you have subscribed a goose—a piece of beef or so—to the table of your poorer neighbours. You will help yourself twice to pudding, for have you not made at least one pudding smoke elsewhere? You will let your eye rejoice in the beeswing of "*that* particular port," for you have warmed the toes and noses of at least a few old folk, with some humming ale. And in this way you will double every enjoyment of the Birth-day of CHRISTMAS, by enjoying the enjoyments you have bestowed upon others. At this season let not the high forget the low. Let the Head of Gold bear in special memory the Feet of Clay.

HINTS ABOUT FIRE.

In case of fire, whatever may be the heat of the moment, keep cool; let nothing put you out, but find something to put out the fire; keep yourself collected, and then collect your family. After putting on your shoes and stockings, call out for pumps and hose to the firemen. Don't think about saving your watch and rings, for while you stand wringing your hands, you may be neglecting the turncock, who is a jewel of the first water at such a moment. Bid him with all your might turn on the main.

WISE SAWS BY AN OLD FILE.

Coal is the real philosopher's stone. It is the ballast of the good ship *Britannia*, which would be assuredly scuttled without it.

The true glory of England consists in her coal, and alas! how much of it, like other kinds of glory, is destined to end in smoke.

RAG FAIR.

It is a puzzle to know why the Lord Mayor's Procession is still continued every month of November, for its excessively seedy state quite rips up the old excuse that it is done merely "for the *show* of the thing."

How to Procure Golden Dreams at Will.—Take a rock in a Californian "cradle."

CALUMNIATED CREATURES.

The pig is generally accounted the emblem of all that is dirty; yet it is a severe hardship to this interesting animal to be deprived of his wash; and the same thing, *mutatis mutandis*, may be said of the London Alderman.

TAVERN WINE MEASURE.

2 Sips	make	1 Glass.
2 Glasses	. .	1 Pint.
1 Pint	makes	1 Quart Bottle
1 Bottle	. .	One Ill.

Good Wishes for Christmas.—May the overnight face over the punch-bowl bear the morning's reflection in the looking-glass.

The Least Objectionable Soup for Cannibals.—A Broth of a Boy.

What nation was most prominent in the Continental troubles? Hallucination.

To make Tea go further than usual.—When you put the water to your tea, add a spoonful of the best Gunpowder into the pot, and having set a light to it, you will find your tea go a great deal further than you expected.

Habit of the Ground Beetle.—To creep into the coffee-mill.

A new Reading of an old Request to John O'Connell.—"Shut up your (agi)tator trap."

ECLIPSES.—The ordinary almanacks state that there will be two eclipses in the course of the year 1850, but we beg to announce that there will be a third, for during the whole of the year 1850 *Mister Punch* will be found eclipsing all he has done hitherto.

DUTY ON AGREEMENTS.—There is a duty of £1 on an agreement of not more than 1080 words, but disagreements have many more words and go to much greater lengths, so that they are often very costly to the parties concerned. The duty in these cases is to avoid them as much as possible.

A FAR-FETCHED COMPARISON.—The sense of the saying, "Jolly as a Sandboy," may puzzle the rational inquirer, and he will have to go some way to find it out; but if he wishes to understand the peculiar jollity of the Sandboy, he should see him at work on the sand of California.

GRAND PAS DES PATINEURS.

MADE WINE.—A serviceable Claret may be made with a glass of Port and a lump of sugar, thrown rapidly into a pint of water, and flavoured with a few drops of vinegar. If the wine is objected to, a small glass of brandy will give it body, and an extra lump of sugar will convert it into a fairish Bordeaux of an average quality.

POINTS OF PRUDENCE.—If a pin a-day is a great a-year, we ought, *à fortiori*, to have a sharp eye on every needle. The rule that a stitch in time saves nine, must be intended to apply chiefly to crochet work, where the stitches will, probably, be in time; for every crotchet is equal to two quavers.

Advice to Grandmothers.—No lady should remain at twenty more than half her life.

LEGAL HINTS.—When your lawyer tells you that you can maintain an action, he frequently has no other object than that you should assist in maintaining him. Under the Registration Act, it is not necessary to register a Barrister under Government.

INEQUALITY OF TAXES.—The duty on a pack of hounds is thirty-six pounds, but on a pack of cards it is only eighteen-pence.

TO FIND THE TIME OF SUNRISE.—The time of sunrise depends upon the latitude, and if you allow yourself too much latitude in lying in bed in the morning, you will never find the time of sunrise at all. A visit to a ball, where the dancing is kept up with the utmost latitude, will be most likely to introduce you to the exact hour of sunrise.

THE SILENT SYSTEM.—The Silent System is at all times most difficult to enforce with ladies, but in many places it would be downright madness to suppose that it can ever be carried out; for instance, in Scotland, how could you possibly prevent there the *Dears-talking?*

FAMILY PRESERVES.—Patience forms a good family preserve: so does temper. Preserves, in general, are a woman's business; but husbands, as well as wives, should be able to preserve temper and patience; indeed, perhaps the husbands more particularly than the wives.

SPEAKING BY THE CARD.—There are wiseacres who pretend to read your character in your hand, but card-players must puzzle them, as it is well known that, in gambling, the best hands are held by the worst characters, or rather by persons of no character at all.

HERE'S TO THE VOLUME.

AT one of the recent banquets given by *Punch* to himself, in commemoration of the commencement of his Nineteenth Volume, he had the honour of proposing his own health, and returning his own thanks for his own compliment. In reply, he begged leave to excuse himself from rising, as he was already on his legs, and always meant to be, but, with his own permission, he would sing himself a song, if he would permit himself. The proposition from himself having been acceded to by himself, with a hearty inward cheer, or chuckle, *Mr. Punch* proceeded to chaunt, with a voice as clear as chanticleer, the following Bacchanalian:—

Here's to the Volume of jolly Nineteen,
For June, eighteen hundred and fifty;
Here's to old JUDY, of humour the queen,
And TOBY, the house-dog so thrifty.
Let the wine flow,
Rapid or slow,
I warrant 'twill prove an excuse for *bon mot*.

Here's to the artist whose cuts we so prize,
Here's to the writer of fun, Sirs,
Here's to the brain that the satire supplies,
Here's to the man with the pun, Sirs.
Let the wine flow, &c.

Here's to the SIBTHORP, who lets his tongue go,
As if he were playing bob cherry;
Here's to the HUME, that very "old JOE,"
At which we have laughed and made merry.
Let the wine flow, &c.

Let them be clever, or let them be dull,
I tickle them all with my feather;
So, pour me a bumper of ink out, quite full,
And I'll toast them and roast them together.
Let the wine flow,
Rapid or slow,
I warrant 'twill prove an excuse for *bon mot*.

Who's my Uncle?

A VARIOUS and important controversy is now raging in the *Chronicle*—whether LOUIS-PHILIPPE, when he dropt upon his knee at Stowe to LOUIS XVIII., was addressed as "my nephew," and whether the said LOUIS-PHILIPPE replied "my uncle!" Certain correspondents affirm that the Duke could not call the King his "uncle," there being no avuncular relationship between them: others maintain that, "particularly as regards Royal houses," the term uncle is indefinitely used on the continent, as a term of affection; even, we presume, as it is sometimes used in houses, not Royal, in England; when folks speak of certain objects bearing peculiar interest, they name them as being under the especial guardianship of their "uncle."

DESIGNS FOR THE PAVILION OF 1851.

EVERAL persons are of opinion that the prevailing character of these designs—which have been shown by that eminently Civil Institute of Engineers—is the absence of any character at all.

There is the long design—of the early English Shed character, extremely plain—ugly in the highest degree. There is ditto with domes, looking like a system of gigantic rat-traps. There seem to be only two objections to a dome of the size proposed in most of these designs. The first is, that it is very doubtful whether it can be erected at all, and the second, that it will be of no possible use if erected. The Committee have, therefore, determined on having such a dome. Then there are the florid composite designs, which are in no style at all, being of all styles together.

SOYER has of course sent a plan, which ought, properly, to be called a recipe. The illustrious man is bent on becoming an Architectural as well as a Gastronomic Regenerator. His design is remarkable for the prominence given to the culinary department; and perhaps, if the dome proposed by the Committee could be turned upside down, the illustrious *chef* might make it useful as a soup-kettle of all nations. SOYER clearly sees in the Exposition a glorious opportunity for exhibiting the industry of the kitchen on a gigantic scale; colossal *casseroles* are already simmering in his brain, and monster *marmites* are bubbling beneath his velvet cap. There is a modest feature in SOYER's plan which deserves notice. He purposes to take the marble arch as a portico to his pavilion. On the top is to be raised a colossal emblematic group, "in honour of the proposer." We cannot refrain from exhorting our country, "*Soyez Généreux au Généreux Soyer*," and turn the marble arch into a pedestal for the great man whom the ungrateful and suicidal Reform Club have allowed to depart—the man who has civilised them. "As AUGUSTUS," one day observed the illustrious ALEXIS, with that humility which distinguishes true genius, "found Rome of brick, and left it of marble,—so I found the Reform Club '*aux gigots*,' and left it '*au béchamel*.'"

THE INSOLENCE OF BEADLEDOM.

BEADLEDOM has been for some years growing upon us, until at last it has come to be looked upon as one of the Institutions of the country, and as such it is liable to abuse, for the guarding against which all our vigilance is required. Beadledom, once confined to the parish, has crept into our squares, insinuated itself into our arcades, and, indeed, become so general, that to say we are literally swarming with beadles would be no extravagant figure. As an Institution, when it grows with vigour, is liable to run into prurient excess, so the increase of beadledom has been attended with results, in some respects, deplorable.

The cocked hat has been cocked up somewhat too high, and the staff has been brandished a little too boldly in these latter days, when, indeed, we might have expected that one of CARLYLE's latter-day pamphlets would have been devoted to beadledom. Its insolence has, however, received a blow at the hands of the respectable Court of Aldermen, whose wives and daughters were, in a recent instance, treated, by mistake, as if they formed part of the public in general. It is the usual practice of beadledom to cringe to authority, and play the Jack-in-office to the outer world; and as a flunky may not know all the members of a numerous family, so a beadle may now and then make a mistake, by acting the bully where he would otherwise have played the sycophant.

We are rejoiced at seeing the humbled head of abashed beadledom bruised by the hand of superior authority, and though it is only civic insolence that has felt the blow, we feel that Jack-in-office-dom all over the world has received a lesson which will not be lost upon the whole universe of underlings, who generally act upon the principle that the less authority they legitimately possess, the more will they assume to add to it.

A Vehicle for Satire.

THERE were, of course, hundreds of equipages of all sorts at the House of Lords on the night of the grand debate on LORD STANLEY's motion, but it was remarked by ourselves as a very odd coincidence, that the carriage of the CHEVALIER BUNSEN was immediately followed by a very shabby BROUGHAM, which gave the idea of a most disreputable turn out.

Prize Medal for the Exhibition of 1851.

WE are informed that the legend selected for the Prize Medal is, "England hopes for peace with all the world." The obverse is to be BRITANNIA with a Young Lamb, *vice* the Old Lion. What if, for the reverse, the Committee chose a head of PALMERSTON, *sparrant*, with the legend, "*Nemo me impunè lacessit*."

ENCOURAGEMENT TO ENTER THE ARMY; OR A SCARE-CROW TO FRIGHTEN RECRUITS.

MAJOR-GENERAL NAPIER writes a letter to the *Times*,
Which, we consider, at our hands requires a few short rhymes;
He gives the touching story, line for line, and word for word,
Of RICHARD OGDEN, lately private in the Forty-Third,
Who served in the Peninsula—is now an aged man—
And has just been discharged as a disabled veteran.
Now what should you imagine is the worn-out hero's pay?
A war-medal, and fivepence to subsist upon per day.
When he from his parish asks what Government denies,
"Nonsense! you're a pensioner!" the Union Board replies;
Two-and-elevenpence a week have OGDEN and his wife;
That's all between the pair to keep together soul and life.
Out of this pittance, which can't find them half enough to eat,
Rent, and (of all things) Taxes, this old soldier has to meet.
MAJOR-GENERAL NAPIER asks if COBDEN, BRIGHT, and STURGE,
From ALBERT'S Show of warlike arms who the exclusion urge,
Would probably object to OGDEN'S being there displayed,
A sample English veteran by a grateful country paid?
Easy is the answer: MESSIEURS COBDEN, STURGE and BRIGHT,
Could not possibly desire a more persuasive sight,
To hinder from enlistment any spirited young man,
Than RICHARD OGDEN, shown as "The Rewarded Veteran."

LORD SACKCLOTH-AND-ASHLEYS.

WHEREAS,—On consideration of our desire to commemorate the pious services of our dear cousin, the Member for Bath, and heretofore known as LORD ASHLEY,—

It is our pleasure, that, in consideration of our dear cousin's successful attempt to shut up, put down, and otherwise confine and castigate Sunday, that he shall henceforth assume the title and name of—

LORD SACKCLOTH-AND-ASHLEYS;

And further, that he shall be empowered to quarter a cinder-sieve with his armorial bearings,—a cinder-sieve with a Pilgrim's Shirt of Sackcloth proper.

Given under our hand, at our Office, 85, Fleet Street, June 24, 1850,

PUNCH.

A BIT OF MY MIND.

BIT THE NINTH.

MRS. MOUSER POLITELY BEGS THE ATTENTION OF LORD ASHLEY.

HEARING, *Mr. Punch*, to my great pride—and what aunt PEACOCK called a proper pride, I was always proud to confess to; for pride, as she used to say, to human creatures, is like wings to a bird, there's no getting up in the world without it—hearing, *Mr. Punch*, that my little Sunday Bill of Parliament, with which I was so bold as to trouble you last week, has been taken in the most affable manner by LORD ASHLEY, and what the Exeter Hall beadle calls his Lordship's Bird of Paradise Tail, meaning, as he says, no disrespect to MR. DE NEWGATE, MR. STUMPTREE, and such others;—hearing, as I say, that what I must call my little maiden effort at a Bill—for MOUSER says it's a word I've still a right to in such a matter—has set LORD ASHLEY and his friends a-thinking how to give proper effect to every one of my claws, I am still more emboldened to go on, putting Sunday in decent mourning, for the benefit of my fellow-creatures, whether they will be benefited or no. Supposing LORD ASHLEY is determined to put Sunday into a strait-waistcoat, what has Sunday to do, but to sit down and accommodate itself to the clothing? His Lordship knows best what is fittest for Sunday in this world; and has, no doubt, as they say in the newspapers, intelligence, private and exclusive, from the next. We ought to bless ourselves, as the beadle says, that we've such a pillow of camphor among us—such spikenard in the House of Commons, such Bank incense to keep Parliament from corruption.

And therefore it is—whatever MOUSER might say to the contrary—that I've kept awake and restless these two nights for the good of my country, and out of the highest respect to LORD ASHLEY in particular. I feel, as I tell MOUSER, that every female ought to be, with his Lordship in his struggle with the Sabbath. When the dear good man has railroads and steamboats against him, we of the weaker sex—as man in his conceit (and it's just like his impudence!) calls us—we of the tenderer sex ought never to rest until to a woman we're with him. The proper way to begin with Sunday—as I say to MOUSER—is in the kitchen! Cold meat is the first step to a pure state. The roasting jack, as I observe, is the prime mover of carnal sin: it works, though nobody sees it—but it does work for all that, with the steam-engine on railways, with steamboats, and with the penny post. Stop the Sabbath roasting-jack, and you bind ROWLAND HILL over in chains to keep the peace all the Sunday.

And, therefore—at the Fancy Sackcloth Sabbath Fair, which is about to be held, but of which I shan't say another syllable at this moment—therefore arn't LORD ASHLEY'S blade-bones nat'rally expected to carry all before 'em? For it is well known to all his Lordship's kitchen that he always—out of example to the nobility and gentry who, somehow, won't follow him—always keeps a cold Sunday. I'd defy any living creature, with the sharpest pair of eyes, let him watch the whole blessed day, to see a single whiff of smoke come out of any of his Lordship's Sunday chimnies. With his Lordship, for these five years past, a cold shoulder of mutton is the Sunday dish—and all to his glory!

Which brings me to the blade-bones. When I was a girl, I remember reading about a BARON TRENCK who married some Emperor's sister against his will, and was seized upon in the very first step of the honey-moon and shut up in a cell, where he cut all sorts of fancy-work upon his tin mugs; which mugs fetch more than virgin gold. Well, the beadle of the Hall tells me—and though MOUSER won't believe it, I'll be sworn for every syllable—that there's Exeter Hall, with portraits of LORD ASHLEY, MR. DE NEWGATE, MR. STUMPTREE, and others, beautifully cut on each of the cold shoulder-of-mutton blade-bones of his Lordship, which, with a running text going round 'em in a hemlock border, is expected to bring any amount of money; no really pious family being expected to feel comfortable without one.

But, *Mr. Punch*, supposing that at the Fancy Sackcloth Sabbath Fair about to be held, as I hear, in the Thames Tunnel—being a comfortable and serious place, quite away from flaunting giddy daylight—supposing that the HON. MISS VERJUICE, who has kindly undertaken the Blade-bone Stall, has all his Lordship's bones for the last five years, why how many will that be? Let's see; for after all, as MOUSER says, not that I quite believe him, "the basis of every moral object is arithmetic;" let's see the number:—

A shoulder of mutton once a week for a twelvemonth	52
Multiply by five years	5
Total blade-bones	260

Now, taking, as MOUSER says, morals at the lowest ebb, and supposing every cut and carved shoulder-blade fetches only three pounds, this will give us—

	260
	3
Price of blade-bones at £3	£780

Well, with this—we'll call it eight hundred pounds, for of course many people won't think of taking change out of their five-pound-notes—with this eight hundred pounds, I propose that we shall buy a piece of ground in the very heart of London—if it has a heart, which I doubt—and having bought it, that we (that is, a Society, that's as easily hatched out of the Hall—the beadle assures me—as a dove's egg's hatched under MR. CANTELO) that we make over the whole plot to LORD ASHLEY, to rear a pattern Sunday upon after his own heart, entirely for the carrying out his own will and pleasure, and to the confusion of the stiffnecked and vain-glorious of all Sabbath-breaking England.

"MOUSER," said I, wanting a name. "When we've bought the plot, what shall we call it?"

"ASHLEYOPOLIS," said MOUSER; and though I don't know what it means, it sounds well, and, as the beadle observed, rolls full out of the mouth, like double XX out of a bottle.

ASHLEYOPOLIS—built upon Sunday blade-bones—will have a moral in the very foundation that is quite reviving to think of when we remember the beginnings of some places. Why, *Mr. Punch*, there's nothing in all *Pilgrim's Progress* like it. And won't it in a space of London—don't you think we could get Smithfield?—like a lump of salt-petre, help to keep all sweet and wholesome about it? Then his Lordship can really show us what he means to make of Sunday—and folks be edified and converted accordingly.

Whilst the Fancy Sackcloth Fair is only upon the carpet, I can't be expected to go fully into it; but as I feel my thoughts upon the matter growing like mustard-seed, you must allow me—money being the great matter—to offer another notion that's come into my head, to show how a handsome sum might be raised upon his Lordship's Fancy Portrait. And—if you please—in this way.

It was only yesterday that I went to the Zoological Gardens to see the doings of the Arab Snake Charmers, JABAR ABOU HAIJAB and his friend, with the horrid reptiles of the establishment. It was altogether curious, and pleasant, and dreadful to see JABAR take up adders and rattlesnakes and tie 'em into true lovers' knots, and put 'em round his legs, like any Knight of the Garter. As for boas, he minded 'em no more than tape-worms!

Well, *Mr. Punch*, the thoughtless and giddy world, with mouths wide open, wondered, and that was all. Not so with your humble servant. No, Sir; I flatter myself I looked a little deeper. Not a single snake that, as the poet says, I didn't point a moral with his tail! And for the charmer himself, I saw no JABAR ABOU HAIJAB from stony Arabia, but in my mind's looking-glass, LORD ASHLEY, Member for Bath!

Yes, *Mr. Punch*, there was his Lordship, and there—that Post-Office Snake, only in the shape of the worst serpent of the lot—ROWLAND HILL! There was the Charmer from Bath, making no account at all of the speckled reptile—(and if I didn't see thousands and thousands of Post-Office heads worked and embroidered in his skin, I never saw anything!)—but twisting him round and round; and at last, tying him in a double knot—(as he has done in the House of Commons) and throwing him in a corner, to untie himself if he can!

That is what I said, *Mr. Punch;* and that is what I should like the people of all England to see. Therefore, *I* humbly propose to one of your artists, or any other Royal Academy man, to draw a portrait of LORD ASHLEY, the Post-Office Snake Charmer: showing his Lordship tying up the Serpent ROWLAND HILL in a Tyburn Knot, as a Sunday Moral for all Chimney Pieces.

This, *Mr. Punch*, would be a beautiful thing—an affecting thing; and upon Indy paper would go off in any number at the coming Fancy Sackcloth, to be held for the foundation of ASHLEYOPOLIS, (I believe I'm right in the spelling,) a settlement upon which I shall make bold to trouble you with another line, the week that's coming; and am therefore

Yours, to continue,
AMELIA MOUSER.

The Honeysuckles.

In Medio Tutissimus.

DURING the late trial sittings in the New House of Commons, it was remarked that SIR ROBERT PEEL shifted his seat repeatedly, sitting alternately on both sides of the House.

What a pity it is that no special accommodation has been provided for SIR ROBERT, who, with his accustomed relish for "three courses," finds only "two courses" provided for in the benches of the New House.

There ought to be a PEEL Bench, which would enable the occupant to sit on both sides of the House at once.

TURN, GENTLE BROUGHAM.

LORD BROUGHAM has appeared in at least five hundred different characters, but who would have thought of his turning out a distinguished foreigner after all, as he did, the other day, in the House of Lords?

"MUSIC HAS CHARMS." (P)

"*Highbury, June* 21, 1850.

"My dear Mr. Punch,

"In my very joyfulness of heart, I cannot resist writing to you a few lines. You will sympathise with me, I know. Yes! He has left at last. He has returned to the country. He has gone home to his friends, and I am free. Oh, my dear Sir! how can I describe the delightful feeling of relief, the—the sensation of almost (if I may use such a term) rollicking quiet that I experience, after the tortures I have endured for this month past? You may think me mad for writing in this strain to a perfect stranger, (indeed I am perfectly acquainted with your admirable works): but no; whatever my mental disturbance may have been, I believe my mind to be in a tolerably healthy state now. I feel at peace with all mankind—I can open my window—I can sit at it. I can go through my accounts; transact my business; and—what bliss!—in quiet. Why, Sir, He would be at it for Hours together. Regardless of the feelings of his neighbours he would go from tune to tune, (he never had the perseverance

to learn one throughout); he would make the poor instrument gasp, grunt, squeak, puff—and what not; and sometimes—evidently made impatient by his own ridiculous incapacity—finish off an attempted sentimental air with such a flourish of his own composing, that I positively shudder when I think of it. Well, Sir, all this I have endured; and, I flatter myself, like a martyr: and now I am rewarded. He is gone; and with him, his very unpleasant Cornet-à-piston. Excuse me, my very dear Sir, for the liberty I have taken in addressing you; and believe me ever,

"Your constant, and now happy Subscriber,

"*To Punch, Esq., &c., &c., &c.* "Frederick Islington."

PROTEST.

"We—Robert Keeley and Edward Wright—find in the *Times* the subjoined paragraph in reference to the motion of Lord Brougham to turn M. Bunsen, the Prussian Minister, out of the Peeresses' Gallery of the House of Lords.

"'Our brief report of Lord Brougham's speech can give but a faint idea of the scene. Imagine Wright at the Adelphi, or Keeley uttering a tissue of coarse drolleries, and giving effect to every point by contortions of face and figure; and still the image will fall short of the reality. The gaunt figure of the noble and learned lord, as with his strong Border "burr" he delivered his points, must be brought before the imagination.'

"Whereas the above-drawn parallel, in which it is attempted to place us in the same point of view, as professional comedians, with Henry Lord Brougham, amateur low comedy man to the House of Lords, is highly detrimental to our professional character as actors, and singularly unpleasant to our feelings as men, we protest against the repetition of any such parallel as untrue to the purpose intended, and cruelly unjust to ourselves. And for these, among other especial reasons:—

"We materially differ from Lord Brougham, inasmuch as we conscientiously keep to our own line of business, never interfering with the characters of others.

"We only say what is set down for us; and therefore are not, like Lord Brougham, answerable for all the nonsense that may come out of our mouths.

"We do not waste the time of the public; but, on the contrary, improve it, to the public profit and amusement.

"Moreover, we endeavour to hold the mirror up to Nature; and are not best satisfied, when we are cutting the most extravagant capers, and making the ugliest faces at her.

"Finally, if we do chance occasionally to make zanies of ourselves, we play the fool at a moderate cost, receiving very much less than £5000 per annum pension for the extravagance.

"(Signed) { Robert Keeley, Theatre Royal, Haymarket.
Edward Wright, Royal Adelphi."

THE NEW ROYAL GAME OF GOOSE.

This amusement derives its title partly from the circumstance that the scene of it is one of the Royal Parks, partly from its fun consisting in making fools or geese of the British Public. The present long evenings afford great facilities for the diversion under notice; which is got up by the gate-keepers of the Green-Park, for the delight of the rabble. The game is played in the manner following:—As many passengers as may present themselves are let into the Green-Park at Hyde-Park Corner up to 10 o'clock. At 10 precisely the gates are closed, and the gate-keepers take their departure. The Park remains shut until 12, when a gate is opened to relieve guard, and the imprisoned Public may take the opportunity of obtaining relief at the same time.

In the meanwhile they are confined like birds in a cage, and some antiquarian in after times will perhaps discover that Birdcage Walk was so called from its affording a promenade to the ragamuffins collected of an evening to enjoy the vexation and annoyance of the unlucky persons caged in the Park adjoining, and gesticulating and vociferating on the other side of the railings, or making ludicrous efforts to clamber over them amid the derision and execrations of the beholders.

Mr. Campkin, the Librarian to the Reform Club, who called attention the other day to this waggery of the Woods and Forests in the *Times*, well remarks that "written notices seven or eight feet high are not very legible at dusk." We may add, that if the notices stating the hours of closing the Parks were ever so conspicuous, it is not everybody that runs who could read them in the present state of popular education. The New Royal Game of Goose may be very droll; but surely the Woods and Forests, and the Gatekeepers, and the Ranger, might devise some practical joke more harmless than that of cooping people up in the night air from 10 to 12, in this country of bronchitis and consumption.

THE CITY ARTICLE.

A well-known Alderman was taken to see the Hippopotamus. He looked at it intently for a quarter of an hour, and then burst out of his reverie with the following remark:—"I wonder what sort of soup it would make!"

Puritan. "VERILY, BROTHER ASHLEY—BETWEEN YOU AND ME, AND THE **POST**—WE HAVE MADE A NICE MESS OF IT."

THE PROSER.

ESSAYS AND DISCOURSES BY DR. SOLOMON PACIFICO.

VI.—ON AN AMERICAN TRAVELLER.

As you sit in the great drawing-room at the Megatherium or any other club, I dare say you will remark that as each man passes the great mirror in the middle room, be he ever so handsome or homely, so well or ill-dressed, so hurried or busy, he nevertheless has time for a good survey of himself in the glass, and a deliberate examination of his clothes and person. He is anxious to know what the glass thinks of him. We are anxious to know what all reflective persons think of us. Hence our constant pleasure in reading books of travel by foreigners: by HAJJI BABAS and Persian Princes; by LEDRU ROLLINS or German philosophers; by Americans who come to England; and the like. If the black gentleman in St. Paul's Churchyard, who was called away from his broom the other day, and lifted up into the Nepaulese General's carriage in the quality of interpreter, writes his account of London life, its crossings and sweepings, I have no doubt we shall all read it; and as for the Americans, I think a smart publisher might bring over a traveller from the States every season, at least, so constant is our curiosity regarding ourselves, so pleased are we to hear ourselves spoken of, of such an unfailing interest are We to Us.

Thus, after reading LEDRU ROLLIN'S book the other day, and taking the dismal view supplied of ourselves by that cracked, and warped, and dingy old Estaminet looking-glass, I, for one, was glad to survey my person in such a bright and elegant New York mirror as that of MR. PARKER WILLIS; and seized eagerly, at a Railway Station, upon a new volume by that gentleman, bearing the fascinating title of "*People I have Met.*" PARKER WILLIS is no other than that famous and clever N. P. WILLIS of former days, whose reminiscences have delighted so many of us, and in whose company one is always sure to find amusement of some sort or the other. Sometimes it is amusement at the writer's wit and smartness, his brilliant descriptions, and wondrous flow and rattle of spirits; sometimes it is wicked amusement, and, it must be confessed, at WILLIS'S own expense—amusement at the immensity of N. P.'s blunders, amusement at the prodigiousness of his self-esteem; amusement always, with him or at him; with or at WILLIS the poet, WILLIS the man, WILLIS the dandy, WILLIS the lover—now the Broadway CRICHTON, once the ruler of fashion, and heart-enslaver of Bond Street, and the Boulevard, and the Corso, and the Chiaja, and the Constantinople Bazaar. It is well for the general peace of families that the world does not produce many such men; there would be no keeping our wives and daughters in their senses were such fascinators to make frequent apparitions amongst us; but it is comfortable that there should have been a WILLIS; and (since the appearance of the Proser) a literary man myself, and anxious for the honour of that profession, I am proud to think that a man of our calling should have come, should have seen, should have conquered, as WILLIS has done.

"There is more or less of truth," he nobly says, "in every one of the stories" which he narrates here in "*People I have Met*"—more or less, to be sure there is—and it is on account of this more or less of truth, that I for my part love and applaud this hero and poet so: and recommend every man who reads *Punch* to lay out a shilling and read WILLIS. We live in our country and don't know it: WILLIS walks into it and dominates it at once. To know a Duchess, for instance, is given to very few of us. He sees things that are not given to us to see. We see the Duchess pass by in her carriage, and gaze with much reverence on the strawberry leaves on the panels and her Grace within: whereas the odds are that that lovely Duchess has had at one time or the other a desperate flirtation with WILLIS the Conqueror: perhaps she is thinking of him at this very minute as her jewelled hand presses her perfumed cambric handkerchief to her fair and coronetted brow, and she languidly stops to purchase a ruby bracelet at GUNTER'S, or to sip an ice at HOWELL and JAMES'S. He must have whole mattresses stuffed with the blonde, or raven, or auburn memories of England's fairest daughters. When the female English aristocracy reads this title of "*People I have Met,*" I can fancy the whole female peerage of WILLIS'S time in a shudder: and the melancholy Marchioness, and the abandoned Countess, and the heart-stricken Baroness, trembling as each gets the volume, and asking of her guilty conscience, "Gracious goodness, is the monster going to show up *me?*"

"The greater number of his stories," WILLIS says, "embody such passages in the personal history of the eminent men and women of Europe as the author came to the knowledge of, by conversance with the circles in which they moved"—and this is the point, rather than their own liveliness, elegance of style, and intrinsic merit, which makes them so valuable to English readers. We can't hope for the facilities accorded to him. As at Paris, by merely exhibiting his passport, a foreigner will walk straight into an exhibition, which is only visible to a native on certain days in the year; so with English aristocratic society, to be admitted into that Elysium you had best be a stranger. Indeed, how should it be otherwise? A lady of fashion, however benevolently disposed, can't ask every body to her house in Grosvenor Square or Carlton Gardens. Say there are five hundred thousand people in London (a moderate calculation) who have heard of LADY P.'s Saturday evening parties and would like to attend them: where could her Ladyship put the thousandth part of them? We on the outside must be content to hear at second hand of the pleasures which the initiated enjoy.

With strangers it is different, and they claim and get admittance as strangers. Here, for instance, is an account of one BROWN, an American, (though, under that modest mask of BROWN, I can't help fancying that I see the features of an N. P. W. himself): BROWN arrived in London with a budget of introductions like the postman's bag on Valentine's Day; he "began with a most noble Duke" (the sly rogue), and, of course, was quickly "on the dinner-list of most of the patricians of May Fair."

"'As I was calling myself to account, the other day, over my breakfast,' said BROWN, filling his glass, and pushing the bottle, 'it occurred to me that my round of engagements required some little variation. There 's a "*toujours perdrix*," even among lords and ladies, particularly when you belong as much to their sphere, and are as likely to become a part of it, as the fly revolving in aristocratic dust on the wheel of my lord's carriage. I thought, perhaps, I had better see some other sort of people.

"'I had, under a *presse-papier* on the table, about a hundred letters of introduction—the condemned remainder, after the selection, by advice, of four or five only. I determined to cut this heap like a pack of cards, and follow up the trump.

"'JOHN MIMPSON, ESQ., *House of* MIMPSON *and* PHIPPS, *Mark Lane, London.*'

"The gods had devoted me to the acquaintance of MR. (and probably MRS.) JOHN MIMPSON."

After a "dialogue of accost," BROWN produced his introductory letter to MIMPSON, whom he finely describes as having "that *highly-washed look* peculiar to London city men;" and MIMPSON asked BROWN to lunch and sleep at his villa at Hampstead the next day, whither the American accordingly went in a "poshay" with "a pair of NEWMAN'S posters." BROWN might, as he owns, have performed this journey in an omnibus for sixpence, whereas the chaise would cost four dollars at least, but the stranger preferred the more costly and obsolete contrivance.

"MRS. MIMPSON was in the garden. The dashing footman who gave me the information led me through a superb drawing-room, and out at a glass door upon the lawn, and left me to make my own way to the lady's presence.

"It was a delicious spot, and I should have been very glad to ramble about by myself till dinner; but, at a turn in the grand walk, I came suddenly upon two ladies.

"I made my bow, and begged leave to introduce myself as 'MR. BROWN.'

"With a very slight inclination of the head, and no smile whatever, one of the ladies asked me if I had walked from town, and begged her companion (without introducing me to her) to show me in to lunch. The spokester was a stout and tall woman, who had rather an aristocratic nose, and was not handsome; but, to give her her due, she had made a narrow escape of it. She was dressed very showily, and evidently had great pretensions; but, that she was not at all glad to see MR. BROWN, was as apparent as was at all necessary. As the other and younger lady who was to accompany me, however, was very pretty, though dressed very plainly, and had, withal, a look in her eye which assured me she was amused with my unwelcome apparition, I determined, as I should not otherwise have done, to stay it out, and accepted her convoy with submissive civility—very much inclined, however, to be impudent to somebody, somehow.

"The lunch was on a tray in a side room, and I rang the bell and ordered a bottle of champagne. The servant looked surprised, but brought it, and meantime I was getting through the weather, and the other common-places, and the lady, saying little, was watching me very calmly. I liked her looks, however, and was sure she was not a MIMPSON.

"'Hand this to MISS ARMSTRONG,' said I to the footman, pouring out a glass of champagne.

"'MISS BELLAMY, you mean, Sir.'

"I rose and bowed, and, with as grave a courtesy as I could command, expressed my pleasure at my first introduction to MISS BELLAMY—through THOMAS, the footman! MISS BELLAMY burst into a laugh, and was pleased to compliment my American manners, and in ten minutes we were a very merry pair of friends, and she accepted my arm for a stroll through the grounds, carefully avoiding the frigid neighbourhood of MRS. MIMPSON."

There 's a rascal for you! He enters a house, is received coolly by the mistress (and if MRS. MIMPSON had to receive every BROWN in London—ye Gods! what was she to do?) walks into chicken fixings in a side room, and, not content with MIMPSON'S sherry, calls for a bottle of champagne—not for a glass of champagne, but for a bottle; he catches hold of it and pours out for himself, the rogue, and for MISS BELLAMY, to whom THOMAS introduces him. And this upon an introduction of five years' date, from one mercantile man to another; upon an introduction, one of a thousand which lucky BROWN possesses, and on the strength of which BROWN sneers at MIMPSON, sneers at MRS. M., sneers at M.'s sherry, makes a footman introduce him to a lady, and assumes a bottle of champagne! Come, BROWN! you are a stranger, and on the dinner-list of most of the patricians of May Fair; but isn't this *un peu fort*, my boy? If MRS. MIMPSON, who is described as a haughty lady, fourth cousin of a Scotch Earl, and marrying M. for his money merely, had suspicions regarding the conduct of her husband's friends, don't you see that this sort of behaviour on your part, my dear BROWN, was not likely to do away with MRS. M.'s little prejudices? I should not like a stranger to enter my house, pooh-pooh my Marsala, order my servant about, and desire an introduction to my daughter through him; and deferentially think, BROWN, that you had no right to be impudent somehow to somebody, as in this instance you certainly were.

The upshot of the story is, that MRS. M. was dying to take her daughter to Almack's, for which place of entertainment BROWN, through one of the patronesses, LADY X., "the best friend he has," could get as

many tickets as he wished; and that, to punish Mrs. Mimpson for her rudeness, and reward Miss Bellamy for her kindness, Brown got tickets for Miss Bellamy and *her* Mamma, but would get never a ticket for Miss Mimpson and hers—a wonderful story, truly, and with a wonderful moral.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS' ORDERLY.

It has long been known that a certain noble and learned lord is able to turn his hand to any thing; but few, perhaps, were aware that the grasp of that marvellous organ is so comprehensive as to include the truncheon of the policeman or the beadle's staff. By ordering Chevalier Bunsen, however, out of the Peeresses' Gallery in the House of Lords the other night, his Lordship has come out in a fresh character, which no doubt will commend him to some highly select vestry in want of an illuminated parochial officer, or to Mr. Commissioner Mayne, if the situation of A. 1 should unfortunately become a vacancy in his corps. Some say that the noble and learned lord in question has approved himself the javelin-man of the Supreme Court of Justice. All agree that he has signalised himself in such a way as to deserve promotion for it; but opinions differ as to whether he should be created Lord High Constable, or elevated to an Earldom under the title of Bumble and Vaux.

A NATIONAL RELIEF.

It seems very probable that England will be effectually relieved in a short time from the heavy burden she has been labouring under for some years, of reading the Parliamentary debates. The House of Lords is reduced to such a state of deafness, that it is quite impossible to hear a single word, and the new House of Commons is, it seems, equally hard of hearing. Under these happy circumstances—as the complaints, instead of improving, only grow worse—we may hope to see the joyful day when there will be no more Debates in the land, from the simple fact of its being no longer possible to report them. But in our joyfulness we should not forget the claims of a very intelligent class of the community, who will be suddenly thrown out of employment by this improved prospect of things. Their trials have been as severe as their patience in enduring them has been sublime. We know of no body of men who, in their painful course of business, suffer more and complain less. We allude to the reporters, the laborious gentlemen whose hard vocation it is to weave into long ropes of sentences the flimsy yarns which Honourable Lords and Members spin every night. But if those gentlemen cannot hear a word of these interminable yarns, it is very clear that there must rapidly be an end to their weaving; for newspaper proprietors, with all their liberality, will soon tire of paying a large corps of contributors in proportion to their talents, when those talents are only exercised in the difficult art of doing nothing.

They might as well be sent to report a Quakers' meeting as sit for hours in the gallery of either House, in the hopes of hearing a word of the causes that are facetiously "set down for hearing." In the joyfulness of our own escape we must not forget the price which others will have to pay for it, and we only trust that, in the event of the Debates being shortly occupied, according to our best hopes by a congenial blank, every reporter will receive such compensation from Government, as will not only make his old age comfortable, but allow him to look back with some degree of complacency upon the sufferings of his past youth. If a mere solicitor of the lately-deceased Palace Court receives £2000 for the loss of his situation, we think a reporter will not be over-paid upon being presented with five times that amount. Martyrs must be paid for, and we do not consider £10,000 by any means too much for a person who has been condemned for years to listen to the speeches of Parliament every night during the lingering session. We are sure the country will not object to pay this large sum, if it is only relieved from the Debates.

Dramatic Movement.—From Drury Lane to Her Majesty's Theatre, the Statue of Shakspeare in a new coat of Plaster of Paris.

CONVERSATIONS OF THE SUNDAY-BOUND LETTERS.

We have received a communication, signed St. Martin-le-Grand, of so wonderful a nature that, if it had come from anybody but a saint, and from any saint but St. Martin-le-Grand, we should never have believed it. St. Martin avers that the letters detained in a provincial Letter Box, have been, in the interval between Saturday and Monday, owing to the stoppage of postal communication in the meanwhile through puritanical legislation, so impatient of the delay, that they could not contain themselves, and have been actually heard to compare notes. He gives the following as a few out of many of their conversations:—

To letter A—which excites attention by heaving a deep sigh, as if from the heart of the writer—says letter B, "What are you about? You seem very sentimental; and you are sealed with a heart skewered on an arrow." "Ah!" replies A, "I am addressed by a poor mad young fellow, head-over-ears in love, to the object of his affections, who has unaccountably neglected to answer his last six billets. He writes to say that he will destroy himself unless he hears from her by return of Post. What is your news?" "Mine?" answers B, "why, rather urgent, I should say; briefly this:—'Your father has had a fresh attack—put yourself into a postchaise and come up instantly, if you want to see him alive.'" "Anything particular?" asks letter C of letter D. "No," answers D. "I'm only from a wife who writes to tell her husband that an execution has been put into their house in his absence, and that he must return home directly, and not wait till the next day, or their goods will be all sold off at a loss, and she and her children turned into the street." "My tidings," remarks C, "are of some little importance." "So I should judge," observes E, "from your black seal." "They are these," says C:—'Dear Tom. Your poor uncle has died suddenly. He named you as his heir. Come up instantly, or that old woman will make away with everything in the house.'" "And I," says E, "am to a surgeon of Bartholomew's, now in the country, begging him to come up instantly, as the danger is imminent, and a patient's only chance is an operation."

Saint Martin-le-Grand says, that such news as that above instanced won't keep, and ought not to be kept even on Sunday; and we would take the word of St. Martin against that of St. Ashley, or St. Plumptre.

THE PURITAN PENNY POSTAGE STAMP.

Our Own Report of the Drawing-Room.

At the Drawing-Room held by the Queen on Thursday, last week, the following persons of distinction had the honour of being presented to Her Majesty:—

Viscount Palmerston, on having had his policy censured by the House of Lords, by Lord Aberdeen.

Lord Brougham and Vaux, on having turned Chevalier Bunsen out of the Peeresses' Gallery, by Lord John Manners.

Mr. Punch, on having commenced his Nineteenth Volume, by Mr. Plumptre.

Excited Gentleman. "THEY 'RE OFF!—THEY 'RE OFF!"
Quiet Lady. "ARE THEY, DEAR. WON'T YOU HAVE SOME PIE?"

A QUESTION PUT TO LORD FREDERICK FITZCLARENCE.

MY LORD,

You have lately done a very handsome thing, as the Governor of Portsmouth; in fact, two handsome things; for you have at once patronised art and done homage to naval and military glory. On the 8th, amidst explosive gunpowder and braying of trumpets, you exhibited to the delighted folks of Portsmouth two statues—done, it is said, out of your own private pocket—one of WELLINGTON and one of NELSON.

A philosopher—of course an ill-natured fellow who lived in a vinegar-cask—has said, "to pay honours to the dead, is the surest way of making bubbles of the living." I acquit your Lordship of any such sneaking motive: no, your trim statues are a pure offering of an heroic heart, paid down to heroism.

It is right that NELSON should be so honoured; but having so lately set up NELSON in stone, may I beg to ask you when—to the best of your knowledge—it is the intention of the two services to set up NELSON'S daughter in a little gold?

Accept the assurance of my consideration,

PUNCH.

A STRONG SUIT IN DIAMONDS.—The Dress of the Nepaulese Ambassadors.

FROM AN OLD FRIEND IN A NEW PLACE.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"As the Echo of the House of Commons, I don't know to whom I can better address myself than to you, who are the Echo of Public Opinion.

"I have been shamefully abused of late. I am accused of not doing my duty of fetching and carrying the utterances of the collective wisdom of the country. I am charged with dropping all manner of words in their passage from 'the floor' to 'the gallery,' with making the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER commit fearful blunders in arithmetic, with losing the points of COLONEL SIBTHORP'S jokes, and shamefully mutilating MR. HUME'S grammar.

"Sir, it is sometimes very lucky to have an Echo to fall back upon. But I appeal to the past. Do I deserve this? I, the old and tried servant of the Commons, who have had the honour of acting as *repétiteur* for every House since the time of SIMON DE MONTFORT; who saw through all the hard work of the Long Parliament; who assisted at the last dying speech of the Rump, and carried CROMWELL'S message, 'Take away that bauble!' to the scared ears of MR. SPEAKER; who saw JAMES out and WILLIAM in; who reported the Debates all through the reign of GEORGE THE THIRD; and have had the honour of being word-bearer to a SELDEN, a MARVELL, a PITT, a FOX, a BURKE, and a GRATTAN—*I* to be accused, in my old age, of failing to do my duty; of allowing Honourable Gentlemen to be 'inaudible in the gallery!'

"No, Sir—I throw back the accusation with scorn. I am as serviceable, and hard-working, and able-bodied an Echo as ever I was. I have not lost that power of discrimination which I have acquired through nearly five centuries of wearisome experience. I still know nonsense when I hear it. I have heard enough, and not now, any more than ever, do I repeat more than is absolutely necessary. If the country only knew what I do *not* carry, they would feel proper gratitude towards a public servant who has saved them from more false grammar, bad jokes, verbiage, rhodomontade, and Billingsgate, than any gentleman of the press who ever 'took a turn' in the gallery.

"I repeat it, Sir; the fault is not with me. In the Painted Chamber at Westminster I did my duty in the days of the Plantagenets. In St. Stephen's Chapel I was generally acknowledged to be irreproachable, down to the recent calamitous fire that burned out me and my employers. In the late temporary House I made myself at home, and satisfied Honourable Members; but I confess that MR. BARRY has been too much for me. In one word, Sir, it is all that new House! What with panelling, and crocketting, and finnikin, and finial, and arched recesses, and tracery, and slish and slash, and snip and snap, and filagree-work of all kinds, I cannot keep my sounds in decent order. I defy any Echo going to carry a message safely from any part of that room to any other. They *will* be off, playing hide-and-seek among the fret-work and frippery, lurking in the darkness of the strangers' gallery, bolting, on the sly, in among the ladies who sit behind the bars up there, like so many doves in a cage. It was only the other day I found the darlings all in a titter at a bon-mot of MR. STAFFORD'S which had got up there, the sly thing, undetected by me or the House, and was having it all its own way among the ladies.

"I don't know how many withering sarcasms of MR. ROEBUCK may be at this moment taking it out in the sunk panels of the ceiling, or how many of SIR CHARLES WOOD'S Stamp Bill calculations may be groping through the dark in the unexplored recesses behind the Speaker's Chair.

"In short, Sir, I will not be answerable for any message that may be entrusted to me in the new House. If any other Echo can be found to do the business, let them engage that Echo. There is one at Exeter Hall, who has had a good deal of experience in the Evangelical and BOANERGES line of business; and perhaps now that LORD ASHLEY'S Resolution is carried, he may have no conscientious objections to work for the House of Commons. They talk about the Echos employed at the theatres. I should like to see the Covent Garden Echo in our new House. You might just as well set MARIO in SIR GEORGE GREY'S place, and tell him to make a speech on the Interment Bill.

"No, Sir; depend on it; *I* am all right enough, if MR. BARRY will only give me fair play.

"I don't know whether that gentleman is a friend of MR. THOMAS CARLYLE'S. But if the architect had considered how he might best bring about the consummation so much desired by the ingenious author of the Latter-Day Pamphlets, of reducing Parliament from a speaking to a silent body, he couldn't have hit upon a cleverer or more effectual way of doing it than by building such a House of Commons. They don't hold their tongues in it, it is true. But what they say can't be heard, which comes practically to much the same thing. Trusting that this will meet the ear of the Public,

"I remain, *Mr. Punch*, your obedient Servant,

"THE ECHO OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS."

CROWS SHOULDN'T PICK OUT CROW'S EYES.

THERE is something inconsistent in the opposition of the Undertakers to the Intramural Interments Bill. The worst thing they say of it is, that it is "a black job," though it is precisely by "black jobs" that they have hitherto secured their own livelihoods.

WANTED, FOR THE NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS.—A discriminating Echo, to drown nonsense only.

ALBERT! SPARE THOSE TREES.

ALBERT! Spare those trees,
Mind where you fix your show;
For mercy's sake, don't, please,
Go spoiling Rotten Row.

That Ride, that famous Ride,
We must not have destroyed,
For, ne'er to be supplied,
Its loss will leave a void.

Oh! certainly there might
Be for your purpose found
A more congenial site
Than Hyde Park's hallowed ground.

Where Fashion rides and drives
House not industrial Art,
But 'mid the busy hives
Right in the City's heart.

And is it thy request
The place that I 'd point out?
Then I should say the best
Were Smithfield, without doubt.

There, by all votes approved,
The wide world's wares display,
The Market first removed
For ever and a day.

PATHETIC APPEAL OF 42-POUNDERS.

"MR. PUNCH,

"TOM BINNACLE writes this for us, the long guns of the *Victory*, Portsmouth, and we do hope that your honour will so put our case afore the Lords of the Admiralty, that they 'll take pity on us, as 42-pounders that have feelings, and what is more, characters to consider in HER MAJESTY'S—Heaven bless her!—naval service.

"*Mr. Punch*—We 're not the sort of fellows to brag, whatsumever noise we may have made in the world; notwithstanding and for all that, it does seem a little hard to us, that we, who blazed away at Trafalgar, should be called upon to salute the DUCHESS OF KENT, a quiet old lady, every time she goes to take tea, or dinner, as it may happen, with her Royal daughter and Royal grandbabies, crossing from Portsmouth to Osborne. I'm sure, when we 're thundering away, we must do her more harm than good; and when we think—for, after such a long peace, even guns are beginning to think—that we 're blowing away some of the taxes in blank cartridge, and all for nothing but to bother and stun a gentlewoman that can't do her any real honour sumever, we put it to you, *Mr. Punch*, to put it to HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN—Heaven bless her again! say all of us—to order the gunner's mates to leave us in peace and quietness, saving the ears of the DUCHESS OF KENT, and the gunpowder of the people.

"Yours (TOM BINNACLE), for
"THE GUNS OF H. M. S. VICTORY."

"*Portsmouth.*"

GENTLE LOPEZ, TELL ME WHY?

WHY was the Cuban EXPEDITION not put an end to by the retreat of the American buccaneers? BECAUSE they went away with much more EXPEDITION than they came!

ARTICLES INTENDED FOR THE EXHIBITION OF INDUSTRY.

OUR FAST MAN has sent to the Commissioners of the Grand Exhibition the list of the following articles which he intends to exhibit as specimens of his industry during the year 1851:—

11 Knockers, of the admired Lion's Head pattern, taken from the doors of the Nobility.

2 Gross of "Fun of the Fairs," or scratchers.

1 Portrait of PRINCE ALBERT and VICTORIA (2ft. by 6in.) in gilt gingerbread—reckoned very good—early impression.

23 Pincushions and Wooden Pears, won at Greenwich.

1 Handle of a Pump, and Iron Ladle, complete—*very rare.*

25 I O U's given at cards, with autographs of several distinguished young men about town.

366 Genuine Letters from a rich assortment of tradesmen, all having "a little bill to take up next week."

1 Painting in Oil, with inscription "Milk sold here."

1 Free Admission to JULLIEN'S Concert for 1850, with JULLIEN'S sign manual (written with the two l's) in the corner, and a private memorandum "Not Transferable."

1 Richly-coloured clay pipe, not more than two inches long, intended to be worn in the waistcoat pocket, with bowl perfectly black—quite unique.

8 Tickets in various sweepstakes; which, if the respective horses had won, would have given the lucky holder prizes to the amount of £15,000.

25 Bad sixpences taken from 'bus conductors on wet nights.

14 Hats of different sizes taken away in mistake from evening parties. (Names of makers inside).

14 Coats *to* match.

2 Shares in the Frankfort Lottery, with prizes, payable at Frankfort, of 2*s.* 2*d.* each.

7 Pewter pots, highly embossed, found late at night on area railings, and never reclaimed.

1 Garden Roller (once the property of a fashionable Square).

1 Mortgage-deed of a valuable stop-watch (duplicate movement).

52 Checks to the Haymarket, Adelphi, Lyceum, and Strand Theatres—all admissible at half price.

4 Refreshment Vouchers for Cremorne Gardens, entitling the fortunate possessor to refreshments not exceeding the value of sixpence each ticket.

1 Return ticket from Rosherville, dated July 1850—the memorable night of BARON NATHAN'S benefit.

SINCERITY IN BLACK.

Now that the metropolitan Interments Bill has passed the House of Commons, a stigma will have been removed from the character of undertakers. These gentlemen will no longer be chargeable with hypocrisy in wearing mourning.

"O, SI SIC OMNES."

THERE has lately been started on the Thames a new steam-boat with the old title of the *Emmet*. It certainly is the very worst name for a sea-going craft, since no one will go on board the *Emmet* without thinking of an Emet-ic.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

THE great attraction of the Hippopotamus.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street in the Parish of St. Bride's in the City of London.—SATURDAY, JUNE 29th, 1850.

A BIT OF MY MIND.

BIT THE TENTH.

MRS. MOUSER PROPOSES AN EXHIBITION OF LORD ASHLEY'S MODEL SUNDAY.

THE finger of fortune is in it, *Mr. Punch*, and points out Smithfield as the very place for the model ASHLEYOPOLIS. I'd hardly put my last "BIT" in the post when I saw the Parliament Report that recommends the repeal of Smithfield as a market-place for cattle; which leaves it beautifully open for our moral experiment on a grand scale; for the large and wholesome exhibition of Sunday, according to LORD ASHLEY; which brings me to a notion that, at once, as with a pair of tweezers, I feel it my duty to nip in the bud. Which is this.

There's *that* MRS. HORNBLOWER—if she could only hear what people said of her, I *think* she'd look a little more after her family concerns: mending public morals is very well, when there isn't a single hole in a stocking at home—well, there's that MRS. H., I hear, has writ a letter—and like her impudence!—to PRINCE ALBERT, to ask for a few acres in the new Exhibition, which they're weeding Hyde Park for at this minute of all the British oaks—to show a Model British Sunday, as a specimen of Parliament Manufacture, for the improvement and conversion of all the foreigners that's coming. A Model Sunday, as she says, that will put all Paris to the blush, and not leave Brussels or Vienna a single leg to dance upon! Now, *Mr. Punch*, if this was granted—not that it will be, the dear Prince has too much sense for that—a grand idea would be cut up into a little kickshaw—just as though a magnificent venison pasty for Guildhall should be frittered away into nothing better than penny pies.

No, *Mr. Punch;* Smithfield is to be hired, and it will be a beautiful satisfaction to the calves and sheep that have suffered there, to have their market turned into a place, where the wickedness of human nature may be rebuked—as the Beadle of the Hall says—by the hockey-stick of MR. STUMPTREE. It will be sweet and refreshing, where bullocks have been baited, to put an iron-ring in the noses of worldly pride; charming, where little lambs have bleated for the water-brooks and didn't find 'em, to mortify the flesh of Sunday sinners, thirsting for country air, and—it may be—a steam-boat on the Thames.

I should be ashamed of my fellow-creatures if I could doubt that the money taken at the coming Sackcloth Sabbath Fair would not be enough, and more, to hire Smithfield for once a week—for the Exhibition of the Model Sunday would, of course, only be wanted every seventh day while the Park Show lasts—and then as for the building, all we want would be a monster tent, painted black with a sort of doom—an allegory the Beadle says it should be—fire red, to hover above the top of it.

Why, I quite burn and glow with the thought. As the Beadle says, my spirit's like an axle tree—(not that I know where the tree grows)—that kindles as it turns, with the idea! Again, as money—say twopence, for it wouldn't be right to go higher than St. Paul's—as money would be taken at the doors of the Tent, the Exhibition would more than pay itself.

There's no doubt of it, that five hundred families—running, we'll say, five apiece—could be accommodated under the Tent, to carry out Sunday in a way that should preach, as the Beadle says, thunderbolts. In order that the whole day might be properly done, the families should meet, not later than daylight, on the Sunday morning, to begin with the beginning, and not leave before twelve at night, to go through the model day. And first for the people showing themselves.

LORD ASHLEY—as they say in the papers—is expected to preside on the occasion. With him there will be more than a sprinkling of the heads of the Church; with MR. STUMPTREE, MR. DE NEWGATE, and all the majority that sealed up the Sunday post. Everybody is to show a pattern of everybody helping himself on the Model Day; so that the master shall be his own footman, and the mistress her own maid-of-all-work.

As for the time between the hours of devotion—which, of course, is to be according to everybody's conscience—that is to be passed in a way that will strike home to the hearts and hearth-stones of the thoughtless wicked, for whose good the exhibition is intended. It isn't for me to give rules outright; I can only embolden myself so far, as to drop here and there a hint.

I am aware that I approach a delicate subject—shaving. Nevertheless, in these times, people are to speak out. I think all shaving, and so I have told MOUSER, should take place on the Saturday night. Neither do I think that water ought to be set to boil on Sundays; but that people, with a proper interest in their own welfare, will only do what is right to take a serious breakfast of cold tea.

A hot dinner is, of course, an abomination—the oven being by no means second to a fiery furnace. If people would only think of things in their proper light, wouldn't they—says the Beadle of the Hall—wouldn't they shudder at the very notion of a shoulder-of-mutton baked; with the gravy hissing among the potatoes beneath? They'd see in that scorched shoulder, and hear in that bubbling and hissing gravy, a warning and a sermon that is too dreadful to think upon.

As for Sunday clothes, nobody under the Tent will presume to wear anything but the deepest black; silver grey, perhaps, being allowed for infants and the younger branches. As for ribbons, they must be looked upon as carnal ties; and so much as a single flower in a bonnet, little better than flower of brimstone.

The time under the Tent not spent in service is to be enjoyed in perfect silence; everybody sitting and wondering at and applauding his own goodness—and, as the Beadle says, patting his own spiritual head, and thinking how, in that sweet, sad-coloured tent, he is so much better than the flaunting, forlorn people, who—having been to church—go into the fields; and letting their thoughts, like butterflies, rove from tree to tree, and flower to flower, have in 'em no more religion than the larks above their heads, that are singing they don't know why, and are happy in their ignorance because they can't help it.

The Beadle of the Hall tells me—and he had it from the black man with the broom that is now the esquire to the Nepaulese Ambassadors—that there's an Indian God that does nothing but sit cross-legged, thinking of nothing soever but his own sweetness and goodness—his own elevation above all other creatures. Now, that's the state I wish to get into: that's the state that everybody who—with proper earnestness—makes one for LORD ASHLEY'S Model Sunday, must hope to arrive at. For why does his Lordship, MR. STUMPTREE, MR. DE NEWGATE, and so forth, take the Sunday Post out of the hands of the wicked? Why, for this humble reason; they know best what is right, and therefore—with a beautiful boldness that comes of true piety, says the Beadle—will make the Seventh Day for other people.

I hope, however, that when his Lordship takes his place in the Smithfield Tent, he will "improve" upon the Sunday, to the profit of this wicked land, and to the further delight in particular, of his

Lordship's faithful servant,

The Honeysuckles. AMELIA MOUSER.

NOT TO BE DELIVERED UNTIL MONDAY.

NEW DAILY SUMMARY OF THE DEBATES.

When both Houses of Parliament will be finished.

THE House of Lords met yesterday at a quarter-past four, and sat for six hours. As not a word of the Debates was audible, we are saved the trouble of reporting them.

The House of Commons assembled early in the afternoon, and did not adjourn till long past midnight. We are sorry we are not in a position to say what the Debate was upon, for though we were in the gallery all the time, we did not hear a single syllable.

Editor's Remarks on the above Summary.

We are spared the necessity of offering any comments upon the subject of the Debates that occupied the attention of our two Houses of Legislature for so many hours last night, from the simple fact that we are perfectly at a loss to conjecture what the subject of those Debates was. We could not ascertain, nor could any one inform us. Under these circumstances our task is very slight, for we have only to act upon the old rule which enjoins every rational creature never to talk unless he has something to talk upon. As we have absolutely nothing to say, we congratulate ourselves upon the great prudence we display in holding our tongues.

THE FOOLERY OF FASHION.

OUR daily experience teaches us that, *Nemo omnibus horis sapit*, and it is equally a fact that everybody is playing the fool at all hours. The present practice of what is called the fashionable world is to kill time, not merely in the old established modes, but to shuffle the hours together in such an extraordinary way, that it is quite impossible to form any notion of time's having any existence whatever. We find the *beau monde* dining when it ought to go to bed, dancing when it ought to be taking its luncheon, going to bed when it ought to be getting up, and having its breakfast when it ought to be taking its dinner.

There is such an indescribable confusion of hours, as to remind us of the worst days of St. Clement's Clock, or that disgraceful series of escapades in which the timepiece of the Horse Guards indulged when it used to resort to the figure of "hands across, and back again," or indulge in a "grand round" of all the hours at once in the course of twenty minutes. We are in hopes that the *reductio ad absurdum* that has been effected in the hours kept by the world of fashion will soon work a cure, or lead to an essential improvement, inasmuch as it is quite impossible that the present practice of dining between 9 and 10 P. M., dancing at noon, and breakfasting in the evening, can be persisted in much longer, if the *beau monde* is to claim credit for sense of the very commonest character.

We confess ourselves also thoroughly nauseated by the names given in the fashionable papers to the entertainments of what are called the higher classes, who have introduced what they term *thès dansantes*, or dancing teas, and other similar absurdities. If we are to have a series of dancing teas, why not a course of musical dinners, lyric luncheons, scientific milk-and-waters, literary bread-and-cheeses, or any other ridiculous combination of what the vulgarians would call "grub" and gaiety? We shall be hearing shortly that the VISCOUNTESS WHIRLIGIG has given an *eau de vie dansante*, and, as CAPTAIN JOHNSON would have said, "Why not?" for it would be quite as rational as a dancing tea, and far more spirited. We have never yet been to a dancing tea, but the subject always brings to our mind the magnificent *tableau* of BARON NATHAN and his popular fandango among the eggs and breakfast-cups.

THE PENNY-POST-CARRIER-PIGEON-SUNDAY-SOCIETY.

A NEW society is about to be organised with the above title. Its object is to deliver parcels on a Sunday between neighbouring towns. At a distance of every thirty miles there will be a fresh relay of pigeons. By this means a letter—we mean a parcel—will be conveyed from London to Manchester very much quicker than if it had been sent through the post. A pigeon will start every two hours,—thus enabling a person to send a letter and receive an answer on the same day. It is calculated that each pigeon can with the greatest safety carry twenty-four letters, the size of which will be limited by a scale; and as some hundreds of pigeons would fly off at once, it is easily calculated how enormous the returns will be in the course of a day, for the number of pigeons would only be restricted by the number of letters. Pigeon-holes would be established at different parts of the metropolis for the reception of letters,—only when we say letters, of course it is understood we mean parcels. The only difference would be, that the letters would have to be strung round with coloured thread, for fear the Post-Office might cry out against an interference with its monopoly, and prosecute private individuals for deriving any emolument from the execution of a duty which it refuses to carry out itself. We wish this new Carrier-Pigeon-Sunday-Society every success.

A Nice Little Volume.

AMONG new works lately advertised, we find—

"The Great Gorham Case: a History, in five books. In one vol. 3s. 6d. cloth."

We can confidently recommend the perusal of this book—by way of penance for heresy on the subject it relates to, provided the Court of Arches and the Privy Council, between them, can agree as to what heresy is.

HYDE PARK IN JEOPARDY.

WE live in an age of mutation,
And a warehouse as big as an Ark,
To exhibit the goods of each nation,
Will illustrate that truthful remark,
By the pleasant and nice alteration
Its erection will make in Hyde Park.

No more the superior classes
Will parade their vain elegance there;
But your blithe lads and frolicsome lasses
Give the place quite a different air:
'Twill be crowded, in fact, by the masses,
And by Greenwich instead of May Fair.

No longer fine ladies shall amble,
With their delicate airs, in the Ride;
The soft Guardsman no longer will gambol
At the frivolous horsewoman's side,
But the holiday-mob push and scramble,
Scorning all ostentation and pride.

With tobacco the gale shall be loaded,
Now so fragrant with bouquets and scents,
And the Waterloo cracker exploded,
Mid much noise like the tearing of rents;
Whilst we're rather—not much—incommoded
By our backs being rasped by the gents.

The gentle and mild conversation,
Softened down by Society's law,
Will give place to the rough exclamation,
To the lively and boisterous jaw,
To the loud, jolly, bold imprecation,
And the roaring and hearty guffaw.

The flowers will no longer their sweetness
In the Gardens of Kensington waste;
They 'll be plucked with surprising completeness,
And the grounds will be somewhat defaced.
Never care for their order and neatness—
After all, that 's a matter of taste.

The great human tide will ebb nightly,
And its scum in the Park leave behind,
There to harbour—nice characters, slightly,
It may be, unto pillage inclined;
If Belgravia and Pimlico lightly
Weigh this danger—why then, never mind.

THE DEEP AND ARTFUL IN FOREIGN POLICY.

PUNCH hereby gives notice of a motion to have the following passage from MR. ROEBUCK'S speech in defence of LORD PALMERSTON'S policy printed in letters of gold:—

"Now, Sir, I at once acknowledge that I wish the people of England would entirely withdraw from these miserable consultations and diplomatic relations with all nations. (*Hear, hear.*) I feel degraded when I see the name of England prostituted in such discussions. (*Hear, hear.*) I want no representative in the shape of an ambassador to any Foreign Court, to protect our rights—let it be the great name of England—and let it be on the Mediterranean our ships and nothing more."

That 's the plan for BRITANNIA in dealing with foreigners, to abandon the artful dodge, and conduct her manœuvres only on the deep.

Shakspeare à la Française.

To some tastes SHAKSPEARE, like railway accounts, must be cooked in order to be made pleasant. On the occasion of some recent festivities, M. SOYER, as we learn from the *Morning Post*, produced an invention in gastronomy. Our contemporary informs us that "the new culinary innovation" (a rather peculiar kind of innovation that must be), "was named *Croustade Shakspearienne à la Halévy Scribe.*"

Croustade, friend SOYER? Oughtn't it to have been *salmi?* Surely, if you meant to concoct a Shakspearian dish in the style of SCRIBE and HALÉVY, you should have made a hash of it.

A JOKE FROM MR. SPEAKER.

As the tellers on the Vote of Confidence division advanced to declare the numbers, the Speaker—with doubtless a prophetic sense of the majority of 46—said, with a benignant smile at Ministers—"Gentlemen will be pleased to keep their places."

their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars,

MR. SEESAW'S CONDUCT IN PARLIAMENT DURING THE LATE DEBATES.

THE conduct of MR. SEESAW in the circumstances which have been of late engaging the attention of the country, and calling forth the eloquence of both Houses of Parliament, has been exceedingly puzzling to MR. SEESAW himself, and such as all his friends expected of him. Unbiassed by party, his motto, "measures not men," his firmly expressed determination being to "rally round the British Oak,' the independent electors of Noodleborough, of which town the distinguished gentleman is a native, chose him lately as their representative, in place of the veteran DADDLES, who thought that, because he had represented the borough since the Reform Bill, he might dispense with treating and the usual ceremonies which he had performed at the previous elections. Having signified his intentions to this effect, MR. POUNCE, Solicitor, and Mayor of the Town of Noodleborough, discovered with regret that MR. DADDLES was no longer a fit person to be returned to Parliament by such a constituency as that of Noodleborough, and proposed the accomplished and wealthy MR. SEESAW in opposition to the former member. MR. DADDLES was vanquished in the contest, and MR. SEESAW has been in Parliament for the last three years.

Five or six courses were open to MR. S. on his commencing his parliamentary career: to join the ministerial party, or that of the opposition, or that of SIR ROBERT PEEL, or that of the advanced liberals, or to be himself a party open to all and fettered by none. This latter line MR. SEESAW chose, and sometimes voted one way and sometimes another, with a praiseworthy impartiality which had its merits and advantages.

A man who has his vote in his pocket is always an interesting character. When you see MR. WIGSBY going down to the House, or SIR JOHN HAWBUCK, nobody cares to know how *they* will vote. Their opinions are the opinions of their party, and DON PACIFICO is either an injured individual who merits redress, or an old rogue who deserves to have his house turned out of windows, according to the opinion of their leaders.

NOW SEESAW is not a thick and thin Protectionist like HAWBUCK, or a mere ministerial minion like WIGSBY. He has lodgings in Saint James's Street, half-way between BROOKS's and the Conservative; and when he first entered Parliament, he declared that one club, the Oxford and Cambridge, was quite sufficient for him, and that he must wait for a year or two, and economise after his electioneering expenses, before he could afford to pay the entrance-money to any other club.

He always said, he was free to avow, that he thought the Government of the country should be wisely liberal, and cautiously, though energetically, progressive. The Corn-Laws being repealed, it was his firm opinion that the Free Trade system should have a fair trial: at the same time, if it was found that our agricultural interests (and our manufactures through them) suffered so much that some protection was absolutely necessary to maintain them; he, for one, reluctantly but firmly, would consent to a modification of the present system.

An enemy to religious cant, and a friend to tolerance and freedom, MR. SEESAW could not but see, was proud to see, that ours was eminently a religious country; and admiring as he did the honesty and philanthropy of LORD ASHLEY, and the great and good party whom he represented (with some of whose extreme views he could not however take upon himself to concur), and subscribing from the depths of his heart to the doctrine that the Government officials—and by consequence those in the Post-Office—should have every possible labour spared to them on the Sunday; MR. SEESAW, though he would not vote with the noble lord, yet certainly on that subject would not vote against him—and warmly complimented LORD JOHN upon his resolution not to interfere—a compliment which must have surprised and delighted his lordship, and given him a high opinion of MR. SEESAW'S conscientious patriotism.

From the day of his entrance into the House of Commons, MR. SEESAW made a point of cultivating the acquaintance of gentlemen of all parties, and being an agreeable person of much anecdote, and pleasing humour, had soon a pretty large acquaintance. Good Heavens! what a brilliant wit, what a tearing invective, what a consummate rhetoric, MR. DISRAELI possesses! he would say, when the Honourable Member for Buckinghamshire spoke, whom MR. SEESAW invaribly cheered with frantic enthusiasm. What a spirit there is about LORD JOHN,—the same panegyrist would remark—what a high-minded English statesman, what a plucky man he is! which remark he made with special enthusiasm with regard to his Lordship's contest on the Sunday Bill. He cheered the chivalry of COLONEL SIBTHORP: he would go a hundred miles to hear COBDEN, and MR. FOX was as great an orator as his illustrious namesake. He admired honest men of all opinions, MR. SEESAW generously said, but SIR ROBERT and SIR JAMES he did not like so well, because their opinions were *not* decided, and he did not like vacillating men.

AS MR. SEESAW had always a case of the very best cigars in the kingdom in his pocket, and offered them liberally to the young fellows of all parties in the House, he became speedily acquainted with many, cementing the acquaintance by many handsome dinners at Greenwich, whither he invited the young Whig and Tory gentlemen; and, after a brief space, he became on terms of friendship with some of the young men's families, and his name might be seen as among the company at some of the most fashionable parties in London.

It is impossible to say how keen was MR. SEESAW'S anguish when he heard that LORD STANLEY (a man whose honesty and admirable powers as an orator he thought could not be too highly praised,) was determined to push his motion against LORD PALMERSTON in the Lords. His own opinions on the case had always been delivered in a perfectly straightforward manner. No man could doubt the integrity of LORD PALMERSTON; that our fellow subjects had been insulted, robbed, imprisoned, and denied redress in Greece; and that because a state was mean and despicable, that was no reason why it should bully and rob us. But then what a rogue this old PACIFICO was? Ought we to send fifteen sail of the line to get £150 for his bedstead? Might not conciliation have been used? and were the good offices of the French (though he must own they were making a nefarious government job of the quarrel) to be rejected? It was altogether a lamentable affair, and the right thing, the patriotic thing, as he thought would have been—*to hush it up!* Nevertheless, that we had been insulted, and grossly insulted, there could be no question.

On the night of LORD STANLEY'S speech in the Lords, MR. SEESAW got a place, and after bursting with laughter at the little incident of LORD BROUGHAM turning out CHEVALIER BUNSEN, and rushing out and heartily condoling with his Excellency, he listened with rapt admiration to LORD STANLEY'S wonderful oration. LORD CANNING'S was a masterly oration; LORD ABERDEEN'S, he thought, was needlessly bitter; and how gallantly LORD EDDISBURY went in and tackled to him!

The vote of the Lords, he said, was a grave matter, most pregnant with grave consequences, and one which must make every man in England think, and think deeply.

MR. SEESAW would gladly have subscribed to any *worthy* picture of LORD PALMERSTON, to be presented to her ladyship; but his opinions about high art were known; no man was fit to paint a great picture of so great a statesman but MR. SOANDSO, or MR. WHATDYOUCALLEM. It was to the painter he objected, and unless they would have a Royal Academician, he thought they were paying but a poor compliment to the wife of a Minister of the Crown.

During the debate in the House of Commons, SEESAW of course was in his place. No man cheered more loudly when LORD PALMERSTON made his noble speech; no man was more delighted when SIR JAMES GRAHAM said we have had enough of *nisi prius*. He thought SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH'S excellent speech was unanswerable; and no one was more astonished and pleased at MR. COCKBURN'S fierce assault upon SIR JAMES and magnificent defence of the Government. SIR ROBERT PEEL'S speech, so calm, so statesmanlike, so masterly, so melancholy, filled SEESAW with a sad admiration; and, at four o'clock in the morning, when he was going to say a few words himself and give his own views on the question, and just as he had returned from looking over his notes, whilst MR. DISRAELI was speaking, in the cool dawn before St. Margaret's church, what was SEESAW'S astonishment to find that the House had divided, and that Government had a majority of 46!

He rushed up to LORD PALMERSTON. "Heaven bless you, Sir," he said. "This is a great day for England indeed!"

Building Glass Castles in the Air.

A HUGE dome, 200 feet in diameter—which, in point of size, is to make the domes of St. Paul's and St. Peter's and the Pantheon, look like very small dish covers—is run up, or rather, is intended to be run up, as the great feature of the proposed Building for the Industrial Exhibition. It is a question, however, whether this monster dome can be erected in the short space of time allowed for the construction of the whole building. For ourselves, we have no hesitation in asserting, that if the opening is made dependent on the completion of this great DANIEL LAMBERT of a Dome, the Industrial Exhibition will most decidedly never be opened till *Doom's-Day*.

The Most Liberal Measure of the Session.

IT is said, in defence of the very limited accommodation in the new House of Commons, that MR. BARRY, in return for certain interferences with his plans, made the mistake on purpose, and instead of measuring the bodies of 656 members, simply took the *measure of their intellect*. Judged by this new standard of measurement, we are compelled to confess that not only is there plenty of accommodation in the new House, but that it is much too large for any purpose to which the present Parliament can possibly devote it.

LIBERAL PATRONAGE.

WE are informed that Government has, with the greatest liberality, granted MR. BRIGHT the use of Leicester Square for trying, on a small scale, the experiment of Cultivation of Cotton in India.

PLEASURE TRIPS OF BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON.

THE VISIT TO EPSOM.—PART I.

BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON PREPARE FOR THE DERBY DAY.

BROWN PREFERS GOING ON HORSEBACK.

THEY HAVE A HAMPER FROM FORTNUM AND MASON'S.

UNEXPECTED SITUATION OF ROBINSON.

JONES'S GREAT DIFFICULTY IS TO PREVENT THE "THING" UPSETTING.

AN ACCIDENT HAPPENS.

BROWN LOSES FIVE POUNDS AT THIMBLE-RIG, "JUST TO TRY WHAT IT IS LIKE."

BROWN TRIES HIS HAND AT KNOCK-'EM-DOWNS.

Admirable Working of Lord Ashley's Measure.

"Oh! I wish I knew how my dear Girl is?"

Wife. Art going out, Tom?"

Husband. "Yes, Lass, I be just going over to Red Lion to hear what 's a doing. You see, since these new fangled Post-Office changes, I can't get my bit of a Newspaper o' Sundays now?"

"Dear! Dear! Dear! I wonder whether Walker's Bill was paid yesterday."

Swindler (loq.) "Hurrah for the Puritans, I say. I've done every body, and now I've a clear day's start of the Brutal Police and my infamous creditors. Vivat Cant, no Money Returned."

JULLIEN SEEN IN A MOMENT OF INSPIRATION.

THE two Zoological Gardens, are, at present, full of attraction. There is the Hippopotamus at the one, and JULLIEN at the other. Our French ORPHEUS, who plays to an audience of wild beasts every night, and has taught many of them to dance the Polka, so enlivening are his strains, has lately come out with a new "Inspiration." It promises, we think, to divide the public ear with his famous Row Polka, for it is in every measure as noisy. It is called the "Derby Polka," but why Derby, we cannot make out. It is true that JULLIEN imitates the action of a jockey, and uses his *bâton* as a whip; and that many of the instruments run a dreadful race together, to see which shall come in first; and that a bell rings to announce that the fiddles have started; and that JULLIEN drops down on his chair as an intimation that the *cornet-à-piston* has won; still so many things are wanting to complete the picture of the Derby, that the Polka was deficient in that striking verisimilitude for which all JULLIEN'S Polkas are loudly distinguished.

In other respects, JULLIEN acts up to his usual "Inspiration." His movements, his airs, show the same great master, and his "Poses Plastiques" exhibit most imposingly the same great *artiste*. His attraction is as great as ever, and he proudly continues *l'enfant gâté* of the "Maids of Merry England," who resort in thousands to the Surrey Gardens, to admire its beautiful ducks.

He draws fully as much as the Hippopotamus, without resorting to the same artifices for catching applause. Besides, the Hippopotamus has no moments of "Inspiration;" excepting when he is in the water, and then he is invisible, he is as heavy as a City Councilman after dinner. He lies on the ground like an immense lump of pig-lead. No! there is no comparison between JULLIEN and his great rival, and we prophesy that JULLIEN will be flourishing his *bâton* as mercurial as an English barometer, rising and falling every minute of the day, when his monstrous rival will not occupy, with all his unwieldy frame, half a line in an eighteenpenny advertisement. The Hippopotamus may just at present have got the start, but, in the long run, JULLIEN will be sure to leave his bulky competitor far behind him, and we are prepared to take any odds that he wins the race, even in spite of the slowness of his Derby Polka. Who'll take a 1000 to 1 on JULLIEN against the Hippopotamus?

A BLINDED NATION.

HOMER was blind, TIRESIAS was blind, MILTON was blind, HANDEL was blind; but there never was any cataract, or even amaurosis, equal to the blindness of Prussia. The *Times* has already informed an indignant nation, that

"The London PUNCH has been prohibited by the Post-Office of Konigsburgh."

As there is no way for *Punch* into Prussia by the Post-Office, that unfortunate country may be compared (in one solitary respect), to the immortal author of "*Paradise Lost*," having

"Wisdom at one entrance quite shut out."

Provisional Arrangements for the Ballet.

WE observe that the "PROVIDENT SOCIETY OF DANCERS" held their annual meeting on Thursday, last week, in the saloon of the Haymarket Theatre, the use of which had been afforded to the Charity by MR. WEBSTER. The formation of a Provident Society is one of the best steps that we ever heard of on the part of the Terpsichorean body. The knowledge that dancers are actuated by forethought will give us additional pleasure in witnessing a *ballet*, and we shall regard their bounding movements with the greater satisfaction from the consideration that they look before they leap. We hope that the Public will not be wanting in support to this Association for providing boiled mutton in old age to those who, in youth, have so often gratified them with capers.

A MISERABLE CHARACTER.—"I tell you Sir, he is a mean man! I really believe, Sir, that man is capable of robbing the toll-box of Southwark Bridge!"

A LITTLE SPEECH FROM A LITTLE BLUE-COAT BOY.

FORTY boys connected with Christ's Hospital, waited with a deputation of the Masters upon HER MAJESTY, previous to the last Drawing-Room. This is a visit paid, we believe, every year, when the boys exhibit their maps, and charts, and drawings, and make a little speech. As this speech has never been printed, we are too happy to have it, in one respect, to give a verbatim report.

The speech on this occasion was made by a youth, whose humble garb showed too plainly the lowness of his condition. He was dressed, it is true, in the uniform of this school, but his clothes were made of such poor material, that they betrayed the struggle that had evidently been made to attire him, even respectably. His appearance deeply engrossed the sympathy of HER MAJESTY, who listened with the most lively interest to every word of the following address:—

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY,—

"We belong to a School which was called by the good Bishop of Calcutta 'the noblest institution in the world.' We are all poor boys; there is not a rich boy amongst us; we are, every boy of us, the children of poor persons. If it were not for Christ's Hospital we should receive no education at all, for our parents are much too poor to educate us. We should be running about the streets, and getting into all sorts of mischief, and perhaps turn out bad characters, and make our parents ashamed of us. But now they have no fear of that sort,—they know that we are fed and lodged and educated all for nothing, and they are happy to get us into so good an institution. Many rich persons try to get their sons into Christ's Hospital—which is a great compliment to the school—but it will not do; they only try in vain,—for it would not be fair, YOUR MAJESTY, that rich boys should receive the benefits which were intended by our good King and Founder, EDWARD VI., only for 'destitute orphans' and poor boys. Our Governors are often teased out of their lives to give 'presentations' to persons who keep their carriages; but they laugh at those persons, and tell them there are Eton, and Westminster, and Harrow for those who have money,—but that Christ's Hospital was built and endowed only for those who have no money for the education of their children. We are at present more than 1200 boys on the foundation, and I can say, without telling a fib, YOUR MAJESTY, that there is not the son of a nobleman, or an alderman, or a common councilman, or anything of that sort, amongst us. We should like YOUR MAJESTY to come and see us and get us a holiday, and then YOUR MAJESTY could judge for yourself whether what I have been telling you is not the truth. But please YOUR MAJESTY, I should like you to come on a week-day—I mean not on a visiting-day; for YOUR MAJESTY might think that the carriages you saw then waiting outside, were the carriages of our fathers and mothers, which would be doing a great injustice to an Institution of which I am a regular 'Blue.' I hope YOUR MAJESTY will come, and I will promise YOUR MAJESTY to sing '*God save the Queen*' all the days of my life."

The QUEEN patted the pretty little yellow-stockinged boy on the head, and promised him "she would be sure to come." This promise has thrown the boys into the greatest tumult of delight, but the Governors of Christ's Hospital are in a state of feverish consternation, lest the Institution should not exactly come up to the expectation of HER MAJESTY. Strange to say, the key of the strong chest, in which is locked up the Charter of Christ's Hospital, has the last few days been missing. We only hope it will be forthcoming on the occasion of the royal visit, as it may give HER MAJESTY a key, in more senses than one, to the real intentions of the munificent founder of this much libelled charity.

American Independence.

THERE never was such a thorough specimen of natural American Independence as was exhibited at the Botanical Gardens in the Regent's Park, by the celebrated American plants which were advertised to appear in full bloom, at least three weeks earlier than they condescended to show themselves. Everyone was asking a month ago, how it was that the American plants did not show according to promise, but they obstinately remained shut up in their buds, as if when looked for to blossom, their reply had been "If I do, I'm blowed."

SOMETHING VERY SURPRISING.

WE cannot sufficiently express our surprise. There was a Protectionist Meeting at Salisbury lately, followed by a disturbance. There was nothing so very surprising in that, for the one always follows the other. But MR. FERRAND was present at the meeting, and yet his name does not appear amongst the speakers. We can only account for this extraordinary accident by supposing that the Hon. M. P. was actively engaged at the time pursuing his new vocation. Depend upon it, he was busy "wool-gathering."

A FRIENDLY HINT TO YOUNG LADIES WHO WEAR THOSE DEAR DELIGHTFUL BARÈGE DRESSES. ALWAYS LET THE SLIP (OR WHATEVER THE MYSTERIOUS GARMENT IS CALLED), BE AS LONG AS THE OUTER DRESS!

A NIGHT OF PLEASURE AND "PROPHÈTE."

In a Letter from a Young Man in Town to a Young Man in the Country.

"MY DEAR GUSS,

"I THINK by this time I have dragged you all over town. I have taken you to every Exhibition, and made you follow me through every Long Acre of a Panorama, that is at present dragging its slow length along the Continental streets of London. You must be tired, old fellow; for pleasure grows tiresome, even when we have nothing to pay for it. One more visit, and then I will let you off, for really this weather is getting too warm for sight-seeing.

"In all my excursions through this fairy Maze of Wonders, I have endeavoured to send you the feelings with which I have enjoyed each of them. I hope you have seen them in the same light, and derived as much pleasure from the view as I have done. If so, the many shillings, the pocket-full of half-guineas I have expended in feasting my eyes, have performed double duty; and I shall expect you on my return to the country, to refund me at least one-half of the handsome little fortune I have disbursed in prosecuting our mutual expedition in search of pleasure.

"This is a bargain; and, on the faith of it, I do not mind taking you to the Opera. The cab is at the door, so get out your opera-glass, and as you read this letter, put on a white neckcloth and a pair of white kid gloves, and fancy you are seated in the middle of the pit of the Royal Italian Opera. I send you the bill and the book, so that nothing may be wanting to help the delusion; and that you may be convinced at once that it is Thursday evening, June 27th, 1850. Set your watch at eight o'clock precisely, and the charm will be perfect.

"You are a lucky fellow, GUSS; for if you look at the bill, you will see what a treat there is in store for you. It is the *Prophète*—an opera in four acts, which has never been performed anywhere in London, but at the Italian Opera House. I am no musician, you know, and it is fortunate for you that I am not. Otherwise how I might have dazzled you with a grand display of musical fireworks! I would have astonished you with such a discharge of ten thousand *arpeggios*, mixed with a flying shower of *sostenutos*, and whirling, whizzing, hissing, cracking G alt's, &c. &c., that you should have heard nothing, seen nothing, and understood still less. As it is, in my profound ignorance of musical pyrotechny, I can only send you a poor, dry, catalogue of my sensations, and the effect the Opera produced upon me.

"The effect was that of reading a beautiful story, or, rather, of listening to a beautiful story whilst it was being read to me by some loved voice. I seemed to read with my ears. The interest began at once: I was charmed from the very first page. Events rapidly followed events, and were told in such lovely language, that it became a pain when the lecture ceased, and I longed for it to continue, so that the pleasure might flow on uninterruptedly to the end. The finish of each act was like the interruption of a 'bore' that drops in for five minutes, and makes a black gap in the perusal of some exciting romance. The relief you feel at his departure, when you can resume your enjoyment, was the same I experienced when the curtain again rose, and my ears were enabled to take up once more the broken thread of the melodious narrative. The opera was a long, stirring, musical romance. As I read it, I became conscious of nothing else. I knew no more that I was in the pit of that theatre, than a school-girl who is secretly reading a novel at night knows that she is in bed. My own feelings were interested in the fates of that poor *Fides*, who, writhing at her son's feet, more like a worm than a human being, lifts her drooping head, and prays with her eyes to be crushed sooner than to be called upon to deny him. But her son is in danger: a hundred poniards are pointed at his breast, and, with a heart that almost breaks audibly in your ear, she shrieks out the 'No!' that saves his life.

"I am afraid to go into extacies, GUSS, in case you should laugh at me, but, my dear boy, I shall never forget the interest of that scene. No book ever chained me to its living pages with half the force of that terrible contest between mother and son. I am sure my own existence ceased. I was not in Covent Garden Opera, but in that same Cathedral of Munster, watching the growing intensity of the struggle, and longing to lift up the crushed form of the mother, as she lay humbled to death upon the pavement. With the shriek of denial, that sounded as if it had been wrung by some iron instrument from her soul, the curtain fell like a portcullis, and I was astonished to find a great chandelier of gas glittering over my head. I was a prisoner for another half-hour till the rising of the curtain set me at liberty again to pursue my delightful story. The conclusion is mournful, like the conclusion of most romances, but one passage delighted me beyond all limits. *Fides* and the *Prophète* meet in the prison to which she has been condemned. The mother pours her burning reproaches on her son's guilty head. He, so recently triumphant, cringes now before the just wrath of his disowned mother, and at last falls on his knees, and with self reproaches implores her forgiveness. She, so lately trodden upon, now towers above him. It is her turn now to triumph, and she is about to disown the son who so publicly disowned her, when her rage turns to pity, and she only triumphs, in opening her arms to fold him to her breast.

"GUSS, I must not make my letter too long, or else you will never read it, and I should like you to read to the end of my stupid rhapsodies, if it was only to share the exquisite enjoyment, the almost new sensation of pleasure—for music spoke to me that night with almost a new voice—I revelled in that same Thursday evening. The music of the *Prophète* is the conversation of a cherished friend, who talks to entertain you, and not for the mere sake of talking. You listen unconsciously, are pleased, charmed, and are only aware that it is music when the music stops. Here and there a pretty expression, a poetical thought rises to the surface of the conversation, but, generally speaking, the words fit so aptly to the subject chosen, are so plain and yet so expressive, that you would feel inclined to call it common-place if it were not for the general feeling of happiness it leaves upon your mind when it is all over.

"The illustrations, too, of this beautiful romance are in the most complete and artistic keeping, as if nothing should be wanting to mar the perfection of the whole. Never has LONGMAN, nor MURRAY, with all their profuse liberality, produced a book in all its details so gorgeous as the *Prophète*. The Coronation scene would not disgrace Westminster Abbey, and the dresses seem as if they had been dyed in one of MACLISE'S pictures, so vividly bright is their colouring.

"Another act was added to the *Prophète* the evening I was present, GUSS, and it was an act that materially heightened the enjoyment, the witching surprise, of the whole entertainment. The act in question was played by the audience, if playing can be applied to anything so natural, so real, and so unaffected. It was when the QUEEN entered the theatre. It was but three hours after she had been attacked by one, whose only excuse for his action is, that he is insane, and so has ceased to have the feelings of a man. Upon her entrance, up rose the whole theatre, moved by the same strong impulse, to congratulate the QUEEN upon the happiness of her escape. I never heard such shouting. It was the very madness of affection. It was a deafening tumult of love, in which a thousand voices were trying to outvie one another in giving the loudest expression to their sympathy. It was a loyal competition of sound, in which a thousand hearts were thrown, like so many hats, simultaneously into the air, every one of them struggling which could be thrown the highest. Then came *God Save the Queen*, and soothed the angry waters into something like a calm regularity of flow, until the surging voices rose musically together, and formed one loud swelling wave of devotion and enthusiasm. The QUEEN smiled, and held out her hand, with outstretched palm, as if her heart was inside it; and, to my fancy, it is the very best Ball of State she can carry before her. It is Ball and Sceptre melted into one!

"My paper is exhausted, and so must be your patience, GUSS; but I have been so pleased, alas! I could not keep myself within reasonable bounds. Extend your usual good-nature to

"Yours cordially, — — —

ALARMING STATE OF THE CROPS.

O His Grace the Duke of R**H***D —*Private and Confidential.*

"My Lord Duke,—I am just come back from a ride through the crops; and afore I pull my boots off, saving your presence, I take up my pen to say they 're dreadful. Nothin' but ruin and bankruptcy starin' in the face of the unpertected farmer. First for wheat,—why, it 's heartbreakin'! The blessed Colonel hisself would stare to see such ears! Big as Indy cobs that 's only fit to pison pigs with, and not to be thought on in the stomachs of a bould peasantry, that I 've heard your Grace at meetins talk so movin' about. Howsumever, there 's the wheat—every ear on it, bigger than ever was wheat since the seven big ears that eat up the seven little uns, and I only hope somethin' o' the sort isn't goin' to happen now, that 's all, to bring about starvation prices. The wheat 's in the most aggrawatin' state I ever see it; and every step I 've been all the ears seemed waggin' their heads at me, sarcy like, as much as to say—'Old unpertected feller! Look at us! We shall be down at 20*s.* afore September!'

"Then I don't know what 's come to the fields, they 're cleaner than ever I seed 'em. As for the like of poppies that used to flourish among the corn, like standin' armies in time o' peace, why, whether it 's the talk o' that chap Cobden or no, I can't say—but there 's hardly a poppy or a weed to be seen. Wonderful! and the straw as thick as bulrushes! What *will* become of us?

"I 've hardly the heart to go on—but only think of barley! Why, if strong beer isn't twopence a pot afore October, blame the brewers, that 's all! Barleycorns mustn't no longer be a measure; for I 'm blessed if every barleycorn of itself, in these parts, isn't an inch! And then the straw,—like crow-bars! And the beard—(when it 's ripe)—like any brass wire! What *shall* we do?

"Oats. There, again! They won't be worth the reapin'—there 'll be such a glut o' oats, the very barn-door fowl will turn up their noses at 'em. As for osses, oats will be quite drugs to 'em! They 'll be so cheap that—our xciseman says—all Lunnun will be overrun with cabs and 'buses, drivin' people for nothin' and leavin' 'em with a bottle o' wine a-piece at their own doors. If oats climb up to 8*s.* a quarter arter August, I 'm not a injured British farmer, that 's all. Only think on it, my lord Duke! Oats at 8*s.* a quarter! Pretty gruel, eh, for John Bull!

"Well, your grace, I 'll try to go on—but beans drives me mad. They 're not beans,—but monsters—unnat'ral beans; for size more like sheep's kidnies than honest English, properly pertected beans. Beasts must be made with bigger throats to swaller 'em, that's all I know.

"And then for clover! Why, I 've seen a stalk of clover that, savin' your Grace's presence as the farmer's friend, I could knock you down with. Howsomever, all I 'll say is this—if this weather's goin' to go on, the sooner the sea rolls over Old England the better. Nothin' can stand against the harvest that's likely to foller.

"My Lord Duke, I shall close with turnips. As if everything was to be a piece this harvest, the turnips is enormous. I hear that His Royal Highness Prince Albert is goin' to have a doom for the show-booth of 1851, a doom as big as St. Paul's, of iron in sheets. Well, if I haven't seen a turnip—a bit o' English Industry as it's called—that ud do for that doom, I 'm not your Grace's Humble Servant,

"A Ruined, Broken-Hearted, Unpertected Farmer,
"John Gammon."

"P.S. (And between ourselves, savin' your grace.) I hear that Jim Sloebush is goin' to give up Pigscheek Farm. I hope your Grace will give me the refusal on it. England is goin' to ruin I know, but for that reason—as a man and a unpertected farmer—I think it's no more than my duty to stick by her.

"P.S. (No. 2.) I send you my pictur atop, painted they tell me by the Sun hisself, that 's brought about in these parts by a painter in a box. You will see, my Lord Duke, by that pictur what the Alarmin' State of the Crops has brought your Servant to command."

A VERY BRAZEN "TRUMPET."

The *Morning Trumpet*—may its volume never be less!—is the acknowledged, cherished organ of the candid souls that, for a time, have closed the Sunday Post Office; and for the immortal health and safety of Sabbath readers of newspapers, have forbidden *The Examiner, Spectator, Sunday Times, Illustrated News*, &c., &c., to be issued per post on the seventh day. There can be no doubt that these rigid overseers of Sunday have the very best intentions; so, no doubt, had certain, well-meaning, but rather violent people, who once upon a time roasted their kind in Smithfield. There is, therefore, a sort of best intention, which it is the duty of the selected victim of well-meaning earnestness, to knock down, get rid of, in the shortest and concisest manner possible. Where best intention will put his nose into the affairs of his neighbours, the more vigorously the said nose is wrung, the better, says *Punch*. Best intention has, for a time, closed the Sunday letter-box: very well; when his impertinence is sufficiently felt—and the exasperating nuisance is fast spreading—best intention will be bound over, like a common brawler, to keep the peace.

But how about the *Morning Trumpet* daily newspaper? For months past has the *Trumpet* blown upon the Post Office to surrender. Well, there is now no "desecration" of Sunday post. Is there to continue a desecration of the Sunday printing-office? Does the *Morning Trumpet* continue in its olden way? And if so, how has it the brass on Monday mornings to appear at the breakfast-table of Lord Ashley, Messrs. Plumptre, Newdegate, and other Christian pillars of porphyry? Two questions—only two—to the *Morning Trumpet*.

In preparation for the Monday's impression, are the office-doors of the *Trumpet* thrown open at six on Sunday evening? Do compositors still attend, wending their way towards Shoe Lane, as the bells ring for evening service, to work out the Sabbath for the Monday's *Trumpet*, or,—

Is the office closed until Sunday midnight, and a double, treble staff of printers engaged, so that no single type may go to form a sinful syllable—sinful, if put together on the Sabbath?

How can the *Morning Trumpet* blow a blighting blast against the Sunday postman, yet still employ the Sunday printer?

A HINT TO JOHN BULL.

Take care of your pockets, John Bull, John Bull,
Take care of your pockets, John Bull;
An opinion prevails that if Albert's Show fails,
On your purse there will be a slight pull,
John Bull,
The subscription not being quite full.

Encourage your Prince, John Bull, John Bull,
Encourage your Prince, John Bull;
His intent and design is exceedingly fine,
It were pity the scheme to annul,
John Bull,
Let us hope it won't end in a mull.

But ere you cash up, John Bull, John Bull,
But ere you cash up, John Bull;
Get a pledge—don't be foiled—that Hyde Park shan't be spoiled,
And o'errun by tramp, vagrant, and trull:
John Bull,
You magnificent jolly old gull.

Ex-King Hudson at Sunderland.

His late Majesty took the chair at Sunderland on the opening of the Docks. His health was drunk, and—with much emotion—he returned thanks. As the late potentate slowly rose, it is said he looked very like Kean in *Sir Giles Overreach*, when he said—

"Some undone widow sits upon mine arm!
My sword to th' scabbard 's glued by orphans' tears!"

Mr. Hudson, however, returned grateful ackdowledgments. He said with overflowing heart, "when he forgot Sutherland, might his right hand forget its cunning!" If Mr. Hudson's right hand be the hand with which he signed railway cheques, "making things comfortable," the amount of cunning to be forgotten by that member must be prodigious.

A NATIONAL PARTY.

At the Final Dinner, given by the Dramatic Authors to Scribe, there was a deal of fuss and ceremony, when Scribe at last exclaimed, "*Messieurs, pas tant de gêne, je vous en prie—il n'y a qu'un Français de plus parmi vous!*"

THE DIARY OF THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

As many of our country readers naturally feel anxious to know how the Hippopotamus passes his time in a strange land, where he is so far away from home and all his relations, we have gone to the expense of procuring the following particulars, which are now printed for the first time.

The Hippopotamus gets up generally about six. The first thing he does is to wag his tail; he then grunts, nodding his head all the while to the Arabian, which is his peculiar method of saying "Good morning!" At seven he has a pail of porridge and maize, which he prefers to tea or coffee. After that he washes his hands—we mean his feet—in the tank which is put in his room as his washhand-basin. He sleeps till ten, when he turns out to receive the numerous company that is always waiting to see him. He takes several rounds in the park that is attached to his dwelling-house, bowing to his guests politely as he passes along. After this exertion, he lies down in the hottest patch of sand he can pick out, and curling himself up, till he looks like an immense ball of india-rubber, he goes fast asleep. He rarely wakes up till the latter part of the day, when his first thought is to run and tap at the door of the Giraffes, who hang out in the next room to him. This act of civility over, he takes his bath, which sometimes lasts two or three hours. During this time very little more than his nostrils are visible above the water. The fact is, the Hippopotamus is of a modest, retiring disposition, and likes to hide himself as much as possible from the public eye. At six o'clock he leaves his bath and retires to his bed-room. He never sees any one after six. A small bucket of porridge and maize, of which he is amazingly fond, is brought to his bedside, and the Arab boy feeds him with a spoon. After this he generally feels very sleepy, and lies down. He lays his head on the Arab's lap, and, throwing his legs round his neck, is very quickly in the arms of MORPHEUS.

Proper Names for Litigants.

LAST week there came before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, an appeal from the Supreme Court of Judicature at Bombay, in an action to which the parties were DOLUBDASS PETTEMBERDASS AND OTHERS *v.* RAMLOL THACKOORSEYDASS AND OTHERS. The remarkably euphonious names of these Indian gentlemen may provoke a smile; but they ought also to suggest a reflection; namely, that people who go to law are generally quite as much asses as DOLUBDASS, PETTEMBERDASS and THACKOORSEYDASS.

LINES TO HENRY BROUGHAM ON HAVING BEEN GOOD.

How much more pleasant 'tis to praise
Than to rebuke or blame;
We'd rather say "Well done!" than raise
The cry of "Fie, for shame!"

For instance, now, when HENRY 's good
It always gives us joy—
How much we wish he never would
Act like a naughty boy!

And HENRY has been good and brave,
A check to try and put
On Mawworms who, on Sunday, have
Our letter-boxes shut.

Thus to behave is prettier
Than being, even in fun,
Rude to a foreign Minister,
Or rude to any one.

WANTED.—BOARD AND LODGING for the great building for the Exhibition of Industry of 1851. Proposals specifying terms, either for a permanency or a limited period, to be sent in to the Commissioners, Whitehall. N.B. Ireland need not apply.

PUNCH TO THE WORLD!!

The reader is respectfully requested to remain calm while perusing the following merely preliminary announcement of an intended EXTRA NUMBER, which has been for some time in preparation, and will be published during the month. It is felt necessary to break by degrees the particulars of this startling fact. We do not at present feel ourselves justified in going further into detail, but we simply intimate to everybody the necessity of restraining his curiosity and preparing his threepence, until it may be deemed expedient for us to satisfy the former and receive the latter.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 1, Queen's Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, JULY 6th, 1850.

"THERE, BABY DEAR, LOOK AT THE PRETTY SOLDIERS!"

A BIT OF MY MIND.

BIT THE ELEVENTH.

MRS. MOUSER SUGGESTS A DOMESTIC IMPROVEMENT AS REGARDS THE EXHIBITION OF 1851.

MR. PUNCH,—At this minute I write in deepest darkness. Whether Hyde Park, as MR. MOUSER says, is to be roofed in as a brick tenement, or whether the world's to meet in Battersea Fields, is at the moment I hold my quill in the bosoms of the Fates. Destiny, no doubt, has already taken her measures; and all we have to do is to sit quiet, like Patience on her monument, and wait for 'em. Though, if I may be allowed, as a fragment of the female public, to give my mind upon the matter, I would certainly object to what MRS. HORNBLOWER calls the desecration of Hyde Park by bricks and mortar, and with 'em no end of chimneys. To be sure, I'm told that there's to be an Act of Parliament to compel the chimneys, for the sake of the herbage and the trees, to digest their own smoke,—but I've no faith in 'em. It's all very well to talk about Aphrodite coals; but there can be no Aphrodite without fire,—and no fire without smoke. But this is not the grist of my present writing.

What I burn to make public is this. Whenever the Exhibition may be opened—and whatever it may have to show, from a piece of the walls of China, to snow-balls from the North Pole—the whole business will be a mocking-bird, an illusion and a snare, if conducted wholly and solely by the monopolists, as I am bold to call 'em, of the creation,—need I observe, mere men? Unless the mind of woman sets her mark upon the show, it will be nothing more than a big, selfish bachelors' party of all the world; or, what's the same thing, a Club House of the Lords of the Creation (as they give the nobility to themselves), with the Ladies stopping at home. A proposal, throbbing at the heart of your humble servant, carried out at the fullest extent, would make a very different thing of it.

MR. HORNBLOWER—(I dislike the man, for I never know—or rather I *do* know, too well—when MOUSER goes out with him, *when* he'll come back)—MR. HORNBLOWER, the other night dropping in, and as usual all over tobacco smoke, remarked that the whole world would be packing up its carpet bag by next April, directed "London:" men from the Mountains of the Moon, Timbuctoo, and the Beginning of the Nile. "There'll be a pattern-book of colours"—(MR. H. is a tailor in a great way, and inventor of the Butterfly Paletôt, though he might, as I say, leave his shop at home when he comes into other people's drawing-rooms; especially, who are *not* tailors)—"a pattern-book of colours of all the men in the world." "And why not," said I, "of the women too? How, in an Exhibition of all the world, can the women be left out? Why, without 'em,"—said I, for I felt my blood rising; and if I hadn't felt it, I could have seen it in MOUSER's looks, who, when I've my heart at my lips, too often likes to frown it back again—"without 'em," said I, not seeming to see MOUSER, "without 'em, the great globe itself, as somebody calls it, would be only like a plum-pudding cut in half; and I won't say—or I could—which half is the richest and the best, with most of the fruit and spice in it. Why not all the women, too?" I repeated in a voice that, I could see it, rather astonished MR. HORNBLOWER; "if we are to have the Lords of the Mountains of the Moon, why not the Ladies of the Moon too? If the GREAT CHAM's to come, as MOUSER calls him, why not the GREAT CHAMESS? Are we always to be left at home at gala times; thrown into a corner like every-day clothes, as if we weren't good and handsome enough to be worn on holidays?"

Well, *Mr. Punch*, this question—which MR. HORNBLOWER couldn't answer, and therefore, in a mean way, he shifted his ground, as I afterwards heard, to some tavern; taking, of course, MOUSER with him—this question remaining, I may say, in my mind, went to bed with me; and the consequence was, one of the sweetest dreams that ever came to anybody in the world upon goose-feathers. All the sweeter and prettier too, because it can be carried out, when the world's wide-awake; there being nothing in it that isn't as plain as pancakes. Which is this:

I dreamt that the Exhibition, which wasn't in Hyde Park after all, though, being awake, I can't be sworn where—was, as it ought to be, a palace of very crystal, the sky looking through every bit of the roof upon all nations under it. And the nations, *Mr. Punch*, were in my dream, as they should be, not represented by halves, but men and wives complete. Here and there it was like a tulip-bed with beautiful creatures of all colours, from the lily-white Circassian—(though, after all, none of 'em came up to the Red and White Roses of England, as I'm bold to call myself and country-women,)—to the tawny Cherokee. And there they were, some of 'em with their children little and big, sprinkled about—among the goods of All Nations—the Chinese lady on her chest of gunpowder—the Turkish with prize rhubarb—the woman from the Sandwiches with grass baskets—the Russian lady with black fur boas—the maidens of Cachemire with such loves of shawls, like being wrapped in Paradise—the Persian Sultaness with otto of roses—and a real American lady from California with necklaces of gold-dust and virgin ear-rings to match.

It may be said, this is all very well in a dream. But why, I ask—as I asked of MOUSER when I woke—why shouldn't it be carried out in broad daylight? Why, when the Chinaman tea-dealer comes to Hyde Park himself—supposing it to be Hyde Park—why should his poor wife, with crushed foot and broken spirit, be left at Pekin at home? If we're to have Russian merchants with their beards, why not their wives with their boas? If we've a Cachemire man in a turban, why and wherefore not a Cachemire maid in a shawl? Without the other and superior sex, as I insist on calling them, it will be an Exhibition of all the World by halves, and the worst halves too, as I needn't insist upon.

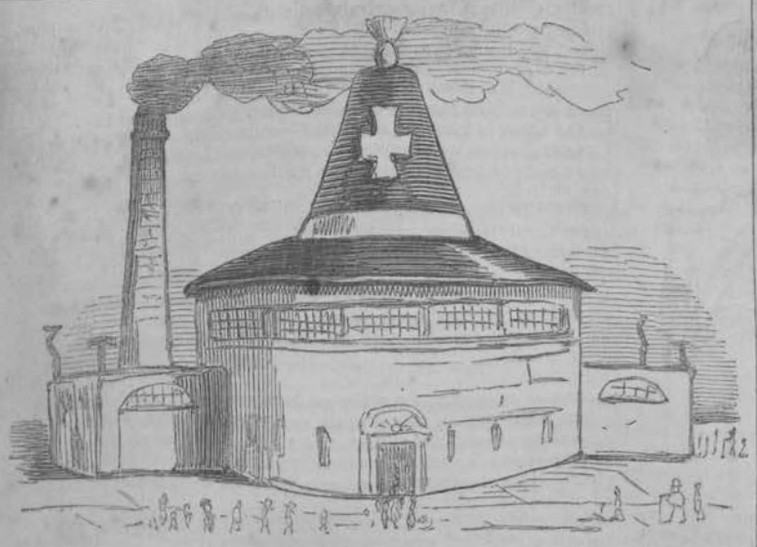
Besides, if the Exhibition's to be only carried out with men, what it pretends to go for will go for nothing. "The Show," says MOUSER, "will tighten the bonds of peace; will draw people across seas and mountains close to one another." I don't believe a bit of it, if the women of all nations are to be kept at home. Let 'em all come with their fathers, husbands, and sweethearts—let us have a great Petticoat Meeting of all the World, when the Exhibition's done—and then, if we don't bind the world over to keep the peace; if we do not send gunpowder out of fashion; and pluck all the armies of the earth of their feathers like geese at Michaelmas—don't let us ever open our mouths again, that's all; and I can't say more.

Poor women are never more scandalised in one earthly thing than in this—they are snubbed with admiring soldiers. To love the fine clothes—the gold lace—the fluttering feathers—the flags of silk and 'broidery that flap so proud in the wind: they are said to dote upon the colour of red; and, quite the reverse of turkeys, to run after it with pleasure and happiness. *Mr. Punch*, this is only one of the hundreds of unmanly vulgar errors that the other sex invent against us. Give us our meeting of the Ladies of All Nations at the Exhibition that's coming; and, if we don't make all the world embrace in peace and quietness, never again put faith

In yours, most faithfully,

The Honeysuckles. AMELIA MOUSER.

P. S. The Nepaulese Ambassador reads *Punch*. It is translated for him, MOUSER tells me, with his morning's curry, by the young man who, for the last two or three years, swept the Cheapside crossing. Will you, then, beg of his Excellency, the N. A., not to go about as he does from party to party with those aggravating emeralds—those heart-breaking diamonds? Even Duchesses—as I say to MOUSER, who, upon my word, I don't think quite believes me—Duchesses are but mortal flesh and blood; and it isn't in either one or t'other to see that shower of diamonds on one cap—and that cap a man's; for, after all, except for a ring, or perhaps a shirt stud, men have no business with diamonds, which, in my opinion, were created for women only—it isn't in mortal flesh to see those precious jewels, and always to know what to do with one's fingers. It was only last week that at the —— fête, I was crowded very close to JUGGUT JUM, and upon my word—for we're wonderfully made—looking at his diamonds, with the tips of my fingers tingling, I did feel myself, whether I would or not, almost getting—as MOUSER says—very near the Old Bailey.



TO H. R. H. PRINCE ALBERT,

This simple Design for the proposed Building in Hyde Park is humbly submitted by

THE ARCHITECT.

WHAT MAY, OR MAY NOT, BE EXHIBITED IN MAY, 1851.

THERE are various wholesome "conditions and limitations" proposed for the great Exposition of 1851, and, among others, there is a clause declaring that "all spirits, wines, and fermented liquors, unless derived from unusual sources, are inadmissible." We think there will be some difficulty in acting upon this provision, and that many illicit distillers, who "do their spiriting gently" in a back attic, may claim to exhibit their productions as having been derived from unusual sources. We can scarcely, perhaps, regard the Champagne yielded by the too generous gooseberry as coming from an "unusual source," for, alas! the transition from the gooseberry bush to the Champagne bottle is only too natural. Our Port wine, too, must for the same reason be shut out, inasmuch as, although Oporto, as far as its wine-producing purposes are concerned, may be looked for in the map of London, still this does not constitute an "unusual source," as the fact is that most of our Port is made at home by a sloe, but by no means uncommon process.

CONTRARY TO COMMONS' SENSE.

REALLY LORD JOHN RUSSELL ought to take the sense of the House of Commons respecting the propriety of continuing the present Sunday arrangements in the Post-Offices. We have suffered quite enough by this time from the non-sense of the House in regard to that matter.

THE TERRORS OF THE THAMES.

IT is alarming to contemplate how many inhabitants of London are annually drinking themselves to death by imbibing the water of the Thames. We have given to a certain spirit the name of *aqua vitæ*, and in distinction we should bestow on the river the title of *aqua mortis*, for not even *aqua fortis* is of a more destructive nature than the stuff which flows through our cisterns into our urns, which might properly be termed funereal urns, from their devotion to deadly purposes. There are many more who find a watery grave than those who come to their end by drowning. We have heard that water will always find its level, but if the Thames water found its proper level it would be banished from all decent society. Let any one who delights in Rambles by Rivers, take a stroll along the banks of the Thames between Limehouse and Battersea. He would, after going a yard or two, find himself up to his knees in slush—the sort of Black Death which we are daily drinking—and though every step would add mud, there would be nothing to ad-mire. Let him watch the juvenile bathers on the banks, and he will fancy himself just arrived on a foreign shore, whose natives are negroes up to their knees, while from the legs upwards they belong to a white population.

If we did not happen to know the source of the Thames, we should imagine it was an arm of the Black Sea, or a leg of the Niger, or a black eye of old father NEPTUNE. It is said that every one, on an average, eats in his lifetime a peck of dirt, but we are convinced that every one who drinks Thames water consumes his peck of dirt in a week or two.

It does not require much knowledge of chemistry to analyse the contents of the river, for a mere glance of the eye will satisfy the casual observer that the Thames holds in solution a considerable quantity of dead canine, as well as feline, and other animal matter, together with a strong infusion of cabbage-leaves and miscellaneous vegetable refuse, with the voluntary contributions of the various sewers of the metropolis. Now that the eyes of the public are opened to the state of the Thames, we wonder that their mouths are not peremptorily shut against it.

FASHION FOR COQUETTES.

IN the "Fashions for July," *Le Follet* makes the statement that—

"For a young married lady who only goes out in her carriage, and is proverbial for coquetry, a splendid mantelet of sky-blue taffetas, embroidered in bouquets of roses, of white floss silk, and trimmed with two flounces of point d'Angleterre, with a narrow ruche of blue ribbon, is now being prepared."

A rather simpler costume than this, we should think, would be appropriate to the young married lady who is proverbial for coquetry, as the style of dress to make her public appearances in. The attire that would best suit her would be a plain white sheet; and, instead of a parasol, a large mould candle in her hand would set off the coquettish garment to remarkable advantage.

THE SMOKE NUISANCE.

INASMUCH as that meddling body, the Commissioners of Sewers, has instructed MR. SIMON, the Medical Officer of Health of the City of London, (and, as such, considerably overpaid in the estimation of London's wizard, SIR PETER LAURIE), to report upon the smoke of London, with a view to putting down the said smoke; and inasmuch as any successful attempt to such effect must be followed by a decrease of income of certain parties, who rightfully consider smoke a vested interest, it is proposed by *Punch* that compensation be duly made to the under-mentioned individuals:—

To all London painters and gilders, to whom smoke is the means of daily bread; they consuming the same in the shape of wages for house-painting, gilding of weathercocks, the three balls of pawnbrokers, &c.

To all laundresses, to whom London smoke—upon the strictest calculation—is worth two shirts a week per head of the working classes.

To all soap-boilers, smoke being at the present time their most profitable patron.

To all London florists, London smoke being to myrtles, roses, &c., the air they breathe, and having it, droop and die.

And, finally, to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's Cathedral, that edifice, after a time, losing its customary coat of coal soot! A coat so significant and distinguishing; inasmuch as the pile having been originally built upon a tax on London coal, it has up to the present time appeared in Wallsend black. However, with London smoke abolished, the dirtiest spots pertaining to St. Paul's will be the hands of the money-takers.

PUGNACITY OF THE PARTY PRESS.

WHEN we speak of the pugnacity of the Party Press, we do not allude to the parties in politics, but to the parties of the fashionable world, whose chronicles are couched sometimes in language befitting such a circle only as the Prize Ring.

We read the other day the account of a party given by that benevolent and amiable lady, MISS BURDETT COUTTS, who was, we are told by the reporter, "supported right and left by the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY and the American Minister, and faced by the MARCHIONESS OF WESTMINSTER." Now when we read about "right and left," and "facers," we are reminded rather of a passage in *Bell's Life* than of an article in a journal whose ordinary regard to the "proprieties" is inconsistent with this unseemly mixing up of archbishops, ambassadors, and marchionesses, with "facers," "right and left," and other jargon of a decidedly pugilistic colour.

A NEW BIRD FOR THE OPERA.—DONA MARIA LORETO MARTINEZ DE MORENO, a Cuban *prima donna* of colour, is promised us. We have already the Swedish Nightingale, and why not the Havannah Blackbird?

THE BLACK PRINCE.

THE Nepaulese Ambassador and his suite are being dragged round the town, and lionised at every place of entertainment to such an extent that their names are beginning to be looked for as part of the attraction in the bill of every suburban tea-garden. They are to be found enjoying the Bagpipes playing the Hieland *sth'omach-each* at the Scottish Fête, the balloon at Vauxhall, and the terrific ascent of the intrepid MADAME SOMEBODY at Cremorne. They have been advertised as a strong half-price to the Surrey, and we may shortly expect them to be seen sympathising with the recognised victim of everything unmerited at the Victoria. Such are their ideas of magnificence, that they offer to purchase everything they see, from the services of the crossing sweeper at St. Paul's Church Yard, to those of the dancing Lords and Ladies at a *fête* given in honour of the strangers by a distinguished member of the aristocracy. So delighted were the Nepaulese Princes with the specimen of the fashionable *ballet* of private life which was set before them, that they looked upon the dancing Dukes and Duchesses, Lords and Ladies, as a *troupe* of *coryphées*, and enquired of the noble host the terms on which the *corps* could be transplanted entire to Nepaul, for the amusement of the native Prince in his own palace.

Though the illustrious strangers are easily amused, it is very difficult to provide them with an entertainment in the truly English sense of the term, which includes the celebrated knife and fork exercise, without which we fancy we can never do the civil thing to a foreigner. The Nepaulese Ambassadors will share in our amusements readily enough; they will cry, "Oh, oh!" at our Vauxhall fire-works; they will exclaim "*brava*" with us at the grace of CARLOTTA GRISI, and the polite offer of a private box would probably bring them to join in the cry of "Bravo, Ix," at the Britannia Saloon; but when we come to ask them to dinner, then it is that we discover their uncongeniality with our habits and feelings. If they accept our invitation they walk away directly the meal is served, and the popular notion is that they eat nothing but what they kill at the moment.

The only way we can suggest in which to entertain them after their own hearts—by setting before them something they can kill and eat at the same time—is to place before them a few dozens of nice fresh, live, unopened oysters, and thus they would be able to enjoy the luxury of killing and eating the natives. At all events, in spite of little differences in our habits and customs, it is delightful to see the Nepaulese Princes mixing with all classes of English society, and we have no doubt that, by brushing about, a brilliant polish will be imparted in time to Nature's blacking.

PLATITUDES.

(By our Old Codger).

THE French Republic is always represented with a Phrygian headdress. The fittest ornament for it, I think, would be a "*Mob-cap.*"

I do abominate all parrots, perroquets, and cockatoos, and the awful noises they make. I am sure they are only tolerated by ladies, because they are such "delicious creatures" (*screechers*).

It is very curious that men never know they have grey hairs. The discovery is always made for them by other people.

We are astonished at the Ostrich for swallowing pennies, and yet I know a young man who has devoured £100,000, and, strange to say, he is thought nothing of.

There is no peace-maker in the world like a good dinner.

There are partners almost in every business, but I never recollect seeing two partners keeping a public-house. Is it because drinking tends to quarrelling?

We do not dislike men so much who are ruining themselves—it is only when they are ruined.

France should be painted, like Fortune, standing on a wheel—for she seems to have quite a turn for revolutions.

If you wish to hear all your faults freely canvassed, have your portrait taken, and invite your friends to come and keep you company.

The best part of a public dinner is that there are no children after dessert.

THE BELGRAVIANS' LAMENT.

(*Being a MS. which dropped out of* COL—N—L S—BTH—P'S *hat during the Debate of Thursday Night.*)

THERE is a sound of sorrow through Wilton's Crescent fair;
The Dowagers of Lowndes Street are tearing of their hair;
The muffins stand in Eaton Square uneaten on the plate;
The footmen group in gloomy knots round many an area gate.

And rents and hearts are going down in paltry Albert Row,
A ghastly line of blank "To Lets" the first-floor windows show;
The white cross on the old Park elms the sorry lodger sees,
And straight prepares his trunk to go, like the unhappy trees.

The word is spoke—'tis past a joke—Hyde Park the spot shall be,
Where to the skies shall soon arise the House of Industry—
Pile high the bricks, the mortar mix, knock up the scaffold-poles,
Tread out the green, cut up the turf, with ruts, and hills, and holes.

The Prince commands—in ready hands the trenchant axe is nigh:
Soon maimed and marred, upon the sward, the headless trunks will lie.
Vain CAMPBELL'S law, BROUGHAM'S power of jaw, and SIBTHORP'S jolly row—
A Prince to please, not only trees, but Woods and Forests bow.

When down and spake a lady—that round her neck did wear
A halter for a habit-shirt—à la EUSTACE ST. PIERRE:
"Our necks are thine, all in a line to string up, if you please;
And none shall cut us down, if you will not cut down the trees.

"Spare but these trunks, we give our heads; and ladies, as they ride,
In days to come will talk of us for Rotten Row that died;
'Tis no plebeian precinct thus rudely you invade;
The sacred ride for noble swells and high-born ladies made.

"There's Regent's Park is *parvenue;* there's Battersea is low;
What harm to cut up snobbish turf, and 'sparagus also?
Or is there not the Isle of Dogs by Thames' salubrious side?
Oh, thither you might cut your stick, and cut no stick beside.

"But to come down on Rotten Row, to mar 'The Ladies' Mile!'
To spifflicate the railings, where lean the gents and smile!
Oh, pale, I trow, sweet cheeks will grow, that, wan from ball-rooms hot,
Repair the galope's ravages with a gallop or a trot.

"Think, cruel Prince, how much there is that with these trees must fall,
The scandal of the drawing-room, the chitchat of the ball—
ROGERS' last *mot* unspread will go; MACAULAY'S last good thing
Like a bad shilling ne'er will pass, because it has no *Ring!*

"Then take our lives, and spare our ride, the only place we know
Where ladies, pent in London, for exercise can go.
'Tis not with us as with our Lords; for they, the Park beside,
Have got the House of Commons, where their hobbies they may ride."

The Prince looked grim—it was his whim—humbugged he would not be;
When lo—a stately Lady is kneeling at his knee.
"I too would ride," she sweetly cried, "so, ALBERT, if you please,
Don't—there 's a darling—for my sake—please don't cut down the trees."

He fain had spurned—and restless turned—but—

* * * * * * * *

(*Here the MS. becomes illegible.*)

THE MOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

THE presentation of the great diamond, the Mountain of Light, to HER MAJESTY, at the recent levee, contributed to make it in every sense of the word a brilliant reception. It is said that this magnificent jewel came from the famous peacock throne of the KING OF PERSIA, and used to adorn the peacock's head, but all we have to say on this head is, that there is no reliance to be placed on the tale. This valuable diamond was given to a Venetian Jew jeweller, to be cut as a rose, but he seems to have had a cabbage rose in his eye, for he resorted to the untradesmanlike act of cabbaging as much as he could of the precious material. It weighed, before the cabbaging, nearly 800 carats. Since then it has been the subject of some half-dozen robberies, and we believe it has never, until it was made a present to HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY, come honestly into the hands of anybody.

Such is our brief history of this Mountain of Light, which, to look at, appears less of a mountain than a molehill.

PLEASURE TRIPS OF BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON.

THE VISIT TO EPSOM.—PART II.

ROBINSON *WILL* CROSS THE COURSE.

HE IS CAUGHT AND BROUGHT BACK AMID THE JEERS OF THE POPULACE.

B., J., AND R. ARE INVITED INTO A BOOTH TO TAKE A TURN WITH THE "NOBBY ONE."

ON PAYMENT OF ONE SHILLING ROBINSON HEARS HIS FORTUNE.

BROWN SEES THE RACE CAPITALLY.

"FOR THE FUN OF THE THING," THEY LOSE A FEW POUNDS AT ROUGE ET NOIR.

THEY SEE A FLIGHT OF PIGEONS, AND ARE SURPRISED THEREAT.

PERPLEXITY OF BROWN WHEN ASKED WHICH "OF 'EM 'ERE OSSES IS 'IS."

"SOMETHING" MUST HAVE HAPPENED TO ROBINSON.

LAST APPEARANCE OF BROWN THE NIGHT AFTER THE DERBY.

A CERTAIN GOOD QUEEN INTERCEDING WITH A CERTAIN PRINCE FOR THE UNHAPPY *BELGRAVIANS AND OTHER CITIZENS.*

LEAVES FROM THE ARTICHOKE.

"*Artichoke Hotel, Perriwinks, July* 6.

"YOUR PARDON, MR. PUNCH,

"FOR thus breaking in upon your important minutes. But I am the Landlord of the Artichoke Family Hotel, at this rising Watering-place of Perriwinks—(Sands like a Carpet, and donkies, side-saddle or otherwise, quiet as sucking babies, besides Chairs for Invalids, and Flys for Parties)—which is much patronised by the Nobility and Clergy, with a great promise of Members of Parliament, Two having gone away last season, and anxiously looked for to return. And, Sir, as the Landlord, and knowing it is the delight of your heart to give a lifting hand to struggling worth—(not that it becomes me to say so for myself, but being so bold as to speak for an innocent wife, and a family continued every twelvemonth)—I beg leave to call your notice to a habit which is disgraceful to people which call themselves Ladies and Gentlemen,—a habit of making remarks in the Book which lies upon the Table of every Respectable Hotel, for the names, and any little compliment they may choose to taper off, for the Good of the House, and the Credit of the Landlord. What I stand upon is this: if people aren't satisfied—and I 've been too long in business to attempt to satisfy everybody—as little as they can do is only to put down their names, and say nothing about it. But no, Sir; they won't do this—but will go on taking away the character of everything in a House, from fleas to Bottled Porter.

"To show you, *Mr. Punch*, that I do not complain without a cause, I send you a correct copy of the First Leaf of the Season of the Visitors' Book of the Artichoke, of this Rising Watering-place of Perriwinks;—and will, from time to time, forward you other Leaves, that People, seeing themselves held up to this generation, and held down to the next, will be Cured of a Habit that is Disgraceful to themselves, and Painful to any Landlord, especially with a wife and rising children; and am,

"Yours, humbly,
"JOHN BUZZWING."

ARTICHOKE TAVERN, PERRIWINKS.

VISITORS' BOOK.

July 1. The REV. MR. SLOWCOACH, MRS. SLOWCOACH, MISS SLOWCOACH, and MISS TERESA SLOWCOACH, of Tithesqueak, Pig-Cum-Poke.—The REV. MR. S. can recommend this Inn. People civil; port good; sherry very nutty; salmon, perhaps, a little ante-diluvian; and where *do* they get their lobsters? House commands a noble prospect of the sea, when it covers the mud.

MRS. S.—as a wife and mother—would suggest to any lady to *assure herself* that the sheets of this house are *aired*. Landlady civil; but MRS. S. *cannot refrain from expressing* a suspicion that *all* the children have not been vaccinated.

MISS TERESA S. has seen and read of a good many moons; but can confidently recommend the moon of this place, as it *edges* the rippling *wave* with a *fringe* of silver.

— JOHN BAGGE, ESQ., Wideawake Lodge, Brixton.—Never was so bitten in all his life. His opinion is, that some East India family has slept here, with their luggage; and crossed the fleas with scorpions. When he gets home, only *hopes* his wife 'll know him.

— FELIX DOVE, ESQ., of Nightingale Lane, Highgate. Here all alone, and never *so* happy! Beautiful walks; with an uncommon quiet cob; Madeira, astonishing for such a place. A *little* too much of the British Lion in the brandy—but, altogether, delighted. Should anything—(which Heaven forbid!)—happen to MRS. D., is resolved to spend his next Honeymoon here.

— OLD ASS!! Hasn't got out of one Pound, afore he wants to get into another.

Wonderful place, this, for geography. Only two steps from the Coffee-room to the Havannah where—in the garden—you see your own Cigars in the leaf. Tea shocking: cruelty to animals! Cows kept to lick the chalk scores, and *that's how* the milk comes.

BOB CASINO (and not ashamed of his name), "By the sad Sea Waves," Perriwinkles-and-no-Pin-to-pick-'em-with!

July 2. A lovely spot! The weather divine; the daisied meads and the violet banks delicious. Landlord, civil person; landlady, most maternal creature. The Dove-cot well worthy the attention of visitors. Altogether, not too much to say,—a heaven upon earth. AUGUSTUS DE NOTES.

"And, oh, if there be an Elysium on Earth,
It is *this*—it is *this!*"

Oh, true! The Dove-cot *is* beautiful. ARABELLA DE N—S.

— MR. SQUARETOE, Sol., of Size Lane, cannot leave the Artichoke without expressing his disgust, and it is his wish to use the strongest word—his disgust—at what is called soft sugar, served in the house with the coffee. MR. SQUARETOE is perfectly well acquainted with the elastic properties of the English law of libel; and, therefore, only expresses a hope—a hope, be it understood—that the spittoons of the Artichoke and the soft sugar basins are *not* filled from the same sack.

— MRS. TOMBS, of the Yew Tree, Bury, in quite a Christian spirit, and loving her neighbours as herself, would suggest to the landlady of the house, if it be a necessary evil, consequent upon keeping hotels, to keep chamber-maids,—that it is not, she submits, equally necessary that the said maids should wear such very emphatic caps, trimmed with such cherry-coloured ribands.

— ALFRED TOMBS, JUN. (mother being safe in the coach at the door), has run in to write down in this book, that *he* thinks the caps very spicy, and the cherry ribands quite the bounce.

THE MERRY COMMONERS.

HEY for the Merry Commoners! the jocular M.Ps.
How very little wit it takes their little minds to please;
How rampant is their laughter at each attempt at fun;
And gramercy! what loud guffaws at every little pun!

Hey for the Merry Commoners! who says debates are slow,
When at each sentence out there drops a beautiful *bon mot?*
So from the newspaper reports the fact at least appears,
For after every paragraph there comes "a laugh" or "cheers."

Hey for the merry Commoners! how jovial their life,
With oceans of facetiousness to season party-strife!
Two hundred jolly Momuses upon the benches sit,
The country to illuminate with ever-sparkling wit.

Hey for the merry Commoners! how nobly they adhere
To what 's been handed down to us from distant year to year!
Attachment to antiquity through all their labours runs;
The spirit of the past pervades their quips, their jokes, their puns.

Hey for the Merry Commoners! how pleasant 'tis to know
That all that 's novel in their jokes to *Punch* alone they owe!
From the debates, each morning, we might select a bunch
Of gems, that prove the Commoners both read and mind their *Punch*.

THE PUFF DIRECT.

WE looked through the Official Report on the Smoke Nuisance with intense interest, expecting that the greatest of all smoke nuisances—the cigar—would have been at least incidentally touched upon. We regret to find a total omission of all allusion to the offensive weed, from which our streets require to be weeded, and we have engaged one of our own commissioners to throw into form a few facts with reference to the effects of the cigar smoke nuisance on the health and comfort of the metropolis.

In the first place it is ascertained that cigar smoke, like other smoke, covers surrounding objects with a black crust; for when puffed in the face of anyone, the features assume a black look, indicative of extreme crustiness. It soils the linen of the passers-by to an extent that adds nearly ten thousand a-year to the washing-bills of the metropolis, to say nothing of the wear and tear of the tub which lacerates the bosoms of so many million shirts, and sends home their mangled remains to thousands of grieving families.

There is no doubt also, that cigar smoke acts as an irritant, for however much the love of praise may induce us to delight in a puff, when it meets our eye casually, none of us can be said to desire it when it is administered to our very face in a large volume, and thus cigar smoke becomes an irritant, of a very exciting character.

For these and other reasons we have come to the conclusion that all persons choosing to convert themselves into walking chimneys in the public thoroughfares should be compelled to follow the law laid down for engines, and consume their own smoke, as coming under the description of those "mortal engines" with "rude throats" that SHAKSPEARE has alluded to.

Hyde and Seek.

IT is a pity that so much blindness has been exhibited about the site of the intended Exposition of the year 1851; for it was easy to have foreseen that Hyde Park, as one of the lungs of the metropolis, would not have been willingly surrendered by the Londoners, who require all their lungs for their very little breathing-time. It has been objected to Hyde Park also, that it is approachable by neither water nor rail; but surely this deficiency has lately been supplied, for no place could have had so much cold water thrown upon it, or been so generally railed against.

A VIEW IN HYDE PARK, SHOWING THE PROPOSED SITE FOR THE EXHIBITION OF INDUSTRY.

THE LAST MOMENTS OF A CONDEMNED.

"DEAR PUNCH,

"I AM the gentleman who used to go every night to the Lions and Tigers at Drury Lane, in the hope of seeing Van Amburgh devoured. I am fond of excitement. I went every night but one that MADAME SACQUI ascended the tight-rope, from the stage to the gallery, and never shall forgive myself that the only night I missed was when the rope broke in the middle of the ascent. I love all the national sports and pastimes of England; but, alas! where are they? Every one is gradually leaving us. Cock-shying has shamefully gone out of fashion; bull-baiting has followed the same deplorable, mistaken track; and I cannot sufficiently control my indignation when I mention that Smithfield is also about to be abolished. I was in the habit of attending in Cow Lane every market-day, and many a happy hour of excitement have I passed there! How I have been elevated at the enlivening cry of 'Mad bull!' How my heart has bounded high into the air as I watched the career of that 'mad bull' down the street! and how I have jumped, leaped for joy, when he encountered in his disputed path old women, children, apple-stalls, and charity schools. I often longed to see an Alderman, of the rich, fat, old school,—a sort of double-Moon Alderman,—tossed; but such a treat was never afforded me. Still I should not grumble, and I am most thankful to the City Corporation for the lively moments of innocent amusement I have enjoyed in the purlieus of jolly Smithfield. But, Sir, that last remnant of our Sports and Pastimes—that last faint reminiscence of the glories of bull-baiting—is about to be snatched from us! Parliament, in its baby stupidity, has decreed in a committee its downfall. I boldly announce that, if Smithfield is taken away, I shall exile myself to Spain, and seek in a foreign land some consolation for the delights I have lost in my own country. But I prefer Smithfield to the best bull-fight, and should be sorry to exchange my lamp-post in Cow Lane for a seat in the Queen's box at Seville or Madrid.

"I remain, dear *Punch*,

"Yours, always (twice a week in Cow Lane),

"A LOVER OF EXCITEMENT.

Pie-crust Promises.

WE are promised that the new Building for the great Industrial Exhibition is not to cost more than £10,000, and that it is to be completed before the First of May. This is all very well, but we cannot help recollecting that MR. BARRY is one of the great men, if not *the* great man, on the Building Committee. Looking at the cost of the Houses of Parliament, and that they are not yet completed, and that no one can tell when they will be, much less how many millions they will cost when they are completed, we think we are right in presuming that, if the estimate for the Industrial Building is £10,000, that it will cost at least £2,000,000; and that we are equally justified in fearing after the absurd announcement that the Building is to be ready by the First of May, that, at the most profound calculation, it never will be finished in less than ten years after that date!

SABBATARIAN SLANDER.

MY DEAR LORD BROUGHAM,

I AM very sorry to be informed that your Lordship is a hater of religion, and not only that, but one of the leaders of the band of infidels. If anything can add to the concern which this intelligence gives me, it is the circumstance that I, myself, am said to be your comrade and associate in command of the regiment of unbelievers. We are indebted, my Lord, to a newspaper called the *Christian Times*, for gazetting us two as the captains of that profane corps. Says our charitable contemporary, alluding to the House of Commons' resolution, which stopped the delivery of letters and newspapers on Sunday:—

"No sooner had the fact become known, than a deadly, malicious, and calumnious onslaught was simultaneously made by the non-religious part of the press, and by the motley horde of religion-haters, under the captaincy of LORD BROUGHAM and *Mr. Punch*."

Having thus promoted us to be Commanders of the Unfaithful—an army which a defamatory journal, calling itself Christian, is rather likely to procure recruits for—the Sabbatarian print continues:—

"These worthies have written in every form of vehement vituperation and slander; they have arrogated to themselves all the wisdom of the question, and credited the advocates of the Sabbath rest with every attribute of folly, intolerance, cant, and selfishness."

Now, my dear Lord, don't you think that there are some people who coolly "arrogate to themselves" the exclusive claim to be Christians? I do; and I say that the Sabbatarians are such people; and I totally deny their pretensions, and assert, and insist, that they have no more reason for maintaining their own peculiar and private views to be Christianity than the Ebionites had, or the Quartodecimans, or the Omphalopsychoi, mentioned in Church History, who believed their souls to be in their navels, or, indeed, than the Joanna Southcoteites, or any other subdivision of the great sect of the Lunatics. I contend that their doctrine of the Judaistical observance of Sunday is a mere persuasion, which they have every right to entertain, certainly; but none whatever to enforce their own practice in regard to it on others. Let them show me one word in support of their tenet out of the BOOK, and I am dumb. If they have nothing else to offer me than their own infallible authority, I am much obliged to them, but there is already a Pope at Rome, if I want proof of that description. Pray enter your protest in the Journal of the House of Lords against being called an Arch-infidel, because you defend religious liberty from the encroachments of Sabbatarian fanaticism, and to your own name adjoin, by proxy, that of the maligned, traduced, injured, innocent,

PUNCH.

Greens to the Green.

A NEWSPAPER paragraph informs us of a somewhat strange feat having been accomplished by an individual who devoured a large quantity of cabbage stumps for a small wager. This man's love of the stumpy must have been intense, or he never would have undertaken the task of eating a heap of cabbage stalks—unless, indeed, he thought to make himself eloquent, in consequence of his having heard something about CARLYLE's friend, the Stump Orator.

Our "In Memoriam."

Not in the splendour of a ruinous glory
Emblazoned, glitters our lost Statesman's name:
The great deeds that have earned him deathless fame
Will cost us merely thanks. Their inventory
Of peaceful heroism will be a story,
Of wise assertion of a rightful claim,
And Commerce freed by sagely daring aim.
Famine averted; Revolution gory
Disarmed; and the exhausted Commonweal
Recruited; these are things that England long
Will couple with the name of Robert Peel,
Of whom the worst his enemies can say
Is, that he left the error of his way
When Conscience told him he was in the wrong.

WHAT A PERSON MAY DO ON A SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY, AND WHAT HE MAY NOT DO.

He may post himself and have as many post-horses as he pleases; but he must not send a single letter by the Post.

He may, however, send letters by tying a piece of string round them, and so making parcels of them; but then he must send them by the railway, and not through the medium of the Post.

He may receive messages by the Electric Telegraph; but he may not receive those same messages, if folded up in a penny letter and sent through the Puritanical channel of St. Martin's-le-Grand.

He may travel on a railway with the Mail-Post; but he is a fool, or worse—an infidel, if he expects to receive at the destination of his journey any one of the letters that have been travelling with him every inch of the way in the same train.

He may buy postage-stamps on a Sunday; but he is forbidden to receive a letter that is stamped with one, though it is there before him lying on the counter of the same shop.

He may go to the club, or the public-house, to read the newspaper; but he cannot read it at home unless he chooses to wait till his Sunday newspaper is delivered on the Monday or Tuesday morning.

He may go to hear a political lecture, or attend a Socialist meeting, or join a van party, or rise at five o'clock in the morning for a cheap excursion, or hire a horse or a donkey, or travel in a cart, carriage, cab, omnibus, steam-boat, velocipede, or balloon; he may do all these things, and a quantity more, on a Sunday; but he must be debarred from all letters and newspapers, for none are delivered on that day.

He may send to the hotel for his dinner, to the wine-stores for his wine, to the pastry-cook's for his pastry, to the green-grocer's for his dessert, to the cigar seller's for his tobacco, and they will all be sent home to him; but he may in vain send to the Post-Office for his letters and his newspapers, for they will not be given to him, because it happens to be a Sunday.

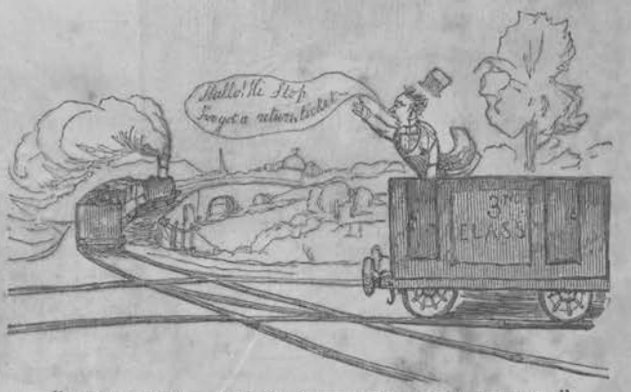
THE BEST SITE AFTER ALL FOR THE EXPOSITION OF 1851.

While every body's ingenuity has been tried to suggest a site for the Exposition of 1851, there is a site that has been altogether overlooked in the most unaccountable manner. The place we speak of ranks among the Metropolitan Parks, and its adoption will prevent a necessity for encroaching on the Park of Hyde, the Park of Victoria, or the Park of Battersea. The public will at once perceive the eligibility of the position of that most central of all localities, Whetstone Park, which is in the very heart of the Metropolis, and may be approached by almost every kind of conveyance. There are no aristocratic inhabitants to complain of their neighbourhood being injured; there are no fashionable promenaders to cry out against the invasion of their lounge, and we are quite sure that the residents would most willingly accede to the selection of the spot for the purposes of the Exhibition.

It cannot be said that any lung of the Metropolis would be stopped up, for Whetstone Park can never be considered as a lung, and its temporary filling up would amount to nothing more than a slight obstruction of one of the smallest air vessels. We strongly urge upon the Commissioners the propriety of a survey of the capabilities of this hitherto forgotten Park, and we hope that all animosity may be buried at the corner of Little Turnstile.

THE EXCURSION SEASON.

We are glad to see the usual summer excursions are at their height, and, though some of the proposed migrations might, from their oddness, lead to the exclamation of O! mi-gratious! from the feeble mind, there is an abundance of reasonable plans for seasonable locomotion. We confess we do not feel inclined to go literally all the way with some of those excursionists who are tempted by a promised trip of more than 200 miles to go to Margate or Ramsgate in a single day, by a train that continues getting progressively later and later at every station, until the last traveller finds he has no sooner reached his outward destination than it is time to take his place in the train home again. Nor are we greatly attracted by the offer of a half-crown marine treat, whose projector promises to make for no particular point, but to go wherever wind and tide may bear his gallant vessel. An enterprising tourist, who had set his heart upon the buoy at the Nore, would be rather disappointed at the wind wafting him to Battersea, or his being tied by the tide to a voyage in a direction quite opposite to that in which he had made up his mind to travel. One might almost as well advertise an excursion by 'bus, the route taken to be dependent on the turn the horses might think proper to take, instead of its being a matter of choice with the passengers. However, novelty is everything, and there is something fresh and invigorating in the idea of starting to go we don't know where, from London Bridge and back again.



"THE LAST LINK IS BROKEN THAT BOUND ME TO THEE."

HIP, HIP, HIP, FOR THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

Everybody is still running towards the Regent's Park, for the purpose of passing half an hour with the Hippopotamus. The animal itself repays public curiosity with a yawn of indifference, or throws cold water on the ardour of his visitors, by suddenly plunging into his bath, and splashing every one within five yards of him.

Much disappointment has been expressed at the Hippopotamus, in consequence of its not being exactly up to the general idea of a sea-horse, and many hundreds go away grumbling every day, because the brute is not so equestrian in appearance as could be desired. Many persons thought the Hippopotamus was a regular sea-horse, kept expressly for running in harness in a sea-captain's gig; but as the creature turns out to be very like a hog, there are many who go the entire animal in finding fault with him. The consumption of milk is still something terrific, though the pump has been called in as an assistant wet-nurse.

THE DUELLING SEASON.

The Duelling Season has set in again at Paris with unusual warmth. Little parties are made in the Bois de Boulogne, where everything goes off with the greatest *éclat*. The festivities are often prolonged to a very late hour in the morning, after which the guests generally adjourn to some *café* on the Boulevards, at which champagne is the "order" of the day. This plan of entertainment is prevalent now amongst men of all parties, and politicians of all colours. If two members are at all distant, a Duel is at once proposed, and they are brought together again in the most conciliatory manner. A pupil of the *Ecole de Médecine* is engaged, and some pistols are borrowed, more for the form of the thing than anything else, and the two angry foes never meet without separating the best of friends. This form of invitation, however, has not been so fashionable lately amongst the Members of the Left, as it was discovered from certain reports, which unfortunately turned out too true, that many of the *Montagnards* were not worth their "powder and shot."

Sandhurst French Examination.—We are told that a boy being called upon to translate a "Fast Man," sent in his answer, "*Un homme qui jeûne.*"

THE REAL STREET OBSTRUCTIONS.

The law says very properly, that no one shall obstruct the public thoroughfare; and it is calculated that no less than five hundred ship-loads of oranges pass through the hands of the police every year, in consequence of contumacious barrow or basket-women blocking up the footway, while the same fate attends upon no less than fifty entire beds of oysters, that have prevented an opening for the general street traffic.

When we wend our weary way along the streets of London, though we confess it is sometimes unpleasant to find ourselves solicited by a long chain of basket-women entreating us to purchase their "sweet Chainey oranges," we must say that the real enemies to progress are the advertising machines, both human and bestial, as well as mechanical. What with Panoramas and Paletôts, Dioramas and Balloons, Registered Shirts, and Monster Concerts, there is no getting along the principal metropolitan thoroughfares without being reminded by some overwhelming van that all is van-ity.

The other day we were completely blockaded between an enormous invitation to the Cremorne Elysium, and a polite request, in letters six feet long, to go and provide ourselves with six shirts for forty shillings. We had just turned round, in the hope of finding a loophole or a gusset to get out of the shirts when we found ourselves hemmed in, and regularly stitched to the spot by a bold black letter assertion, that the word paletôt, though "assumed by all" is the exclusive property of H., J., W., and D.,—somebody or other who aspire at the West-end to the mantle of Moses. If some of the real obstructions who barricade the streets, with their monster advertising vans, were to be walked off to the Green Yard, the effect would be to give a freer circulation to the air as well as to the passages.

A GROWL FROM THE BOUDOIR.

'R-R-R-R-R-OW!

"Somebody, *Mr. Punch*, has been writing lately to the *Morning Post* to complain of 'ferocious dogs.' The grievance of this individual is, that there is no remedy against a dog till a person has been bitten by him. It is rather too late then, I know, especially if the unhappy dog is mad; and I admit that such of us as can't keep our teeth to themselves ought to be muzzled—so, by the way, ought some bipeds that I have heard of. But the writer in the *Post* would lay down the cruel dogma that dogs should be punished before they are guilty. The inhuman dogmatist proposes 'an *exterminating* tax' on all of us, except those kept for some '*essentially* useful purpose, and even then under proper restrictions.' This implacable hostility to our race seems excited by what our enemy calls 'the bare idea of that *dreadful thing, hydrophobia*.' From this peculiar sort of phraseology, and from its having been so liberally underlined, I conclude that the writer of the letter is a female, and I believe I know who she is. She says that she and her family go creeping about the house in fear of a 'ferocious beast' kept by a lady in her house. This is evidently the language of some old woman: that old woman, Sir, is my mistress's landlady, and the 'ferocious beast' is no other than poor little I, commonly called 'Planet,' because

"I am, &c.,

"An Isle of Skye."

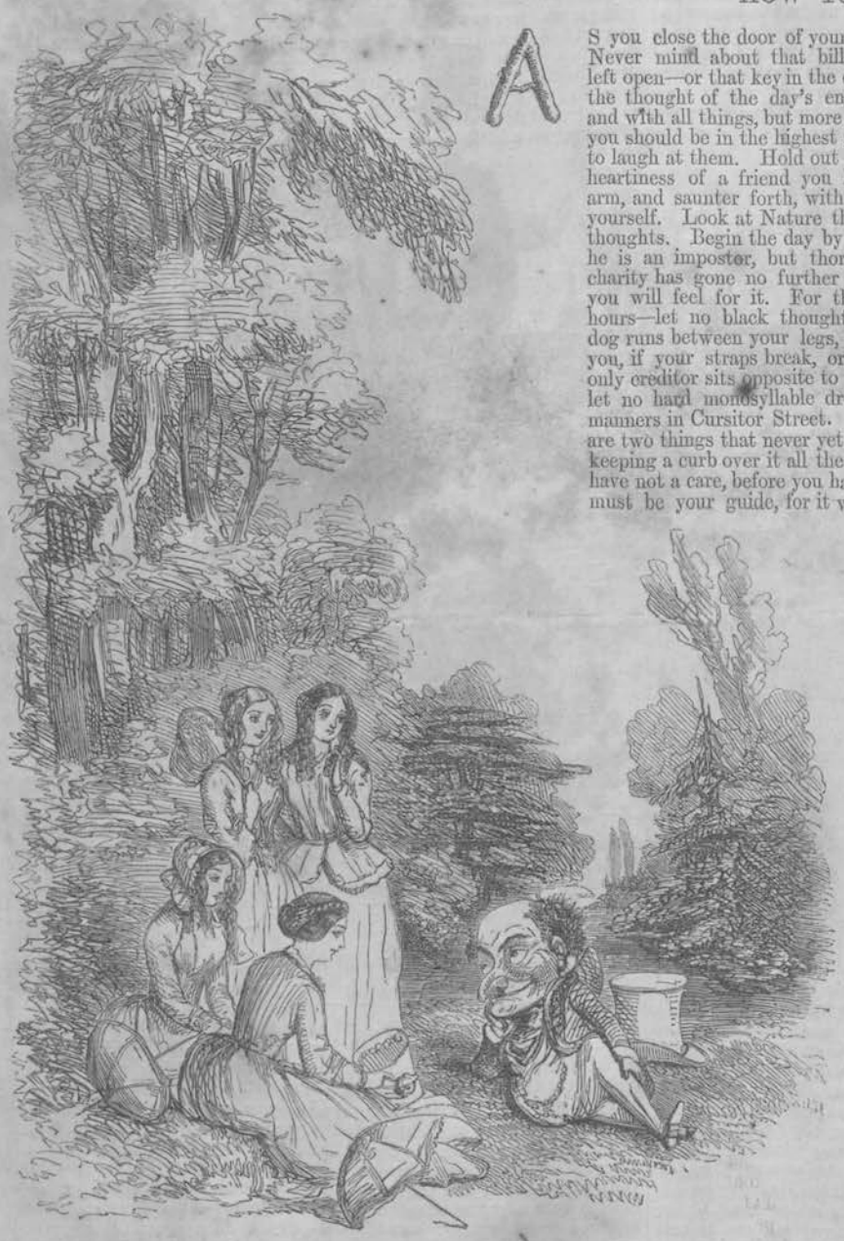
"P.S. Toby, who of course can read as well as I, is, I dare say, indignant at the letter in the *Post*. Give my love to Toby."

Popularity of Lord Ashley.

The country is not aware of the obligations under which it lies to Lord Ashley. "No news," says the proverb, "is good news;" and accordingly all persons residing in the provinces are indebted to his Lordship for the receipt of good news regularly every Sunday morning. It must be particularly gratifying to persons anxious to hear from relatives lying on the bed of sickness to obtain this very satisfactory intelligence: so much so, that we understand that the amount of blessings invoked by them on the head of the noble lord in the fulness of their hearts is quite incredible.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard-Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street in the Parish of St. Bride's in the City of London.—Saturday July 13th, 1850.

PUNCH'S HOLIDAYS.



HOW TO ENJOY A HOLIDAY.

AS you close the door of your house, leave all thoughts of business behind you. Never mind about that bill—that appointment—or that tea-caddy you have left open—or that key in the cellaret—but surrender yourself unconditionally to the thought of the day's enjoyment before you. Be at peace with all men, and with all things, but more especially with yourself. It is indispensable that you should be in the highest good-humour, with a soul above trifles, excepting to laugh at them. Hold out a hand to the world, and shake it with all the heartiness of a friend you have not seen for many a week. Then take its arm, and saunter forth, with your heart upon your face, determined to enjoy yourself. Look at Nature through a smile. Let a rainbow encircle all your thoughts. Begin the day by giving something to a beggar. Do not imagine he is an impostor, but thoroughly believe he is in want of it, and, if your charity has gone no further than a penny, you cannot fancy how much better you will feel for it. For that day—for the smiling space of four-and-twenty hours—let no black thoughts flit across the pure heaven of your mind. If a dog runs between your legs, if a chimney-sweep blackens or a baker whitens you, if your straps break, or your gloves burst, or your boots gape, or your only creditor sits opposite to you in the omnibus "all the way to Mile-end," let no hard monosyllable drop from your mouth, as if you had learnt your manners in Cursitor Street. You must be liberal, for meanness and enjoyment are two things that never yet ran together. So give the reins to your liberality, keeping a curb over it all the while, for unbridled expense will throw you, if you have not a care, before you have travelled through half the day. Prudence, also, must be your guide, for it will never do to walk six miles at night because you have not reserved sufficient to pay for your omnibus home. You should, likewise, keep a watchful eye upon the time, for the hours run round with two pair of hands when you are enjoying yourself, and you may have to sleep in a damp bed in an unsavoury village inn because you did not start five minutes earlier to catch the last train. Be determined to enjoy yourself, and that being the first half of the enjoyment gained, it is wonderful how quickly the other half will follow it!

A JOURNEY UP THE MONUMENT.

IF the reputation of London were built upon pillars, the Monument on Fish Street Hill is one of the three that the Capital might be said to rest upon. The holiday seeker in the Metropolis cannot be said to have reached the summit of satisfaction until he has arrived at the top of this Column, from which he may look down upon his fellow men, and be astonished at the littleness of the world below him. A journey to the top of the Monument may be regarded as a cheap substitute for the Ascent of Mont Blanc, or an economical enjoyment of a strange climb, when more distant climes are inaccessible. Its circular staircase converts the expedition to the top into one uninterrupted round of such satisfaction as the place affords, and those who can enjoy a *tour*, may convert themselves into determined tourists if they persevere until they reach the summit.

We are, however, getting on too rapidly, and the car of Fancy is pulled up rather abruptly by the demand of a toll of sixpence from the janitor who guards the entrance. This individual passes his life in one long game of prisoner's-base, for he is confined, as it were, a sort of prisoner to the base of the column. At the hour of our visit we disturbed him in the middle of his frugal meal, to which art had contributed a mutton pie, and nature had given a salad. Civilisation spoke in the plate that held his repast, for commercial intercourse was emblemed in the pepper; the softness of Italian luxury was represented in the spoonful of oil; and the knife and fork seemed in their clatter to talk of the anvils and forges, the bellows and blowpipes of busy blustering Birmingham.

But let us pause a moment before "we go up, up, up," and inquire into the origin of this wondrous piece of masonry. The column was erected in a fluted form, in memory of the Fire of London, the flute being suggestive of the fact that on this spot the fire ought to have been promptly played upon. The order having been given, the workmen took the necessary steps—345 in number—and the pile having been

piled up—a flaring urn was placed at the top, as a type of the accident: though how an urn can catch fire we know not, unless it should be a tea-urn filled with Thames water, and the heat of the heater should have set the Thames on fire. The city was partially restored by money raised from a tax on coal, for it was equitably determined by the authorities of those days, that as fire had done the mischief, coal should stand the damage. It is a curious fact that London should have been raised from its ashes by the aid of coal, which was made to come down with the dust for the rebuilding of the city.

Before going to the top of the Monument, let us examine the *basso relievo* at the bottom. The old lady sitting, like a veteran CINDERELLA on a heap of cinders, is supposed to be London, while behind her is Fame acting as a sort of policeman, by lifting her up and telling her to move on, while CHARLES THE SECOND steps forward to assist, like one of the old London Charlies. Near him is a Lady with a hat in her hand, marked Liberty, and leading to the inference that unless she has picked up somebody else's hat in the row, it is Liberty herself that stands forward. In the background is Fortitude leading a tame Lion, as if to show the fortitude with which the Lions of London met their fate at the fire. Some historians, who wrote better than they spelt, have regretted the Lion was not in readiness to turn on his Mane when the conflagration first happened.

We now commence the ascent of the column—a task which those only who have been adherents of the common-wheel, or contributed a paragraph to the history of Brixton and the Brixtonians, can possibly appreciate. But this simile is not complete, unless we blend with it the beautiful allegory of the blind horse, mathematically but unceremoniously describing a circle, amidst the labourers of the brick-field. Willingly would we have relinquished our task when we had gone half way, but another party were coming up behind, and there was no loophole, except the loop-holes in the wall, that we could have got out of. Having reached the summit and proceeded to the outer gallery, we hired the telescope, which is let by a local optician at a penny per head, which means a half-penny per eye, and commenced a survey, but the telescope only helped to make smoke and obscurity visible.

Father Thames was in his bed, with his usual curtains of dense vapour drawn around, and the view altogether was so studded over with chimney-pots, that the only artist we were reminded of was PAUL POTTER. Here and there, we discerned a family's weekly wash hanging out to dry and to blacken on the house-top; while in one or two instances we saw infancy making a playground of some very limited leads; and on the top of a house in a narrow street we witnessed a game at cricket being played, with a stack of three chimneys for a wicket, the runs being taken along a gutter.

Having feasted our eyes with a ramble over a million tiles, and our vision having made a steeple chase after a hundred steeples, we commenced the descent of the Monument, and discovered that VIRGIL'S talk about *facilis descensus* is a mistake; for it is quite as difficult and uncomfortable to come down in the world as to go up in it.

WINDSOR.

WHEN you go to Windsor—unless the State Apartments are shut up—take care to get a Lord Chamberlain's ticket of admission to view them; which is to be had, in London, of MESSRS. COLNAGHI, or ACKERMANN, MR. MOON, or MR. MITCHELL. These gentlemen possess a peculiar faculty of discerning, by physiognomy, who are respectable enough to be let in, and who are not.

It is HER MAJESTY'S command that no payment for or in reference to these tickets be made to anybody whatever, and every dutiful subject will obey this behest of his Sovereign with singular pleasure.

You had better get to Windsor as quick as you can; namely, by an early Great Western or South Western train; for official arrangements at the Castle will make you particularly sensible of the value of time.

From Henry the Eighth's Gateway, rush at once to the State Apartments. Don't stop to make reflections on the time-honoured residence, &c., suggested by the majestic structures that tower around you, or you may be too late. A red Porter, but evidently a gentleman of publican, not republican leanings, gives you ingress to the abode of Royalty. You run upstairs in breathless haste, and then probably have to wait ten minutes in a lobby. An attendant is taking the last batch of visitors round the rooms, which you will have the pleasure of circumambulating in your turn, in about the same space of time. During the short hours of our English summer's daylight, this Royal Exhibition opens at 11, and closes at 4; hence, to accommodate as many parties as possible, the necessity of revolution succeeding revolution as fast as possible, around the very Throne.

In running the circuit of the State Apartments, you will see the portraits of CHARLES I., the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, BLUCHER, LORD CASTLEREAGH, and various other kings, warriors, and statesmen; but stand not to muse on the lineaments of any one of them, or the deuce a glimpse will you get of any of the others. In the State Ante-Room, your attention will be arrested by a comical transparency of GEORGE III., fixed in a recess 'over the chimney-piece, and apparently representing His Majesty up the flue—a strange place for any Sovereign but one who, like soot, had derived his origin from COAL. You will wonder at the splendid decorations of St. George's Hall, and also at your cicerone showing you a little lumber-room full of the carpets belonging to it. It

may be interesting to inquire whether he means to intimate that the Knights of the Garter are carpet-knights.

The Guard Chamber contains some historical relics, the holiest of which is a part of the foremast of the Victory, with a hole right through the middle of it, and the cannon shot that made the hole at its foot.

Having scampered through the apartments of State, you bound like a kangaroo to the Round Tower, which, if you are before 4, you are at liberty to ascend; otherwise not. Hence, standing beneath the Royal Flagstaff, you may survey twelve counties, and, if you choose, fancy yourself monarch of all you survey, and how, if you were so, you would order your Lord Chamberlain to be considerably more accommodating towards your subjects.

Descending, you now bend your steps in what direction you please, leaving the sentries to tell you that you must not go there, as one of them will do at almost every corner: when, if you are in a good humour, you pull your hat off, and make the son of MARS a polite bow. If he shouts to bid you get off the grass, and you have a mind to walk on it, your best plan is to step leisurely up to him, and ask him in what part of the Castle you will find the MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER.

From the North Terrace you may enjoy an extensive view, including the distant spires and antique towers alluded to by the poet GRAY, whilst beneath you are the Slopes, rendered so celebrated by the *Court Circular*. This gratification you may have on any day of the week, but you can see the Castle Gardens only on Saturdays and Sundays. The chief reason why you cannot be admitted on any other day is generally believed to be, simply, because that day is Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, or Friday.

If you find that fine mediæval edifice, St. George's Chapel, open, step in, and gaze your fill on the groinings, carvings, decorations, banners, 'scutcheons. You will observe one fine painted window; and several that will remind you of the transparencies of taters-all-hot-venders. Among these "storied windows" you will look in vain for the story of ST. GEORGE; one of the greatest that was ever told.

Leaving the Castle you might, some years ago, have had a pleasant walk through the Home Park; but what was the level pathway is now

sunk into a sort of a ditch with a fence on either bank. In those days you might have gone and culled a daisy beneath the remainder of the tree said to be HERNE'S Oak; but now you are prevented from performing that act of devotion by the ditch and the fence above mentioned. These inconveniences will shortly be remedied by the establishment of a new path, which will take the pilgrim out of the sight of HERNE'S Oak altogether.

On Snow Hill, at the top of the Long Walk in the Great Park—where you might expect to find a Saracen's Head—you find, instead, a colossal statue of a monarch, whose costume would lead you to take him for AUGUSTUS CÆSAR, but whom, from an inscription on the pedestal, you find to be GEORGE THE THIRD.

A strong attractive power here draws you towards Virginia Water. A stronger pulls you in the direction of Stoke Pogis, where rest the remains of the Poet GRAY, in a churchyard consecrated by himself. A stronger still takes you back to Windsor to dinner, which, with a knife and fork (out), you will find ready for you at the White Hart.

When you have leisure to yield your mind up to the influence of Windsor Castle, you feel that it is a grand building. In this centre of the monarchy the very air seems to resound with "*God Save the Queen*," and "*Rule Britannia*." Imagination peoples the battlements of the Round Tower with beef-eaters playing the trumpet. No doubt this association with WOMBWELL'S menagerie is owing to the idea that the edifice we are gazing on is the den of the original British Lion.

GREENWICH PARK, GREENWICH FAIR, AND GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

To write an Act of Parliament in the round of a silver penny, even when the penny is obtained, is easily to write in a large engrossing hand, and then leave room enough for a rider; this, we say—or would say—is a facile stroke of art, compared with the task to which we have voluntarily devoted ourselves,—a task that shall satisfactorily set forth all the glories, historical, social, dramatic, and vagrant of Greenwich.

GREENWICH PARK has, perhaps, the finest avenues of chesnut trees in the country. And for this reason. They are the growth of the very choicest chesnuts found in the cupboard of the Admiral's ship, when the winds blew and dispersed the Spanish Armada. These chesnuts were planted by QUEEN ELIZABETH, in state; and such was the length and felicity of her reign, that she survived to eat of chesnuts from these very trees. HER MAJESTY, QUEEN VICTORIA, in memory, and out of compliment to her sister BESS, has chesnuts roasted from these trees every Christmas; an interesting historical fact that cannot be too widely known, though strangely omitted by the chronicler of the *Court Circular*.

After the chesnuts, the most interesting objects—especially on holiday occasions—are the Greenwich Pensioners that dot, and stud, and stump the Park. A favoured few are allowed to make the most of their telescopes, and will show to the curious their individual windows—with the cat looking out, if there—from Blackfriars to Limehouse. These gallant men sustained a great loss by the reckless and unprincipled removal of the culprits gibbetted at Blackwall; always objects of undying interest to an enlightened public. We fearlessly repeat "reckless and unprincipled;" because, although the bodies were removed, and the gibbet taken down, there was no compensation made—no, not a farthing's worth—to the gallant men who had invested their hard-earned gains, won in the battle and the breeze, to purchase the necessary telescopes. However, we hurry from the oppressive consideration of parliamentary injustice, to discuss a more picturesque, a tenderer theme. Come we then at once to the wooden legs of the Pensioners.

It would be impossible to show to an incredulous world a more triumphant evidence of the vitality of the British Oak than the wooden legs of Britain's Greenwich Pensioners, since every such leg is a growth of the national tree; an enduring piece of timber, ever-living, as with its first sap; a fact incontestably proved by the circumstance that, from the first foundation of the Hospital to the present hour, there has been the same number of wooden legs—not one less, or one more; not one inch less, or one shaving longer. Hence, to a philosophic and contemplative mind, the wooden legs of Old England's Pensioners, are pegs whereon to hang the most pleasurable and most profitable emotions.

In Greenwich Park, too, the philanthropist, having paid his tribute of devotion to the relics of the brave, may throw himself upon the deer, in this place so tame and gentle, that it is plain they have never heard of the London Tavern, and currant-jelly is a thing unknown to them. Their coats are, it will be observed, of the most singular sleekness, said by MR. JESSE to have originated in the reign of QUEEN ANNE, when the animals were fed upon the cast-off silk petticoats of the Maids of

Honour. We must, however, venture to think that the legend wants authenticity. No offence to MR. JESSE.

We should not have done with the Park, were we not unwillingly held within its precincts by a sense of sterner duty, bound to consider an abuse too long connected with the locality—we mean the holiday practice of (we think it is so called) Kiss-in-the-Ring. We trust that LORD ASHLEY will, if necessary, move an address to HER MAJESTY upon this crying public disorder, putting it down with the strong timber of the Constable's staff. Might we take the liberty to advise his Lordship, we would suggest that he should move for a Return of the Kisses given since the Accession of the QUEEN.

GREENWICH FAIR, held twice a year, is now mainly noticeable as the hotbed of the rising drama—a drama that, it may be expected, will in a few years, perhaps months, perhaps weeks—altogether supersede the "slow" performances put forth under the false pretences of SHAKSPEARE, SHERIDAN, and "all that." Here the condensing genius of a NELSON LEE extracts, from the raw material of a murder and a ghost, a complete tragedy in five minutes. Here the whole purpose of comedy is given in four verses of a funny song; and two "screeching" farces painted in the vermilion crescents of the clown's cheeks. We are happy to say that British managers and British actors, ever alive to the spirit of their day, have been frequent and earnest students of the NELSON school, that, so like NELSON, takes everything from the French, and re-christening the pieces with English names, regularly enters them as of the British Navy.

In other respects a too conscientious sense of duty will not permit us to eulogise the revels. Perhaps we are getting old; but the sausages seem smaller than they were; and the gingerbread is, certainly, more of the bread than the ginger. To be sure, as we advance in life, we see too far through the gilding; and at two-score, the chanticleer-in-pantaloons is *not* the same gold bird as when it found us at sixes and sevens.

GREENWICH HOSPITAL is to be seen from the river for nothing; and—save on Mondays and Fridays—the Painted Hall and Chapel for threepence. (Wherefore, in such case, should not all the week be Mondays and Fridays?) In the Hall are many pictures, much too numerous to dwell upon. We must, however, name a few. We therefore begin with T. P. COOKE: he is, it will be observed, performing his admired hornpipe, and is in the middle of that happy passage denominated "the double shuffle:" epigrammatically illustrative of the treatment of LADY HAMILTON—NELSON'S LADY HAMILTON—by a grateful Government.

In the Hall are the Coat and Waistcoat worn by NELSON when he "received his death-wound on the quarter-deck of the *Victory*, 21st Oct., 1805." Hush! And now NELSON is in the cockpit, and almost his last words are—"Remember, I leave my daughter HORATIA as a legacy to my country. Never forget HORATIA."

Well, we look at the Coat and Waistcoat, and—ashamed at the hypocrisy of a nation that, treasuring the old clothes of a hero, leave the hero's flesh and blood to penury and neglect—we go no further. Nevertheless, the reader, if he have the stomach—may.

"THE WHITEBAIT SEEM VERY LARGE, WAITER"
"YES, SIR; VERY FINE AT PRESENT, SIR."

A PROSPECT OF HAMPTON COURT.

S Midsummer-Day has passed, and with it the agreeable feeling that MR. JONES, my landlord, is on the look out for a little quarterly remittance which he levies and which the vulgar call rent, I can't help thinking with gratification of some splendid estates, and houses, and palaces which I possess, and for which I have not a shilling to pay. I have some very magnificent pictures — a TITIAN which is almost too hot to look at in this weather, a SEBASTIAN DEL PIOMBO which I esteem to be one of the very greatest pictures in the whole world; a VELASQUEZ most sumptuous, and which I can't help thinking beautiful, whatever MR. CONINGHAM and MR. MOORE may say, and although it has been flayed alive by MR. EASTLAKE; a RUBENS landscape; and some charming HOGARTHS, which, though they are hung in a not very satisfactory gallery, are yet worth looking at where they hang. I have an exceedingly fine library in Bloomsbury, under the care of a most respectable gentleman, by the name of PANIZZI, who has been for some time preparing a catalogue for me, and who, with a score of the kindest and most civil attendants in the world, will get me any book I want, and spare me the trouble of putting it back in its place, as I must do with my little wretched set of books. I have in the same building, in Russell Square, a collection of Greek and Ionian marbles which give me the greatest delight and pleasure; some wonderful Nineveh sculptures with arrow-headed inscriptions, which I shall be very glad to show my friends; some Egyptian antiquities and mummies; and stuffed birds, and fossils, and mouldy old camelopards and rhinoceroses stuffed with straw, which anybody may admire who likes, as I confess I don't. I have this vast and magnificent collection of books, manuscripts, prints, medals, marbles, and mouldy camelopards, with a couple of hundred gentlemen to take care of them and me, and not a shilling to pay; and I own that for all these benefits I am exceedingly grateful to a grateful country.

Out of town I have some as delightful parks and gardens as ever were seen, and where I shall be most happy to welcome the reader. At Kew I'll show him such a marvellous collection of the flowers of the field and the trees of the forest, as SOLOMON in all his glory certainly never could have mustered, much less equalled. I will sit with him under a spreading palm-tree as if he were an Arab Sheik, or under a banyan tree as if he were a Bramin; and in admiring the marvellous varieties and beauties of the creations of Providence all bountiful, I think we can feel as much exquisite delight and interest, as much reverence, and awful and tender gratitude and wonder for the wondrous maker of all these beautiful things, as much charity and love for our brethren round about, with whom we share these kindly emotions in common, as we could get by hearing the very best sermon that ever was preached by the very best Bishop out of Oxford, or any other University or See.

Again, after church on a Sunday, a favourite walk of mine is in a park I have at Richmond in Surrey, near the Star and Garter Hotel—where of late I keep to the gravel walks chiefly, having given up the main three thousand acres of cover, green, gorse, &c., to the Ranger, who keeps his pheasants there. He may be a most charitable and good-natured and hospitable gentleman; but then there are so many other people besides pheasants, who would like to have their pleasure.

My favourite house and garden of all, however, is one which I possess upon the banks of the Thames, about twelve miles from town, very nearly opposite the Swan at Ditton. I run down thither on a Sunday by the railroad—I did so last Sunday after church: I walk about in my gardens; I look at my fountains; I ramble under my magnificent avennes of chesnuts, or take a basket of cold prog there with my wife and children: I feed the gold fish in my basins; I look at the swans floating on the river under my wall; or I go with my pretty young friend, MISS SMITH, into the queerest little shrubbery or maze which my gardeners have constructed there, and in which we always lose ourselves, and seem as if we never should come out again, which makes my poor dear wife absurdly jealous and impatient.

This place has some rather fine old buildings upon it; and indeed seems to me far pleasanter and handsomer than Versailles, or Sans Souci, or the Escurial, or the Summer Palace at Czarkoe-Zeloe; or the EMPEROR OF CHINA'S palace at Quang-Chingchoo; or indeed than any royal residence that I have seen, except, of course, HER MAJESTY'S at Windsor. There is a cheerfulness about my old house and grounds which I don't know elsewhere. Lord! how wondrous was the variety of the green! how rich the chesnut avenues! how magnificent the rhododendrons looked last Sunday! And MISS SMITH, who joined our party in her grey dress and white shawl and bonnet, how pretty *she* looked. Didn't she? My wife of course says No.

This place has been in my family some time, though we've been kept out of it by the lawyers and Government folks. The first house that was built here was by the son of an Ipswich butcher, one THOMAS LEGGAT or REDHAT, who fitted it up in a style regardless of expense, and assumed the most preposterous airs and state whilst living here. LEGGAT was caught out in some disreputable practices by a person named KING, in whose employ he was (and who himself was a notorious old robber, and a perfect BLUEBEARD in his treatment of the ladies), and he gave up to KING the house and furniture, in hopes of getting back the latter's favour. But his master kicked him out, but never pardoned him, or disgorged any of his booty; indeed the old rogue was so unscrupulous, that he would rob a church if there was anything in it worth stealing: and the laws in those times were so badly administered that nobody could prevent him.

The place so gotten remained in KING'S family for the next generation, when death put an end to them. He had a son, NED KING, who died early; and a couple of daughters, MOLLY and BESS, of whom they called one Bloody and the other Good: though, for the matter of that, the one was not Better nor the other much more Bloody than her neighbours. It was in the good old Catholic times, when to roast or murder a fellow who did not believe with you, was a common practice on both sides; and, indeed, much may be said in favour of persecution, and roasting was considered to be not only merciful but a good example.

FEEDING THE GOLD FISH AT HAMPTON COURT.

Some Scotch people, by the name of STUART, came into the property on the demise of the folks who had it immediately from TOM LEGGAT; and one of them, a double-faced fellow and shuffler, but a gentleman somehow, who lost his head in the wars before the Commonwealth, was taken out of this very house to London, where he was destroyed: and a Huntingdonshire man, one GRAINS, a brewer, who was a Member of Parliament, and a soldier of great ability, got the property, and kept it till his death. GRAINS' name is much loved in Ireland, especially at Drogheda, because doubtless they made ale there in opposition to his.

GRAINS died—the Scotch people came back: but the males of the family were quickly kicked out of the premises again, and a daughter, a MISS STUART, who married a little Dutchman, had the place—and from these it passed through various hands, until it became my property—my property and yours, my dear Sir or Madam—my property and my wife's, who sat sulking outside the labyrinth while MISS SMITH, another owner, was taking a walk in it, as she had a perfect right to do—every Londoner's—every Englishman's property—every Englishman who has legs to carry him, a carriage in which to drive, a horse to ride, an eighteen-pence to pay for the railroad-ticket—a place on a 'bus, whereof the drivers are both quick and civil—a seat in a van with twenty jolly companions and a barrel of beer in the middle—a cart "as holds two," with a spirited Jerusalem pony to pull it. This delightful palace, these magnificent gardens, these fair walks, and sparkling fountains, and noble avenues—these superb pictures, these classic RAPHAELS, these dark TITIANS, and languishing LELYS—these wonderful old beds, in which one wonders how people could have dared to sleep, and which you would fancy that a night-mare itself would almost be afraid to get into; these quaint old furnitures, china vases, mirrors, trophies of match-locks, and suits of armour, surrounded with a "halo of ramrods," (the expression out of the guide-book is delicious), that darling little palace of the NAWAUB OF MOORSHEDABAD—with the little palanquins, sepoys, elephants, and barouches waiting outside—all of these are yours and mine in our dear old palace of Hampton Court.

And if the Puritans who have shut up the Sunday Post-office lay their stupid hands upon the Sunday railroad engines, or try to stop them, as try they will—I hope that you, brother, and I, who value our Sabbath holiday for the sake of health and children, and honest recreation, and peaceful enjoyment and calm pleasure; who value it as part of every toiling man's happiness, of his right, of his charity, of his freedom—I say, if you and I are stokers, and *Mawworm* is under the wheel, we 'll drive it over him as if he was *Mr. Carker*.

For is not the time coming? Barefooted friars, black-gowned Oratorians, five-and-twenty Pimlico parsons, in surplices, preceded by Saint and abacus, march about London streets, and are received with good humour. Are these the only honest men in the world? Are these to sing and twang, and chant and cant, and we to shut our mouths? Up with your too-roo-roo, and crow them a defiance.

HOW TO SPEND A HOLIDAY SHILLING.

WHEN you are about to take a holiday excursion on a small sum, it is desirable to make a shilling go as far as it will, because the owner will, of course, go as far as the shilling. Some persons think they are likely to go a great way for their money, if they take the halfpenny boat; but this is not always judicious, for in the event of an explosion—which may sometimes happen—the passenger by the halfpenny boat may go further than he wished, or bargained for. The mere lover of locomotion for locomotion's sake may get a liberal shilling's worth in the shape of a sea passage to Ipswich, where passengers are conveyed at about twelve-pence per head, but, in estimating the amount per head, the speculators seem to think they are not bound to provide accommodation for the arms, legs, and rest of the body.

Perhaps, under all circumstances, a holiday shilling may be better spent in the Metropolis itself, than in any attempt to excursionise.

For instance, begin a cheap breakfast at a coffee-stall in Piccadilly, where the holiday maker may see life and character, and eat thick bread-and-butter with a cup of coffee, for 2½*d.*; and may meet with an apology for the early bird in the shape of a street-lark, which is constantly kept up by those who have sung and sworn that they will not "go home till morning;" and who are fulfilling the conditions to which they have pledged themselves.

Lunch off baked potatoes at eleven, for a halfpenny, which will leave you ninepence, a penny of which may be devoted to a visit to the boa constrictor in High Holborn, who is worn as a necklace by the proprietor of the show, and who darts his head among the audience to "clear out" when the visitors appear dissatisfied.

Take your dinner—the well known "regular good one for 2½*d.*"—at CANN'S in Holborn, and visit "at half-price" all the small peep-shows that come in your way, selecting a private box in a bye-street wherever you can, until the remainder of your holiday shilling is expended.

A HALF-HOLIDAY AT HAMPSTEAD.

HAMPSTEAD Hill is only less steep than a ladder, so, unless you are expert in climbing up perpendicular heights, you had better find out some secret path through the fields that leads you to the Heath with very little more trouble than walking over a carpet. The distance may be a little longer, but then you gain soft grass for your feet, instead of the pointed pebbles of the public path, which, for ladies with thin shoes, or gentlemen with tight boots, is like walking on penknives with all the blades open; and, moreover, you win beautiful hedges, and new-mown hay, and the quiet of the country, in exchange for the hot brick-walls, and the dust, and the smoke, and noise of the high-road. It is true the fields are not what they used to be. Where a field formerly had four hedges, it has now probably only two, and the other two are replaced by low houses that squat on the ground, like gipsies, only they are not half so picturesque. Like gipsies, too, they seem to wither and eat up everything around them. In this manner whole fields have been nibbled away, and, if the appetite for building at all continues, we may expect shortly that there will not be a blade of grass visible anywhere, excepting in a blackbird's cage, between Primrose Hill and Jack Straw's Castle. Paris has been called France, but London promises to be literally England, and if it keeps growing as it has done of late years, we doubt if England will be large enough to hold it. Scotland will be obliged to be taken in as a Metropolitan suburb, whilst Wales will, doubtlessly, be resorted to as the fashionable West-End.

We only hope that Hampstead Heath will be saved from this Goth-like invasion of bricks. Our public parks have been sadly cut to pieces recently—so much so, that many of them are but small remnants now to what they once were—and we do hope, if we are to have "a bit of green" within a day's view of London, that Hampstead Heath will be the favoured spot spared to us.

London has not so many play-grounds that it can afford to lose one of the best of them. Besides, the great advantage of a play-ground is its being attached close to the School of which it forms a part, and, if we miserable Cockneys, who are shut up in town generally six days a week, are given half a holiday, it is highly essential that we should not have to run all the way to Stonehenge, before we can find an open spot where to enjoy it.

Moreover, could Stonehenge give you such a view of London as Hampstead? You would not have the Metropolis lying almost at the toe of your boot, all but asking you to play at foot-ball with it. How quiet the monster seems under its black veil of smoke, as if it were too

modest to show its face! It looks like some great Titan of a coalheaver, that was lying on his back, reposing after the fatigues of the day, with the coal-dust still flying about him, and the dome of St. Paul's as his fantail pulled over his brow to keep the sun out of his eyes.

It is curious that Hampstead Heath has but few telescopes. Is it because there are no wooden legs to show them? no red-coated pensioners, with noses to match, to point out the bumps of that great swollen, monstrous head of London? There are no ginger-beer or lemonade merchants either, though this is a relief. In exchange there is a most aspiring flag-staff, which may be seen, we are told, from a whole mapfull of counties, and wooden seats on which old men delight to sit of an evening, and point out with their crutches the different objects in the distance. There are plenty of horses, and ponies, and donkeys, also, and the feats of horsemanship and donkeymanship, which you witness in consequence, would astonish BATTY'S Circus, and elicit many learned remarks and playful cracks of the whip from WIDDICOMB. The whole Heath is one "gay tournament." At one moment you admire the prowess of a fat lady who gallops on unmindful of the parasol she has left behind her; and the next you are interested in a race of some six ladies, who are calling out "Stop!" in vain to some six young gentlemen in summer trowsers who are running after them with big sticks in their hands. Suddenly you rush forward. One of the young ladies has fallen off. By the time you have arrived, she is on her legs and on the donkey's back again, and has rejoined her companions, laughing like a school-girl, for it is very singular the only occasion when a young lady does not faint is when she falls off a donkey. But the prettiest sight of all is a long cavalcade of donkeys which suddenly turns the dark corner of the Hendon Lane, and unwinds slowly into the high road. It is some twenty little girls, from six to ten, all on donkeys. Their voices jingle with the bells, and they are all as merry as possible. You stand still, and they break into little laughing streams on each side of you, and disappear, like a small cataract, down the side of the hill, laughing all the way. They look so happy that you wish you could get on a donkey yourself and join the party.

But instead of doing anything so foolish, you go to dinner. There is Jack Straw's Castle—a straw which is embalmed in the amber of WASHINGTON IRVING'S pages, besides being preserved in that great granary of fashionable heroes, *The Newgate Calendar*. Dine there, unless you have the patience to explore some of the mysterious-looking lanes about the Heath, which, if hedges had ears as well as walls, could tell many a tale of lovers' vows made and broken, and, let us hope, a few of them kept. You must not expect whitebait, or game, or John Dorys, or truffles, at these quiet humble inns, but you will have a country dinner, as solid and as plain as the country girl who waits upon you, but which, with the appetite you have picked up, with the joy of a new shilling, on the road, you will enjoy fully as much as any of the above delicacies. But beware of the ale—for it is strong—and its strength may be partly owing to the scarcity of water about Hampstead—but beware of it, for it is as strong as a house-dog, and must not be allowed to run about too freely. Leave early, light your cigar, and stroll down the hill before it is dusk. You cannot tell what a beautiful perfume a real Havannah and new-mown hay make combined together! The perfumer who could compound the two has his fortune ready-made in a "two-shilling bottle."

We have spoken of the "country" throughout in the above description, for though only two miles from town, it is to our dusty notions as fresh as the country, and much more welcome than the country can be to a person who sees it every day of his rural life. But we maintain that it is the "country," and this in no cockney point of view, but in a real view of beautiful English scenery, and we feel grateful to the founder of London, whoever the great CUBITT of that day was, for having placed this metropolis so near it. We hope the Heath may long be spared the desecration of bricks, so that we may enjoy many and many a pleasant HALF-HOLIDAY AT HAMPSTEAD.

RICHMOND PARK.

THERE are several roads to Richmond, as there are to Ruin, and the former, as well as the latter, lead to considerable expense. A private carriage is perhaps the best conveyance, but a fly or post-chaise will do very well, and if the vehicle be topped by a smart parasol or two, it will impart liveliness to the turnpike, attended with felicity inside. But with views limited to scenery, combined with economy, the journey may be performed very agreeably on the roof of an omnibus. The bold artisan who is "game" to take his folks for a holiday, may gallantly make a descent on Richmond in the van. Then there is the Railway, and also the River, and whilst there is a balance of foliage at the banks of the Thames, the humble traveller will find the silent highway preferable to either of the noisy ones. On landing from the steamer at the foot of the bridge, you are generally received with several punches in the stomach, by cards being thrust at you by touters from adjacent eating-houses. This displeases a gentleman who means to dine at an hotel, and considers that fact obvious from his personal appearance.

Bearing in mind the observation of the Hibernian tourist, that the principal thing to be seen in Richmond is the scenery around it, you immediately make for Richmond Hill, up which a light tug, with a trifling waste of steam, if it is hot, is waiting to convey you. Nothing intercepts your passage, but hands that offer late strawberries, and, perhaps, a suspicious-looking gentleman in shabby black, who tenders you a tract, which you decline, having a much more edifying tract (of country) awaiting your perusal.

The eye from the brow of Richmond Hill contemplates an expanse of such magnificence, that perhaps there exists nowhere a more splendid spread, or, so to speak, banquet for the vision, and it is very doubtful whether M. SOYER himself could provide a feast to correspond. Through the valley below there is the Thames, winding like a silver eel, serene, as if fearless of being spitchcocked. Beyond, far away, stretches an ocean of foliage bounded with cloud-like hills, and interspersed with serious shadows and laughing villas; the whole prospect suggesting an idea of immense wealth that must necessarily pay an income-tax. In the extreme distance, on a fine day, are discerned the towers of Windsor Castle, and in the immediate foreground, under the same conditions, individuals of fair sex and fashionable exterior promenade to and fro continually.

The traveller now follows his nose, which takes him to the left in the direction of the Star and Garter, whence a delicious culinary aroma is continually exhaling. Happy, if circumstances allow him to take the hint, and step in and order dinner at this hostelry, renowned for its fine cookery, fine wines, and fair prices, and for having been recently the residence of LOUIS PHILIPPE, who doubtless found it a much more comfortable place than the Tuileries.

But a perfume more fragrant than that of turtle, on the other side of the way—the balmy breeze—attracts us to Richmond Park, which is like Life, being full of ups and downs, only they are all pleasant. Here you have timber, with glimpses of London through some of the clumps, ponds, fern, and deer lying about in it, more numerous than ever the stags were in Capel Court. Here is the "Great Lodge," once the abode of SIR ROBERT WALPOLE, and at which GEORGE THE FIRST used to tipple punch with his Minister. Here is also another ministerial residence, the smaller Lodge, occupied by LORD JOHN RUSSELL, a statesman whom History will also mention in connexion with *Punch*.

Richmond Park was celebrated until lately for open air collations, but the Public are now debarred from the right of pic-nic; and notice-boards inform trespassers that, the roads excepted, the keepers who shoot the deer have no directions to mind where they fire. Were you to venture, therefore, on the lunch beneath the spreading oak, the bullet intended by one of these wild Jagers for the deer might lodge itself perhaps in your own heart, or in a heart more dear to you than your own.

Tradition points out a mound in Richmond Park, on which the Royal

Bluebeard, Henry the Eighth, stood to listen for the gun which was to telegraph the execution of Anne Boleyn; and we view the spot with a feeling of astonishment that the earth did not open, and swallow his Majesty.

The visitor to Richmond Park must not leave it without giving three mental cheers to the memory of Mr. John Lewis, Shoemaker, of Richmond, who by an action at law against Amelia, daughter of George the Second, the then Ranger, defeated her attempt to exclude the public. Unfortunately there are no similar means of removing all restriction on enjoyment of the Park; but, with a view to this object, let all writers at any rate persevere in the Lewisian system.

Quitting Richmond Park—with some sense of indignation as a Briton, you go where you like, which may as well be by way of pleasant Petersham to peaceful Ham Common, where, "in a season of calm weather," you will feel yourself as happy as any donkey you will find grazing there—unless you are as dull as a donkey yourself. Thence you proceed through a quiet green avenue of elms to shadowy mysterious old Ham House, where you may hearken to the wind whispering among the solemn pines, and the birds warbling among the ilex and lime-trees, and then, going a little way up the river, hear the jocund guffaws of the revellers on Eel-pie Island.

Here you may hail a passing boat, and proceed to drop a tear as you gaze on Pope's Villa at Twickenham. But in the place of Pope's Villa you will find a ridiculous Swiss Cottage, and instead of bursting into tears you will split with laughter.

By this time the pangs of hunger will probably recal you to Richmond, where you need not starve; as you will find a refuge from famine at every corner, and every figure; from the Star and Garter to the Ham-and-Beef shop. Prefer the former if you can afford it; enjoy the sober sunset from a back-window, and try—though tempted by some of the finest wines in England—to be as sober as the sunset.

Richmond is extensively celebrated for a peculiar kind of cheesecake, and—in case your wife has been obliged to stay at home—you will highly delight her (wonderful to relate) by bringing back with you a lot of "Maids-of-Honour."

THE INVITATION TO THE VAN.

Fair seamstress, lay thy needle by;
Quick, put thy things on, Mary Anne:
We'll have a frolic, thou and I;
We'll go to Epping in the van.
Nay, wherefore heave that doubtful sigh?
I'll treat thee, dearest, like a man!

I'll lead thee to a garden, where
Strawberries in rich profusion grow;
They'll charge us for admission there,
Only a shilling each, or so;
And all the fruit thou canst, my fair,
Beneath that zone they'll let thee stow.

Or, stealing from the noisy throng,
We'll seek a snug sequester'd cot,
Where we may take our own souchong,
And be supplied with water hot.
The day is heavenly—come along!
See here, some shrimps I've also got.

No longer tarry—shut up shop,
Thou precious little busy bee;
We'll quaff the foaming ginger-pop,
And sip the fragrant dish of tea:
So, cutting work, those scissors drop,
And come to Epping, love, with me!

A SUMMER'S DAY AT KENSINGTON.

Every place has its partisans, and there is not in the wide world a suburb so flat, but there will be found persons willing to spend a summer's day in exploring it. Some seek excitement in Chelsea and its buns; others will rush to catch an apology for a mountain breeze on the Hill of Notting, and, whistling the melody of "*My native Hills*," fancy themselves born for the occasion; a few will cluster round the gardener's lodge at Bayswater, and, quaffing curds and whey by the hour and by the ha'p'orth, will imagine themselves in the enjoyment of rural pleasures; but there are not many who have been in the habit, hitherto, of going to pass a long summer's day at Kensington. It is our aim to open out before the public eye the resources of the place, to explore its gardens, to leap about its gravel pits, to examine the beauties of its renowned lace, and, in fact, to do ample justice to Kensington and the Kensingtonians. Placed by nature at the extremity of the one-and-a-half milestone on the Western Road, and selected by our military policy as the first station for soldiery out of London, Kensington may be said to hold the keys of the Metropolis against a foreign enemy, supposing the foreign enemy to contemplate an incursion *viâ* Hammersmith.

There are numerous modes of reaching this spot, which is equally favoured by geography and the dust contractors, for the distance is easy, and the contract for watering the roads is liberal. There are various opinions as to the actual extent of the space which separates Kensington from London, for while measurement calls it a mile and a half, the cabman invariably calls it two miles and three quarters; while the mile-stones which seem to have been moved in one or two instances without much regard to their inscriptions, give a sort of middle version of the affair, and meet both cases half-way without stirring an inch towards either.

Intending to dilate on the antiquities of Kensington, we made diligent inquiries for specimens, but we could get a clue to nothing older than the oldest inhabitant. Unfortunately we were somewhat too successful in this discovery, for the inhabitant was so thoroughly ancient that he had forgotten everything we were anxious to know, and his voice was so much impaired by time that he could only keep up a conversation with us in a low whistle.

Fatigued with the futile attempt to get at the monuments of the past, we proceeded to inquire for the attractions of the present, and were taken up a bye-lane to a building in whose style of architecture the Methodist Chapel seemed to be struggling with the Police Station, but which, on inquiry, turned out to be the Theatre Royal, Kensington. Like the Temple of Peace in time of war, it appears to be never open, though tradition tells of a Management, and the oldest inhabitant is said to indicate, by an unusually loud whistle when the subject is mentioned, that there was once a season of some two or three nights, when *Richard the Third* brought down his kingly costume in a cab, and fought the Battle of Bosworth Field with a "gallant *Harry*," who had walked over from Lambeth, "armed all in proof," and sheltered from the public curiosity and the rain by an ample Mackintosh. Not wishing to waste our summer day, we quitted the temple of Thespis, and pro-

ceeded to the Baths, which form one of the principal features—say the mouth—of Kensington. These baths are embosomed in a sort of leaden declivity or dell, to which imagination might lend the title of "a hundred cisterns."

To a neighbourhood which has nothing but the nauseous Serpentine, which, from its smell, might be called the River Oder, it is, indeed, an advantage to possess a Bath, free from the deadly impurities of the Pontine Marshes which characterise the green-coated swamp that lags along the centre of Hyde Park, and forms, indeed, the scenter of the whole neighbourhood.

By this time our summer's day is half over, and we begin to look about us for a hostelry, when our eye is caught by the sign of the King's Arms, where we rush to taste the cheerful cheese, quaff the foaming tankard, masticate the crisp crust, and spread upon the yielding loaf the insinuating butter. As we sit within the coffee-room, we hear from the lips of the enthusiastic waiter the praises of the Assembly Room, and, having taken the last munch of the hunch that constitutes our lunch, we repair to the rear of the premises, for the purpose of seeing the Kensington Assembly Room. It is a pile in which elegance has struggled with economy, to the advantage, somewhat, of the latter; though at one end of the building there is an orchestra, resembling the segment of a band-box, which speaks of light guitars, happier days, music's soft measure, the mazy dance, fleeting hours, balls and balderdash. It is long since the daughters of Terpsichore swept the floor with their flowing robes, or the patent-varnished highlow beat time to the vibrations of the fiddle-string, the toodle-oodle of the flute, and the grunt of the ophicleide. Wizards, Polyphonists, and public meetings have usurped the place once sacred to APOLLO; and the making of pancakes in hats, the frying of imaginary sausages over a candle, the conversations between a fictitious man in an ideal chimney and a suppositious woman in a visionary kitchen, are now the chief attractions of a spot once devoted to the assemblies of that place whose *bon ton* was so famed as to have given to the village of Kensing the name of Kensing-ton.

Having sufficiently feasted on the attractions of the town itself, we turned towards the far-famed gardens, and had no sooner entered within the western gate, got beyond the watch-box, and caught in our eye the sun-dial, than the spirit of poetry overcame us like a summer cloud, and, taking out our calf-skin memorandum book, we prepared a leaf, and wrote as follows:—

How beautiful the prospect, how marvellous the scene;
How very red the palace bricks, the grass how wondrous green;
How dignified the beadle, how terrible his scowl;
How dirty the aquatic birds, how bold the water-fowl!

How long and straight the gravel walks, how black the rooks or crows;
How silently the Serpentine steals on the eyes—and nose;
How numerous the nursemaids, the juveniles how small;
How the former stare about them, and how the latter fall!

How gaily dress'd the company that come to hear the band;
How ogling one another the gents and ladies stand;
How noble their employment, how singular their worth,
How they'll be miss'd, when, anyhow, they are removed from earth!

How elegant the carriages, the liveries how gay;
How wondrous how the owners get all the cash to pay;
How recklessly his mad career the thoughtless spendthrift runs,
With two splendid bays before him, and behind him fifty duns!

This little gush of poetry fresh from the heart, like ginger-beer from the fountain, caused such an effervescence of feeling, that, having once got into the subduing company of the Muses, we mused away an hour, and found ourselves one of a party of thirty-four outsiders, on a Richmond 'bus, at the close of our summer's day at Kensington.

A DAY AT CAMDEN TOWN.

To the Summer Tourist who has little time on his hands, nothing particular on foot, and a few shillings only in his pocket, we could recommend a visit to Camden Town, as an economical if not an exciting holiday. In order to facilitate the views of this humble class of holiday makers, we have sketched out the following plan of operations.

Visit the Mother Red Cap. Trace out connection between the Red Cap of Camden Town, and the *Bonnet Rouge* of the French Revolution.

Go to Primrose Hill. Inquire of sweet-stuff vendors, on the summit, whether the expression "as old as the Hills" has any reference to Primrose Hill. Home by a return donkey-chaise.

Spend the morning at the Curds and Whey House—sometimes called the Half-Whey House—at the junction of the Hampstead and Kentish Town Roads. The afternoon may be devoted to conversations with the oldest inhabitants about the great CAMDEN.

Shed a parting tear into the Regent's Canal, and home by the Hungerford 'bus in the evening.

TWELVE HOURS AND TWENTY MINUTES AT ROSHERVILLE.

FIRST HOUR.—You are waiting on Blackwall Pier for the steamer, which is sure to be an hour after its time.

SECOND HOUR.—At last the steamer arrives. The ladies all by themselves—the gentlemen all heaped together in the fore-part of the vessel. A band on board; and a master of the ceremonies, with a large shirt-frill. "First Set, if you please;" but apparently the gentlemen do not hear the order, for the First Set is danced almost exclusively by the ladies.

SECOND HALF-HOUR.—Two or three babies on board, of course, and one thin lady has brought a fat poodle with her, which is continually being lost, and found with the greatest difficulty, only to be lost again. Great excitement caused on board by a black nurse. A lady with a yellow feather makes a journey to the forepart, and rallies the gentlemen on their want of gallantry. She succeeds in carrying off two or three timid young gentlemen in white trowsers and crimson blushes.

THIRD HOUR.—More "ducks" drop in, one by one. The ice is broken. The polkas grow fast and furious. The cheeks of the cornet-à-piston look pitiably warm, as he sits with his back to the funnel. The poodle very troublesome. Steward very busy with pale ale and bottled porter. Curious stone bottles produced for the first time. General inspection of wicker baskets, and mutual exchange of sandwiches. A stout gentleman very active and funny. A baby begins to cry, and the rest follow. A grand extemporaneous concert, the principal performers being the three babies, the poodle, the band, and the waste pipe, assisted by the slender lady. It continues till the steamer lands at Rosherville. The cornet-à-piston discovered fast asleep.

FOURTH HOUR.—Simultaneous exclamation, on entering the gardens, of "Lor, how beautiful!" Very curious fact—not a person has been at Rosherville before! The poodle refused admission. "No dogs admitted." Grand indignation of the lady, who folds her darling to her lacerated bosom, and walks away. Party breaks up into twos and twos. Tender inquiries by fathers and mothers after their daughters, who "cannot be found anywhere." Stout gentleman buys sixpenn'orth of detonating balls, and feeds the monkeys with them. Extraordinary consternation of the latter when they proceed to crack them like nuts.

FIFTH HOUR.—Dinner in the Grand Baronial Hall of the Barons of Rosherville. Only one waiter amongst three hundred people, but three bands of music, which keep playing different tunes all at the same time. Plenty to eat, but no knives and forks to eat it with. After admiring the gorgeous crests, and the coats of arms, and the oriel windows, and the pillars as slender as tobacco-pipes, and the fretted roof waving with a thousand flags that look like so many silk pocket-handkerchiefs hung out to dry, you abandon all thoughts of dinner, and determine to make up for it at tea. You turn round to pick up your hat, which during the dinner you have placed on the floor behind you, and find it filled with dirty plates. You accuse the stout gentleman, but "he has never troubled his head about your hat," and he gently recommends you to take it to the first ball at the Palace, and exchange *chapeaus* with the Nepaulese Ambassador.

SIXTH HOUR.—The gutta percha Mermaid, the Irish Gipsies, the Wheel of Fortune, in which "you may win ten pounds," and the Maze, in which you are sure to lose yourself, and your patience too, in this hot weather, till the purchase of a penny guide proves to you how "*in medio tutissimus ibis*,"—these, with the Round Tower, the correct likenesses, and the moving figures, that look as if they had got St. Vitus's Dance, make the sixth hour fly with the rapidity almost of a lover's minute.

THE SEVENTH HOUR flies away on the same butterfly wings. The clocks all move by steam at Rosherville. There is the Archery, at which the oldest and the stiffest unbend, for as "*non semper tendit arcum Apollo*" (old school-theme reminiscence), so the proudest aristocrat, the most perpendicular DOMBEY that ever strutted about, with the conviction that the world was made expressly for him, takes the kitchen-poker out of his dignity at Rosherville, and pulls off his white-kid gloves, to join in the general sport. The impression seems to prevail about these pretty gardens that one must try everything, see everything,

taste everything, and do everything which everyone else is doing. Accordingly, old gentlemen pull strong bows, and discharge the arrows with a generous *abandon* that shows no petty partiality for any particular point of the compass; young ladies try their strength on extraordinary machines, that look like ornamental railway buffers; and elderly matrons take up the sticks and play at knock-'em-downs, in a style that makes it very dangerous for those who are standing behind them.

Eighth Hour.—Tea on the lawn, and great fun occasioned by there being no milk, when the stout gentleman hands the waiter a large lump of chalk, and bids him "bring a pailful directly." Shrimps—but very small. Stout gentleman declares that the shrimps have been gradually getting smaller, ever since Mr. Cobden's motion for the reduction of the army. Lots of bread and butter, and incessant cries for more. Dancing on the lawn—and dancing in the Baronial Hall—in fact, dancing everywhere, excepting on the Cliff, where it might be rather dangerous. Who says the English are not a dancing people? Why these excursionists have been dancing ever since they started, and they will dance up to the very last minute of their reaching London Bridge. The three bands playing at the same time in the Hall. One playing a quadrille—the other a waltz—and the third a polka,—which makes it very difficult for the parties to dance their respective figures, so they keep dancing alternately a little of each. Cornet-à-piston discovered asleep again. Woke up by a glass being held to his mouth. Baron Nathan requested by stout gentleman to waltz round the brim of his hat. Inquiries after the health of the Baroness, "trusts her dear ladyship is quite well? and would the Baron favour the Nepaulese Princess (*pointing to the black nurse*) who is here in disguise with his celebrated veterinary-college hornpipe amongst the tea things?"

Ninth Hour.—Grand Display of Fireworks in the Arctic Regions. These Arctic Regions, painted only in two colours—in fact, only one—a sort of sky-blue, which fully accounts (says the stout gentleman) for there being no milk at tea. A better subject could not have been selected to display the boundless resources of the chalk that grows in

such luxuriance upon the premises, for really, from the quantity of snow there is about the painting, it looks like a chalk-drawing. Fearful Descent of Il Diavolo Somebody on the slack rope,—in truth, so slack a rope, that Il Diavolo sticks in the middle of it, and he has to be propped up with a pole (whether the North Pole we could not tell), till a ladder is brought to help him down from his unpleasant eminence. With the last rocket, the bell rings for the steamer.

Tenth Hour.—Mothers and fathers rushing frantically about for their daughters, who cannot be found anywhere, but who, according to their own representations, were all "down in the cabin." Steamer waiting half an hour for the steersman, who at last makes his appearance with the black nurse on his arm.

Eleventh Hour.—Thin lady discovered walking up and down the deck with the fat poodle clasped close to her breast. More dancing, though not much assisted by the cornet-à-piston, who keeps falling asleep, and is continually woke up by means of large tumblers, with something hot in them, being applied to his lips. Stout gentleman declares it is only a "trap, to get some brandy-and-water;" and to test whether he is asleep or not, blacks his face all over with a cork. He then, "just for the fun of the thing," proceeds to rub the face of the black nurse, who has also fallen asleep by his side, with chalk. Great amusement when they wake up and laugh at one another. Distress of the lady on missing her darling Fido, aggravated by the stout gentleman quietly remarking, that "he thinks he saw something fall down the engine-room."

Twelfth Hour.—A great deal of dancing, and laughing, and loud talking, and carrying about of glasses of brandy-and-water. The poor poodle will get amongst the legs of the dancers, and is kicked most unmercifully by everybody. The thin lady is in a state of open warfare with the entire steamer. Great hilarity, laughter, and cordiality, which is a strange contrast to the coldness and distance of the gentlemen at starting. The boat reaches London Bridge at an anonymous hour of the night. All the old people very cross and tired, and the cornet-à-piston fast asleep, quite beyond the touching influence of any more brandy-and-water. The same difficulty experienced on landing by the fathers and mothers in finding their daughters, and resolutions loudly expressed never to bring them out again. The last thing heard is the pathetic whistle of the thin lady, who is moving backwards and forwards over the plank, whistling up-stairs and down-stairs, and in my lady's cabin, for her poor Fido. Sounds of Va-*ri*-e-ty in the distance.

The Last Twenty Minutes.—Trying to read your letters before you get into bed.

THE POET AT BATTERSEA.

THERE 's brightness over Battersea, there 's brilliance in the wave,
That in a bath of liquid light its bosom seems to lave;
But 'tis the merry sunshine that, in the summer time,
Illumes the Thames, which otherwise were black as any slime.

And yet I love thee, Battersea; thy verdant valley yields
The beauty of the buttercup, the fragrance of the fields,
The chirrup of the grasshopper, the playful pony's neigh,
And at the solemn evening hour the donkey's dismal bray.

I 've known thee in the winter time when cover'd o'er with snow;
I 've known thee in the summer, when green thy rushes grow;
I 've known thee in the autumn, when by thy margin float
The civic barge, the steamer, and the ordinary boat.

But, oh! the time I loved thee most, the time which I would sing,
Is when thy shores were danced upon by silver-footed Spring;
When every gentle step she took open'd the early flowers,
And to reflect her radiance linger'd the evening hours.

Yes; Battersea at springtime is Battersea indeed;
Upon her verdant meadows the leaping lamblings feed;
The hoary-headed waterman—the winter being past—
Across the neighbouring ferry expects a fare at last.

The long-neglected hostelry, upon the weltering shore,
Puts on a gay exterior, and opens wide its door;
The pigeon, too, no longer now fills the ignoble pie,
For by the hand of sportsmanship 'tis privileged to die.

Yes, travellers may sneer at thee, affecting to despise
Thy level flats, O Battersea, thy reach, Red House, and rise;
But often in my chamber, at eventime alone,
I think of thee, my Battersea, my beautiful, my own!

PRIMROSE HILL AND ITS PROSPECTS.

PRIMROSE HILL.—An eminence upon which are to be found flourishing (in baskets) the very finest dragon's-blood and Seville oranges, with nuts (in wooden measures) equal to any plucked from Barcelona hedges. No young man fresh from the country, and determined to make his way in the metropolis, can have finer views of London society opening upon him than from this Hill of Primroses. We would advise an ascent at sunrise, upon a glass of new milk (without the rum, sugar, and nutmeg). Arrived at the summit, the young man—(and we know no better way of beginning a holiday)—may set himself to choose a profession. There, to the left, as the clouds draw up—the golden drop-scene of the morn—there he may behold St. Paul's Cathedral; and, eschewing all thoughts of the vain and carnal twopences taken at the door, he may think of the pleasant prebendal stalls within. So thinking, he may determine whether he will become a Bishop!

To the right of St. Paul's he may behold—or might, if the Hill were high enough—Apothecaries' Hall. He may then take counsel with himself whether he will study physic, so that, in the fulness of time, he may go to Court, be knighted, and become the Royal Physician!

If as yet undecided, he may pitch his thoughts where the clouds look thickest and blackest, being sure that under them is the Temple. And then he may set his fancies vigorously to work, and ask of himself, "Shall I go the whole ermine? Shall I start for Lord Chancellor?"

Let him not be in a hurry to decide; for, turning still to the west, there 's the Horse-Guards! There, with that flame-coloured cloud, glowing like the flag of Mars, over it. Will the young man be a soldier? Will he go to India—to the Peninsula—to France? Will he have the thanks of Parliament—the grants of a nation—the title of a peer—house and lands, and statues, bronze and marble?

Here 's a variety of choice. An Archbishop—a Court Physician—a Lord Chancellor—and, greater than all, F.M. Commander of the Forces.

And JOHN BIGG, the young man, has, in all, five shillings in his pocket; and without a thought of St. Paul's, or the Horse-Guards, resolves to have a day in the fields; to dust himself of the cobwebs of the shop, and take in a bellyfull of fresh air, and carry home with him thoughts of country sights and country sounds, that shall keep his spirit sweet and happy for the next fortnight. No disrespect to the reverence of prebends, the skill of physicians, the wisdom of chancellors, or the valour of field-marshals, but is not JOHN BIGG a wise fellow in his time? And knows he not how truly to enjoy and make the most of Primrose Hill?

BLACKWALL AND WHITE-BAIT.

RECENT experience convinces us that no summer holidays can have been conscientiously fulfilled, without a serious visit to Blackwall; so named, because, says STRYPE, it is a wall of the Thames; and further, because of the blackness of the plants that grow on the other side. What these plants were, whether ebony-trees or London geraniums, the Antiquarian does not specify; but we incline to think they were the blackthorn that, since the fall in Chinese bohea, has obtained a very general circulation, like much of the shot of the royal arsenal, in canister. Perhaps there are few things that can better reconcile a man to his unredeemed stamp, than a comfortable seat at the window of LOVEGROVE'S Tavern; called the Brunswick, from the accession of GEORGE THE SECOND and his QUEEN, who were accustomed to eat sprats incog. at a house on the site of the present tavern. The silver gridiron—type of conjugal condition and royal delights—used by the QUEEN, became the property of HORACE WALPOLE, and at the sale of the Strawberry Hill effects, was purchased by MR. PLUMPTRE, under the amiable delusion that it was the identical gridiron used in Smithfield, and chronicled in FOX'S "*Book of Martyrs.*"

Seated, we say, at the window of the Brunswick—with the dinner in short perspective—man is prepared for the sweetest impressions; and one of these is white-bait. This is a small fish, pronounced for a long time by the learned to be little other than the rudiments of fish; blighted whiting, or infant haddock. It is now, however, satisfactorily determined that the white-bait, small as it is, is nevertheless a full-grown fish; in the like way that LORD JOHN RUSSELL, however little, is, for LORD JOHN RUSSELL, a full-grown minister. For our own part, after the experience of many years—for we are proud to show hair grown grey in the consumption of white-bait—we are inclined to believe the fish a composition of the most delicious elements; the principal of which are iced punch and brown-bread-and-butter, without which no white-bait can be complete.

We understand that the most scrupulous attention is necessary to the proper cooking of white-bait. The fish must be cooked within an hour after it is caught, and it must be taken in nets of gold and silver cord, netted by mermaids for the purpose; meshes of common twine inevitably ruining the delicacy of the fairy-flavour. The cook must prepare himself for his task, by reading out one of the most delicious stories from "*The Arabian Nights*," by way of purification from the grosser business of daily life. The kitchen-boy assisting will be of all the better service if skilled in the harmonicon, or any other tender instrument that "gives delight and hurts not." The fish is cooked in water of the Pactolus in a golden pan; from which they are removed in a jewelled skimmer, once the property of PRESTER JOHN, and from him passing into the possession of the great LORD CLIVE, from whom it descended—(it is here needless to follow the zig-zag)—to the landlord of the Brunswick. The fish, removed by the skimmer, are thrown on a stratum of flour, ground from wheat grown in Elysium, flour contained in a napkin woven by Graces and Bacchantes. When deliciously smothered in the meal, they are placed in the sieve of the Danaidæ, and superfluous particles removed by skilful and tender sifting. They are next thrown into melted lard, composed of the marrow of VENUS'S doves; where an extraordinary sort of ebullition takes place. They are then removed by skimmer to cullender to drain, and served hot as love. Cayenne, from the Island of the Blessed, with lemons from the Gardens of the Hesperides, at every well-served party, invariably attend them. We feel we should insult the most inexperienced reader of either sex, did we seem to insist on iced punch. *That* is of such paramount importance, that no white-bait can be complete without it.

JULY THIRTY-ONE, EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY.

IST! There is something stirring in the air,
A movement that excites the general wonder;
Men, as they meet each other, seem aware
There is an influence that they all are under;
They know not what it is—but soon, like thunder,
The fact on all sides is by rumour hurled;
The secret from its bonds has burst asunder;
A posting bill is on the wall unfurl'd—

PUNCH GIVES AN EXTRA NUMBER TO THE ADMIRING WORLD.

A BIT OF MY MIND.

BIT THE THIRTEENTH.

MRS. MOUSER APPLIES FOR A PASSPORT TO JOIN MOUSER IN FRANCE, AND WAS NEVER "SO INSULTED BEFORE."

MR. PUNCH,—As the time is come and past when the Prime Minister in the House of Commons has drowned what MOUSER calls the blind kittens of the Session—by which, I suppose, MOUSER means the Bills that arn't to see the light this present year,—as then, I say, LORD JOHN has put his customary kittens into the pail, and what is called the wisdom of the country is about to separate—crumble to bits—like a plum-pudding that 's over-rich,—you will allow me to call the attention of my sisters of England to a scandal and abuse at which LORD PALMERSTON (as I believe is his name) is at the bottom, as he is the Foreign Office head; an abuse that strikes at the root of private families (if I 'm not using too strong language)—and violates the dearest secrecy of domestic life,—I mean a lady's age.

Yes, I must ask, what is LORD PALMERSTON—(if *that* is his name), what is he about, that he should suffer an Englishwoman, that pays taxes through her husband, to be insulted by the rudest, and I will say it, the most unprovoked and unmanly question that can be put to any gentlewoman,—need I say, a question that goes to inquire a lady's age?

But, *Mr. Punch*, you shall hear, and through you all the women of England.

MR. MOUSER is at this moment abroad. A fortnight ago I made up his portmanteau, and let him go alone; for, as I said, how could we both go, and leave the painters in the house? So he went, of course, and left me to be poisoned, as I might, which I shall not go into at present, but come to the affront I 've suffered; the worst affront that can be put upon a woman; I mean, of course, the insult put upon her age.

Well, MOUSER, as I say, being gone—and the painters at last being done—I got my things together to follow him. My boxes (and if I pride myself upon anything, it is, that I never travel with more than six trunks, two bonnet-boxes, and one bag, and a moderate basket, even if I leave home for a month)—my boxes being almost ready, I went to get my passport; for MOUSER wrote to me that they wouldn't let me join him on a foreign soil without; though he never so much as breathed the insult which, as his wife, he must have known would have been put upon me, when left by myself.

However, what I write I write as a warning for the wives of England, that, if they *do* travel, they may take care and go abroad with their husbands, on the same piece of paper. "Two figs on one stalk," as the poet says.

I went to the house of the French Ambassador; and, after what I 've suffered, to call the French polite! But I suppose it 's all come of the French revolution; all their gallantry shot away in powder and smoke. Well, I went, and after waiting—as I thought, like a menial—I was told to go into a room, and the Ambassador would see me. Out of nat'ral respect for Old England, I had of course drest myself with particular care; and though I shall not say how I looked—(not but what even the handsomest people have their well-looking days; and that day was certainly *not one of my worst*; I must say that)—though I shall not dwell upon appearances, being quite below a sensible woman—I must say, that had I come for a cook's place instead of a lady's passport, the French Ambassador couldn't have treated me more like a bear. The young man—(mind, I have no prejudice against young men as young men, by no means—but I think an Ambassador ought to have a little more of the prime of life, which prime, by the way, poor aunt PEACOCK said used to vary, being now at forty, and now at fifty-five; *she*—poor soul!—declared herself only in her prime when she died at three-score)—the young man, when I swum into the room—as, without conceit, I think I *can* swim when I like—the young man, when I entered the apartment—which was not at all unlike an attorney's office, without that faint sheep-skin smell that kills decent people—the young man never so much, as MOUSER says, moved a muscle. I 'd heard so much of French politeness; and did expect such a sample of it at the French Ambassador's, that I must confess it, I felt for the moment quite staggered; whereupon, for my presence of mind never forsakes me—and presence of mind to a female, as dear aunt PEACOCK used to say, is worth a pistol at full-cock—whereupon, didn't I draw myself up? I should think I did!

There I stood, and the Ambassador never so much as flew for a chair; but if he didn't look at me, and while with one hand he twiddled a pen, and with his other fingers coaxed a ferret-coloured moustachio, and pulled a few hairs at the end of his chin, as if they were a bell-rope, and he could get 'em all the lower by pulling 'em—well, if whilst amusing himself in this manner, and never speaking a word, he didn't actually begin to whistle!——

Well, you may believe that my blood rose, and I did begin to wish myself a man. However, as I never forget myself, that is, before strangers, and out of my own house—for with one's own husband, and under one's own roof, it 's quite a different thing,—as I 'm always cool out, I smiled what I felt to be an icy smile, saying to myself, "This is the French Ambassador; but let 's see how it will end."

There I stood; and the Ambassador, going on with his whistling, stared at me from head to foot. Yes, from the ribands of my bonnet, to the very tips of my Adelaide boots. Not that I cared a bit about his staring; I should think not—I 've seen a little too much of the world for that—not a bit; for I took his looks as if I 'd been a marble statue; looking at him again, and giving him, I should think, a little better than he sent.

However, still staring, he began—for I could feel it, *that* I could, as if the very pen was in my flesh—he began to write me down. Whereupon, as was nat'ral, I looked composed; for I 'd seen MOUSER's passport, and though he 's not so handsome a man as I might, if I 'd only liked, have had for a husband, he 's by no means—I should think not—the fright they made him.

The Ambassador smiled a bit, and went on writing. "There go my eyes upon the paper," said I to myself, as he looked at me; and whether or no, I did feel 'em twinkle. "And that 's my nose, I 'm sure of it," for it suddenly burned so; "and that 's my mouth," and I *couldn't* help smiling at the thought,—"and that 's my complexion,"—for I felt a flush,—"and that 's my hair; and now I 'm finished." And having given my name, of course, I thought it was all over; when the Ambassador—as if he had been asking for the coolest thing in life—said, in a sort of English that even a poodle might be ashamed of—

"What is your age?"

"What!" cried I, and they might have heard me in the street.

"What is your age?" said the Ambassador once more, twisting his ferret moustachio in such an aggravating way that I could have torn it off.

"Well," said I, "what next?" And that 's all he got out of me.

"What is Madame's age?" said the Ambassador, beginning to laugh.

"What a question for a polite Frenchman!" said I, laughing too. "Ask a lady's age! Well, I 'm sure!"

"I must know Madame's age," said the Ambassador.

"It 's like your impudence," said I, "and you 'll know nothing of the sort."

"Then Madame can't go to France," said the Ambassador, throwing down his pen.

"What is it to France how old I am? France is very curious. Perhaps I 'm five-and-twenty," said I.

"Five-and-twenty," cried the Ambassador, and where he learnt the words I can't tell, "suppose, Madame, for sport, we go double or quits?"

My blood *did* boil, but I contrived to say nothing—only to laugh.

"Really, Madame," said the brute, beginning to be gruff, "I must have your age."

"Well, then," said I, throwing my veil quite back as if daring him to do his worst, "as for my age, there 's my face; and take what you like out of *that*."

The wretch laughed—wrote something—and gave me my passport, which I did not look at, I was in such a passion, till I 'd locked myself fairly in my room at home.

Would you believe it? When I unfolded the passport, I saw within as my description:—

"*Agée*"——which is French for "Aged"——

But no, *Mr. Punch*, not even to you will I reveal the insult that 's been put upon me. No; I leave it for my fellow sisters to guess; and with it, this warning: not to have a passport to themselves, but—for then they say nothing about years—but when they do go abroad, to go on the same sheet with their husbands.

The Honeysuckles. Yours, insulted AMELIA MOUSER.

WE MUST ALL BOW TO CIRCUMSTANCES.

WE have no objection to bow to circumstances, like all the rest of the world, but we must say, that there is something rather unpleasant in being obliged to bow under such a very disagreeable circumstance as the lowering of a steamboat funnel on to your head, in passing through a bridge. We have frequently found ourselves under the painful necessity of nursing in our lap a large iron chimney, suddenly thrown upon our knees, or we have been exposed to the reception in our face of a tremendous volume of smoke, discharged from the mouth of a steamboat funnel, brought unexpectedly flush with our eyes, nose, and mouth, as we were admiring the architecture of one of the Metropolitan bridges.

NAPOLEON CROSSING THE ALPS.

THIS grand historical sight may be seen three or four nights a week at the Surrey Zoological Gardens: NAPOLEON crosses the Alps in a manner that is not mentioned, we believe, by THIERS, or BOURRIENNE, or SIR WALTER SCOTT, or "*Chambers' Tracts*," or any other historian. The manner in which he effects it is by sliding on at a slow pace across a large sheet of water, and, as he is on horseback, the reading, it will be clear, is quite a new one. What lake there is up in the Alps we do not know; and whether NAPOLEON crossed it on his celebrated white horse, which seems to have had a wonderful talent for standing on his hind legs, we have looked into every kind of history, including the authentic versions published every year at FRANCONI'S and ASTLEY'S, but cannot find, to our disappointment, the smallest record of the fact. However, as NAPOLEON did everything differently from everybody else, it is very probable that he did as he is represented, or that he would have done so, if there had been a lake. Another curious circumstance is, that NAPOLEON crossed the Alps amidst a brilliant display of fireworks —so brilliant a display, in fact, that if it had taken place at the elevation of Mont St. Bernard, or Mont Blanc, or from any other of the great heights to which NAPOLEON'S ambition delighted to climb, the reflection must have been seen all over Europe; and the result would have been that MR. BRAIDWOOD would have been galloping for days all over England with his engines in search of the fire.

We have always understood that NAPOLEON crossed the Alps in the daytime, for the ascent would have been too perilous at night with a horse like the one DAVID has given him, which must, in one of its extraordinary amphitheatrical *jambades*, have tumbled, rider and all, over the first precipice that came in its way; and if NAPOLEON did cross in the daytime, it is very clear he never would have done it in the company of a grand display of fireworks, the effect of which would have been perfectly lost. NAPOLEON was not so fond of hiding his candle under a bushel as to burn ten thousand Roman candles in the broad daylight. He was quite clever enough to know that a kind of *jeu* like that certainly *ne valait pas la chandelle*, or at least so many *chandelles*.

Beyond this, we must say the *coup-d'œil* is very good; and if NAPOLEON had to go over the Alps again, there is no doubt that, knowing the love the French have for theatrical display, he would give orders to have it performed in perfectly a similar manner to the one MESSRS. DANSON and SOUTHBY have so cleverly arranged for him; although we doubt if he would ride across a lake on horseback; and we have our misgivings, also, whether he would allow his Grand Maréchal JULLIEN —and a Maréchal JULLIEN certainly is in his way, for has he not his bâton?—to play "*God save the Queen*" just as the last discharge of Catherine wheels were running about like mad, in the astonished atmosphere.

With these small exceptions, we are positive that NAPOLEON would not wish to cross the Alps in better style than he does three or four times a week at that grand shilling'sworth of beasts, flowers, music, and fireworks—the Surrey Zoological.

THE EXPENSE OF EQUITY.—LORD COTTENHAM is about to retire upon 5000*l.* per annum—deserving it, to be sure, as much as an Ex-Chancellor could do. This is the usual superannuation allowance of Lord Chancellors—or Lord High Chancellors, as they are more properly called, for certainly they do run very high.

THINGS FOR A GERMAN TO CALCULATE.

WE always thought that an American was the best person to calculate; but it seems that there is in London an extraordinary "Calculating German." We have not yet had the pleasure of hearing this wonderful Deutscher, who, we are told, throws sums and figures about, and catches them as skilfully as RAMO SAMEE did cannon-balls, but we take the liberty of proposing to him the following simple calculations, to which we shall be too happy to receive the proper answers.

Will he be kind enough to tell us—

When the Great German Empire is likely to be founded, and what city is likely to be the capital of it?

When those facts are ascertained beyond the fraction of a doubt, if he would endeavour to calculate the longest period the said German Empire is likely to last, and, supposing it lasts six months, how far distant that great fact will be from the Millennium of the world?

How often has Austria committed bankruptcy, and what is the sum total of its several bankruptcies, and whether it is capable of paying a kreutzer in the pound?

What is the number of political prisoners in Austria, Prussia, and the little despotic principalities of Germany?

Calculate what good the long-denounced, long-delayed Constitution has done Prussia, and whether it was worth while waiting so very long for so very little?

Calculate the revenue Nassau and Baden-Baden derive from their own resources, and tell us how many times greater or lesser they are than the revenues they draw from those German "sinks of iniquity," the gaming-tables?

Ascertain, if you can, and tell us the name of the German who does not smoke?

Also ascertain, and pray tell us once for all, "*Was ist das Vaterland?*" —for we have heard it many hundred times, but we never could make out.

THE MONSTER STRAWBERRY.

STRAWBERRIES have now-a-days such "greatness thrust upon them" by the application of the forcing process at the hands of the gardener, that it is quite alarming. So tremendous has been the size of some of these specimens of enormity which we have witnessed, that we are quite sure there would not have been room for more than one in a bed of these gigantic Strawberries. If the system of forcing is applied generally to all other fruits, as it has been to the Strawberry, we shall be having the common cherry weighing a stone, and the bigaroon growing bigger and bigger, until "two bites at a cherry" will no longer be regarded as an absurdity.

Exhibition of Industry.

THE Exhibition of Industry, as far as it has gone, shows the following results:—

The Industry of complaining, and the Industry of finding fault, and the Industry of making mistakes, but with very little Industry to repair them.

There has also been a wonderful Industry in collecting money, but a shameful lack of Industry on the part of those who have the means to pay, and ought to pay, but somehow will not pay.

THE FOLLY OF A NIGHT.

THIS Sunday-letter-stoppage business has become so absurd, that it is almost wanting in good sense to treat it seriously; so we recommend that some great elocutionist, MR. JONES, MR. JOHN COOPER, or MR. FREDERICK WEBSTER, be deputed to wait upon the Post-Office, and try to cure it of the ridiculous "impediment in its delivery."

A LEGACY TO FLUNKIES.

To MR. RUFUS RUFFY, *Patriot.*

INCERELY, dear RUFUS, you will rejoice to hear that the system of artificial aristocracy, which you abhor so vehemently, has received a very damaging blow.

"You, RUFUS, if you had the ordering of affairs, would cause the coronet to be torn from the brow of the decorated lordling, and trampled beneath the feet of an indignant people. Not so I. I would as soon think of bereaving an Ojibbeway of his top-knot, or an inmate of St. Luke's of his diadem of straw; nay, of depriving you, my RUFUS, of your honest brown-paper cap. But if you could anyhow persuade my Lord quietly to unbonnet himself, and dispose of his pericrania embellishment to MR. NATHAN, the masquerade warehouseman,—I think that would be advisable.

"Flunkeyism, dear RUFUS, is not extirpated by the destruction of its outward shoulder-knots, plush, and gold lace. Witness the French, and others. If you would annihilate it, attack it in its spirit and principle—its inward vanity and baseness. The stroke which I congratulate you on its having had, was thus aimed at its vitals. I allude to the hit inflicted on flunkeyism, posthumously, by SIR ROBERT PEEL, in the request that none of his family should accept of any distinction for services which he may be considered to have rendered to the State.

"SIR ROBERT PEEL was a wise man, RUFUS; a great statesman. To find one as great, we shall have to go back very far in English history, and I wish you could tell me where to stop before we come to KING-LAWGIVER ALFRED. I don't mean to compare the two. I only mean to say that PEEL was better than a WALPOLE or a CECIL; and has he not been a greater benefactor, at least, to us, than PITT?

"Now, this wise man declares by solemn testament, that he will not have his family ennobled on his account. This is either a protest against the principle of hereditary rank, or it is an expression of contempt for title altogether; and very probably it is both. We know, RUFUS, that PEEL might have been made a Peer over and over again; but he preferred to remain plain ROBERT PEEL, with no other handle to his name than a Sir, which, as the world went, he could not have thrown away without turning Quaker.

"A man is ennobled by his deeds. A great name, simple of itself, is a sufficient inheritance of dignity for any family. Men are born unequal —*not* equal, as you say, RUFUS—unequal in the scale of humanity, from the zero of fatuity upwards. Let us be content with the honour and glory that come naturally to us, and consider them as derogated from by investiture with ribbons and trinkets. We won't be bedizened, and lackered, and silvered, and gilt, and embroidered, to be admired and envied—envied, mind, my RUFUS, as well as admired—by the ignoble herd.

"Thus I paraphrase the departed statesman's injunction to his family, and I reverently say ditto to ROBERT PEEL. Real, genuine, cool contempt, RUFUS, is the only influence that will wither Flunkeyism. Indignation rather tends to encourage it, being generally a testimony to the importance of its honours borne by an unhappy flunkey out of place.

"Yours, dear RUFUS,

"ALGERNON HAMPDEN MILTON SIDNEY."

AN IMAGINARY DIALOGUE ON THE EXHIBITION OF 1851.

(*Between* DR. JOHNSON *and* BOSWELL.)

Boswell. WHAT do you think, Sir, of the Exhibition of 1851?

Johnson. Sir, I think it would be a very good thing in its proper place. It will promote international sociality, and augment the trade of London. But, Sir, I am sorry it is to be held in Hyde Park; though the disfigurement of the Park will happily be obviated by the substitution of MR. PAXTON'S magnificent glass fabric for an unsightly edifice of brick and mortar.

Boswell. Don't you think, Sir, that a public Park ought to be used for a public purpose?

Johnson. Sir, you might as well ask whether a public building ought not to be used as a public-house. Sir, the Park *is* used for a public purpose. It is used for the purpose of taking air and exercise.

Boswell. But, Sir, are not they who use Hyde Park for that purpose a limited class of persons, consisting principally of gentlefolks and people of quality?

Johnson. No, Sir. The great people ride in the Ring and Rotten Row, and the common people go to look at them. The fine folks are a pretty show. The diversified liveries of their servants are pleasing, their complacent countenances impart cheerfulness, and their gay apparel and handsome equipages exhilarate the spectators. Sir, did you never observe how the populace shouts for joy to see a splendid carriage going to the races?

Boswell. But how, Sir, will the Exhibition interfere with the diversion of walking or riding in the Park?

Johnson. Sir, by creating a miscellaneous concourse of persons who will be noisy, and whose trampling will wear away the turf. They will thus destroy the quiet and verdure, which afford refreshment to the eye and tranquillity to the mind. And, Sir, they will overrun Kensington Gardens, and probably injure and deface them, besides committing depredations in the vicinity.

Boswell. But has it not been proved, Sir, that the notion that the people will do mischief, if admitted to such places, is erroneous?

Johnson. Yes, Sir. But a promiscuous rabble, such as collects at a fair, and such as will be attracted by this Exhibition, is not the people. Sir, large numbers of the people will be incapable of attending the Exhibition at all. The agricultural labourers, and the poorer mechanics throughout the country, will neither be able to afford the time nor the money requisite for a journey to London. Besides, Sir, if the Exhibition were ever so much the people's concern, it ought, nevertheless, to be assigned a suitable place. Sir, the people do not want their Park to be turned into a fair-ground any more than a nobleman would like his own to be served so. Sir, if you had a conservatory, and I were to tell you that you ought to convert it into a kennel, simply because you had a right to do what you pleased with it, you would think that either I insulted your understanding, or was a fool.

Boswell. But where *would* you have the Exhibition, Sir?

Johnson. Sir, in some place where the neighbours would be glad to have it, and not in one where they will consider it a nuisance.

Boswell. But you would not recommend a shabby site for it, Sir?

Johnson. Sir, I do not mean to pun; but the Exhibition, wherever it is, will include a sufficient sight in itself. The site of Covent Garden is shabby; and yet people of fashion will go there to hear Italian Operas. No, Sir. Let the Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations be established in a situation, where, while it is admired as a stupendous spectacle, it shall not also be execrated as a monstrous bore.

LOOK AT HOME, GENTLEMEN.

A LARGE deputation of Provosts from Glasgow have waited, it seems, upon LORD JOHN RUSSELL to entreat of him to enforce the new postal regulations on the Sabbath. Might we recommend to these too zealous Provosts to busy themselves a little more with the purification of their own city? Surely there is plenty to occupy them at home, without rushing all the way to London to seek for moral employment? If we have been rightly informed, Glasgow is the most immoral town in the whole United Kingdom, and that many worse things than receiving or sending a letter occur there every Sunday. Drunkenness, we are told, runs about the streets in the most debauched state. If this be true, and we are afraid there is no doubt of it, it is very evident that these worthy magistrates may be acting up rigidly to the *Letter* of the Sabbath, but at the same time they sadly overlook the *Spirit*.

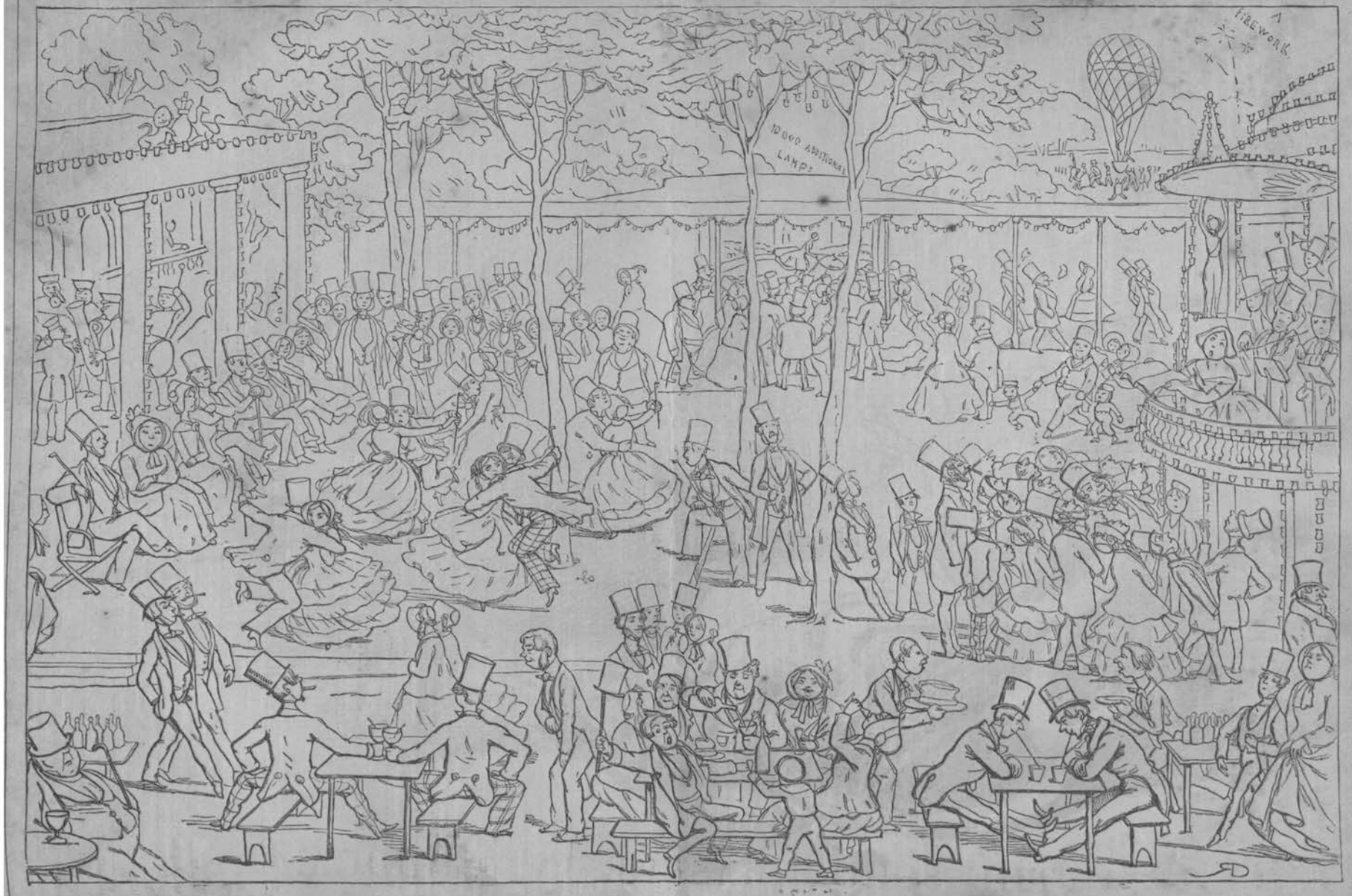
A New Way to Pave Old Ones.

WESTMINSTER BRIDGE is in a very bad state, and so is King's Road, Eaton Square. At present they are almost useless, and all but impassable. We propose, therefore, that Westminster Bridge be pulled down to repair the King's Road, and that a new rate be levied on the MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER, or LORD GROSVENOR, or the parish, or whoever the shabby delinquent is, for the erection of a new bridge. At all events, the metropolis would have gained one good way instead of two bad ones, which we call a very good way of getting over two difficulties.

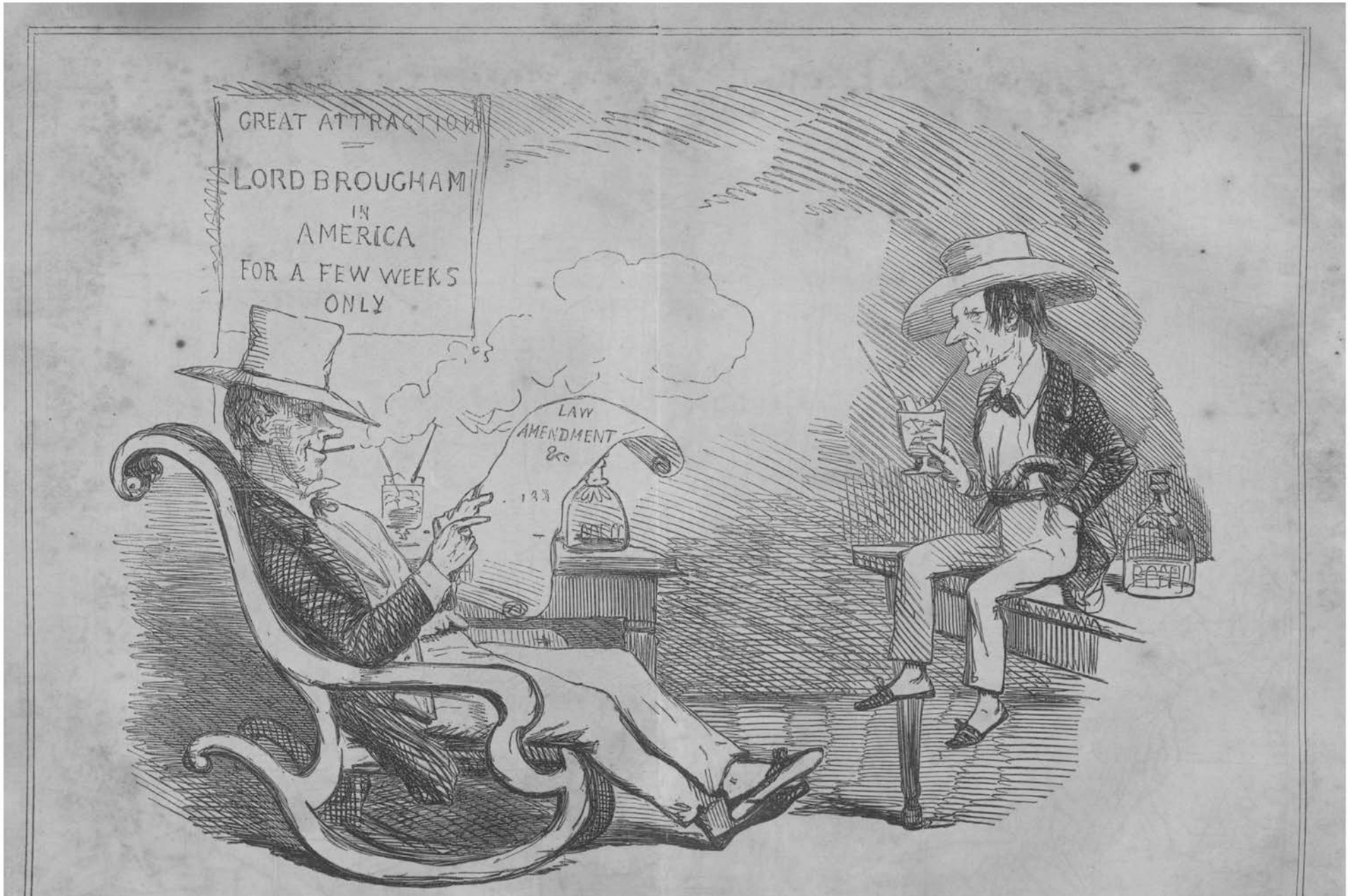
Charity made Easy.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL would not accede to MR. HUME'S amendment of £8000 a-year to the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE,—the Duke must have £12,000, because he was expected to be charitable. *Mr. Punch*—upon his own responsibility—offers to find any number of individuals who will be twice as charitable as the present Duke upon exactly half the grant. How droll charity *may* be! You give a Duke a heap of money that he may be benevolent, and then laud him to the skies for this paid philanthropy!

Manners and Customs of Ye Englyshe (New Series) No. 9.



VAUXHALL.



THE SCHOOLMASTER IN AMERICA.

"The noble and learned Lord then took occasion to express the great respect which he entertained for the eminent lawyers which America produced, and he repeated that it was his intention to visit that country in the Spring."—*House of Lords, Monday, July* 15.

BETWEEN MR. AND MRS. JONES AND THE POST.

Being Last Scenes from the Life of a (Late) UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

Time.—Monday, the 22nd of July. A quarter to 9 o'clock, P.M.

SCENE.—*The parlour of* MR. SMITHERS, *at Brixton, with* MR. *and* MRS. SMITHERS, *and the* LATE UNPROTECTED FEMALE *enjoying themselves at the tea-table. The* LATE UNPROTECTED FEMALE *occupies the place of honour.*

Mrs. Smithers. Another cup, my dear—you really must.

Late Unprotected Female. Oh! no indeed—I couldn't really. It's getting *so* late. I've had a most delightful day! I really must be going.

Mr. Smithers. Then I'll ring for the—

[*Rings without concluding his sentence.*

Enter Maid with tray and tumblers. MR. SMITHERS *goes to the cellaret, and brings out an elaborate liqueur case.*

Late Unprotected Female. Oh—no, I really couldn't—I never do. No, really—now.

Mr. Smithers (*cordially*). Pooh—pooh—come, I know if JONES were here, he'd insist.

Mrs. Smithers (*coaxingly*). Just a leetle, very sweet and weak. Remember you've an hour's ride before you.

Late Unprotected Female. Well, you're so kind—but I declare I had rather not.

[MR. SMITHERS *mixes a small tumbler remarkably sweet and tolerably stiff.* MRS. JONES *discusses it with unconscious relish. Clock strikes nine.*

Late Unprotected Female. Oh, dear, there's nine o'clock! And how ever I'm to venture home alone, in that omnibus? I'm sure MR. JONES won't like it.

Mr. Smithers. Well, if he *will* go and leave his wife (*he smiles*), he must take the consequences. Catch me leaving MRS. SMITHERS.

Mrs. Smithers. Nonsense, MR. SMITHERS. How *can* you? He's such a man, MRS. JONES!

Late Unprotected Female (*proudly*). Oh—so is MR. J., I assure you.

Mr. Smithers. But I'll tell you what, MRS. JONES, I'll drive you home in my pony-chaise. There!

Late Unprotected Female. Oh—but are you sure it's very quiet?

Mr. Smithers. Quiet as a lamb. I'll trundle you to Coram Street in half an hour.

Late Unprotected Female. Oh—thank you—I'm sure.

[*Exit* MR. SMITHERS, *to order the chaise, and see the pony put to. Exit* MRS. SMITHERS, *with* LATE UNPROTECTED FEMALE, *to put on "her things."*

[SCENE *changes to the road, with* MR. SMITHERS *and* MRS. JONES *in the pony-chaise. The* LATE UNPROTECTED FEMALE *is harassed with vague terrors, in no way justified by the conduct of the pony.*

Late Unprotected Female. Oh—there's an omnibus! Oh—he'll be running away. Do hold him tight.

[*Tries to grasp the reins, for the purpose of assisting* MR. SMITHERS *in holding him tight.*

Mr. Smithers (*testily*). Don't—Marm—confound it—don't, or you'll upset us. I tell you he's steady as a rock—chck—chck—

Late Unprotected Female. Oh—I know—but they *will* shy so. I declare when J. drove me down to Kew, last Sunday fortnight, I was quite ill. He *would* go so close to the omnibuses and things!

Mr. Smithers. When do you expect JONES home?

Late Unprotected Female. Oh—I should have expected him to-day—but he hasn't written. He always writes when on his *journeys*—I begged him to, and I must say he has been very thoughtful. Oh—what *is* that white thing by the roadside?

Mr. Smithers (*gallantly*). Well, I'm glad JONES didn't come back to-day, or we shouldn't have had the pleasure of your company.

Late Unprotected Female. Oh, you're very kind, I'm sure. I should have had a very lonely day at home, so I sent the maid out, and thought I'd run down and see MRS. SMITHERS.

Mr. Smithers (*humorously*). And *me*, too, MRS. JONES, eh?

Late Unprotected Female (*playfully*). Be quiet, do—you foolish creature! Oh—there's something with lamps! (*During these and other such passages of mingled alarm and badinage, they have reached Coram Street, opposite* MRS. JONES'S *door.*) Oh, gracious goodness! Oh, dear!

[MRS. JONES *is taken very uncomfortable.*

Mr. Smithers (*pulling up short*). What's the matter now?

Late Unprotected Female. Oh, look—there's a light in the parlour. Oh, look—it's going upstairs! Oh—see—it's on the first floor! Oh, there must be thieves in the house—I'm certain there are thieves! Oh, dear me!

Mr. Smithers. Pooh, pooh—thieves wouldn't go about with lights, that way. It's the servant come back.

Late Unprotected Female. No, she couldn't get at the candles. They're locked up. She's so wasteful. It's thieves. Oh—hadn't we better go for a policeman. Oh, there's one! Here! [*About to summon* A 22.

Mr. Smithers. Stop—stop! Don't make a fool of yourself. Here, policeman. (A 22 *approaches.*) Just stand at the pony's head, willyou, a minute—and keep an eye on the door—there. [*Pointing to* JONES'S.

A 22 (*anticipating beer*). All right. [*He takes up his position.*

Mr. Smithers. Now, MRS. JONES. [*Offers to hand her out.*

Late Unprotected Female. Oh—I daren't—I never can go in.

Mr. Smithers. Come along. Ain't there me, and the Policeman?

Late Unprotected Female (*is with difficulty got out of the chaise; they pause at the door*). Oh—I've the key somewhere. (*Institutes a rigorous but agitated search.*) Oh—no—eh? Oh—I must have forgotten it.

Mr. Smithers. The door's on the latch!

[*Opens it, and enters, leading in* MRS. JONES.

Late Unprotected Female (*in agony at the discovery*). Oh—I said it was thieves! (*A noise heard within.*) There! They're breaking things open. (*Prepares to faint on the passage-mat.*) I never can go in—no, never!

Mr. Smithers (*somewhat blank*). What nonsense! Where are the lucifers? But if you insist on it, I can ask the policeman to go in first.

[*Is going towards the door for the purpose. A light suddenly appears on the first floor landing.*

Late Unprotected Female. Oh—they're coming—they're coming. Oh—dear—Police—Police!

[AWFUL APPEARANCE OF MR. JONES, ON THE LANDING-PLACE! *His countenance expresses hunger and irritation. His clothes are dusty and disordered. In his right hand he holds a candlestick, in his left a silver fork much twisted.*

Mr. Jones. Don't be a fool, woman! Hold your row, will you? (*To* A 22, *who has entered at* MRS. JONES'S *call.*) What the devil do *you* want?

Mr. Smithers. Why, it's JONES! Halloa—JONES, how are you? (*To Policeman.*) It's all right. It's the master of the house.

Late Unprotected Female (*makes arrangements for a fit of hysterics on the stairs*). Oh—oh—oh—oh! How could you?—oh—oh—why didn't you?—oh—oh—

Jones (*fiercely and brutally*). Why didn't I?—but I did! Why didn't *you*, Ma'am? Here's pretty behaviour! But I won't stand it. By JOVE, I won't stand it. [*He digs the fork into the dining-room door.*

Mr. Smithers. Is the man mad? What's the meaning of it all?

Late Unprotected Female. Oh, dear—oh, dear! Oh—JONES, dear. Oh—what *have* I done?

Jones. Here's a state of things! I come home after a week's journey—dusty and dirty, and tired. I find no wife—no servant—and no dinner ready—and the keys gone—and I can't find so much as a bit of cold meat! and I've pricked my fingers, and broken two of these infernal albata forks, trying to open the sideboard. And then, my wife comes back late at night—with a friend (*sarcastically, and with a fierce look at* MR. SMITHERS)—and calls the police to take me into custody in my own passage! Oh, by JOVE, I'll not stand it!

[*He repeats his assault on the dining-room door.*

Late Unprotected Female (*firing up under the attack*). Well, to be sure! and whose fault is it, I should like to know? Why didn't you write, and say you were coming, and not sneak home in this way, like a bad character?

Mr. Jones (*indignantly*). I *did* write. I wrote on Saturday from Birmingham. I posted the letter myself. So, it's no use for you to deny it.

Late Unprotected Female. Oh, you base man! Oh—how can you say so? there's been no letter delivered—I believe you're deceiving me—you want to quarrel with your poor wife—you know you do. [*Sobs vehemently.*

Mr. Smithers (*with a sudden illumination*). I know—I know—it's that precious new Post-Office arrangement. It's the Sunday stoppage!

Mr. Jones. So it is—my letter won't be delivered till to-morrow! Oh—my dear MARTHA! (*takes her in his arms*) I'm very sorry I forgot myself—but I've been so uncomfortable!

Late Unprotected Female (*with a great gush of emotion*). Oh—JONES! That explains everything! Oh—I wonder (*a pause*) if LORD ASHLEY'S a married man, and ever goes journeys? I only hope it mayn't come back upon LADY ASHLEY, as it has upon me—that's all!

Mr. Jones. I say, SMITHERS, you'll stop and take a glass of something comfortable? My dear, *is* there anything to eat in the house? For I came home at five—and it's ten now—and I've had nothing since breakfast, and you can't think how miserable I've been. Now, do see what you can do for us, there's a dear.

[*Exit the* LATE UNPROTECTED FEMALE, *on household cares intent.*

SCENE *closes.*

ELEGANT AND RATIONAL DINNER COSTUME FOR THIS CLOSE WEATHER.

A SIGN-Y QUA NON.

THE proposition of the French Government that every article in every newspaper should be signed with the writer's name, would, if it were applied to this country, cause some extraordinary revelations relating to the Mysteries of the Press. It would have an odd and rather startling effect to find a beautifully eulogistic criticism on JONES's last new novel signed "JOHN JONES;" and it would be rather amusing, at the termination of a long article in praise of MR. GAGGER's acting, to arrive at the words JACOB GAGGER, appended to the end of it. The world would be a little astonished now and then by the disclosure of the magnates of the diurnal press; and would marvel to know that the great We's are sometimes very Wee people after all.

IT IS VERY CURIOUS.

"IT's very curious," says a young lady whom we know, "that the tortoise, from whom we get all our tortoise-shell combs, has no hair!"

A SIMPLE QUESTION OF COLOUR!

WHETHER, instead of calling the new singer "The Black MALIBRAN," it would not have been better to have called her "THE BLACK DIAMOND?"

THE "RIDICULUS MUS" OF THE MOUNTAIN.—MONSIEUR ÉMILE GIRARDIN.

SUNDAY MAILS FOR MINISTERS.

AHA! You see now why LORD JOHN RUSSELL and his colleagues have resisted so gently the Sabbatarian invasion of the liberty of the subject. St. Martin-le-Grand has let the cat out of the bag in the following notice:—

"BY COMMAND OF THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL.—To all postmasters, sub-postmasters, and letter receivers.—General Post-Office, July, 1850.—With reference to instruction No. 21, 1850, relative to the discontinuance of the collection and delivery of the letters on a Sunday, it must be clearly understood that the regulations therein laid down do not apply to the letters addressed to Cabinet Ministers, or to the officers of Government mentioned in Section 18, Part 16, of the Book of General Instructions to Postmasters. These letters must still be forwarded on Sunday by the ordinary despatch."

It is not surprising that Ministers should put up contentedly with a public inconvenience which does not affect themselves. As one man may steal a horse whilst another may not look over a hedge, so may the Premier be allowed to have a letter of this sort forwarded to him on Sunday:—

"DEAR JOHNNY, "*Woburn, July* 21.

"*Déjeûner à la fourchette* here early. If you have nothing better to do, come. "BEDFORD."

Whereas, such an epistle as the following may be kept lying a whole day in the Post-Office.

"DEAR FATHER, "*Manchester, Sunday Morning.*"

"A sad change has come over poor Mother suddenly. Return directly, if you wish to see her alive.

"Your affectionate Son,
"W. WEFT."

Sunday is a *dies non* to the public at large, but the Ministerial *non* of the day is non-observance. Such is Sabbatomaniacal legislation.

A THOUGHT FOR MR. HORSMAN.

CHEMISTRY teaches that every particle of matter which disappears in combustion or evaporation may be obtained in a liquid or gaseous form. How interesting it would be, if we could, by any means, collect and exhibit the spiritual products of the expenditure of episcopal incomes!

THE PARLIAMENTARY JOE MILLER.

MEMBERS of Parliament are becoming such professed jokers, that we really tremble for our livelihood. It is too bad of Hon. M.P.'s to interfere with our bread and cheese, as we do not attempt to interfere with theirs. We can conscientiously assert, we never resorted to bribery or corruption; we can proudly confess that we never, to the best of our recollection, barked like a dog, nor crowed like a cock, nor whistled like a steam-engine. It must not be supposed that we are jealous of "Honourable Members." Their jokes are so bad, that, without any affectation, or pulling up of our shirt-collars, we could not make them, if we were to try ever so much. Their facetiousness has all the compilation and weight of a Blue-book about it—so much so, that if we were reduced to the verge of jocular destitution, we could not stoop to pick up anything so cumbrous and heavy. It would be like putting a policeman's boot on the legs of a butterfly. It is not jealousy, but mere prudence, that makes us speak out. It is the infection of bad joking that we dread; for whereas one bad orange will spoil an entire cargo, so a number of bad jokes being thrown into the market, will spoil the pure commodity, and lessen the demand for it.

The debates are quite heavy enough, without the addition of any extra heaviness, and it is really growing a pain from which no chloroform can relieve us, to wade through the *facetiæ* of the large corps of Parliamentary *farceurs*. It is like reading one of the early editions of *Joe Miller*. The jokes of the *Clown* in the Ring are positively new compared to those which are followed in the reports by "Laughter," "Great Laughter," "More Laughter." We imagine that, as Hon. Members are indebted to MR. BARRY for their House, so they argue that they should be equally indebted to his namesake, MR. BARRY, of Astley's Amphitheatre, for their speeches. If this taste for punning is not checked in its early stage of punyhood, St. Stephens will become very little better than a Circus, and the sooner WIDDICOMB is installed as Whipper-in the better it will be for the dignity and general appearance of the House. We have put ourselves to the trouble of collecting a choice number of these legislative pleasantries, and in a week or so we hope, if our courage holds good, to astonish the poor reader with a specimen or two—selecting, in charity, those which shall be the least aged—of our Parliamentary *Joe Miller*.

ADVERTISEMENTS IN HIGH LIFE.

APROPOS of certain contemp'ated reductions in the Civil List, LORD BROUGHAM is reported to have said in the House of Lords that—

"The English aristocracy would be lowered if such things were allowed to pass as he knew were now passing, namely, that a lady of the highest rank, connected with the families of dukes and marquesses by the nearest ties, was reduced to the humiliating necessity of advertising for the necessary employment."

Whose fault is this, HENRY, but that of the dukes and marquesses themselves? The "nearest ties" whereby this poor lady is connected with her noble relations seem to be purse-strings, which she has a pull upon that draws them uncommonly tight. The meanness of persons of quality in allowing members of their order to advertise for employment would look less vulgar if a paper were started under the name of the *Aristocratic Advertiser*, in which the thing might be done in proper style. The column of advertisements for situations should be headed "WANT PLACES UNDER GOVERNMENT OR ABOUT THE COURT. —All Letters to be sealed with a Crest." Subjoined are imaginary examples of the "Wants."

AS MAID OF HONOUR. A young Lady, who can be confidently recommended as niece to a Duke, sister-in-law to a Peer, and first cousin to several Baronets. Address to Lady A. B., 984, Park Lane.

AS GROOM OF THE STOLE. A noble middle-aged Lord, the proprietor of half a county, accustomed to attend to his stable. Direct to the Earl of X., care of MR. SMITH, House of Lords.

AS REGISTRAR TO A BISHOP, or something of that sort.—The younger son of a family of rank, who enjoys a high degree in fashionable estimation, but had the misfortune to be plucked at Oxford. As the young gentleman's abilities are moderate, and his habits expensive, lightness of employment would be an object, combined with largeness of salary; indeed, a regular sinecure would be preferred. Direct to S. S., Esq., Albany, Letter Z.

AS DIPLOMATIC EMPLOYE.—A Baronet, aged 24, who finds it necessary to dispose of his estate. Has no encumbrance except his debts, and no objection to travel. Can have a three years' character from his place in the country. Address to PARCHMENT AND VELLUM, Solicitors, Chancery Lane.

In other parts of the paper, Gold Sticks, Black Rods, Stars, Garters, Ribbons, and other valuables of that nature might be advertised for, to the great mutual convenience of noblemen and gentlemen commanding votes on the one hand, and of the Ministry for the time being on the other.

But to return to LORD BROUGHAM's distressed noblewoman. Her case may be dealt with easily enough by certain individual members of the House of Lords, whom it concerns. Would that their collective Lordships could as easily dispose of that of the millions who can obtain no employment, although they advertise for it, and pay a most monstrous tax for so doing!

CLAIMS OF THE BRITISH CHORUS.

To Mr. Punch.

ONSIDERING, Sir, you frequently oblige the world with songs, we make bold to implore you to give us a little employment occasionally. At present we are in a state of destitution for want of an engagement. We have seen better days, and in good old English times were continually in requisition as Chorus. But now, we are sorry to say, we are entirely superseded by our foreign rivals, Tra La Lira La. We submit that they have no advantage of us whatever, either in respect of sound or sense, and are

Sir, your obedient humble Servants,

TOL DE ROL LOL.

THE HARDEST WORKED MAN IN THE CITY.

A FOREIGNER, writing of London, with the usual ignorance of foreigners, says, "The duties of the City Remembrancer are to remind the Aldermen and Common Councilmen when they *forget themselves*." We can only say that, if these were his duties, no one man could do it.

LOST TO ALL SENSE OF TOUCH, SIGHT, AND FEELING.

THE Keepers of the Records know so little of the Records entrusted to their charge, that, when asked for any particular document, their answer invariably is, "*Non mi Ricordo*."

SUNDAY AT THE MINT.

JOHN THOMAS, full private of the 190th Greens, and a Sabbath man to the back bone, thinks his a partic'larly hard case.

LORD ASHLEY—(and may he never be a Cabinet-made Minister, because as I read t'other day at the Warrior's Gate tap, all Cabinet-made Ministers are to have their letters delivered to 'em on Sundays whether they will or no)—LORD ASHLEY has stopped Sunday labour at the Post-Office, though they do say the labour 's to begin agin, but that 's not it.

LORD ASHLEY is asked to look at the Sunday labour in the army; and most partic'larly at the beknighted state of the loyal 190th Greens, at present doing duty at the QUEEN's Mint.

For the last three Sundays, have I, JOHN THOMAS, full-private, and cetera, been upon guard as sentry during the very hours of forenoon church. Here have I been walking up and down, hugging Brown Bess—(which, if it come to fighting, they 'd make me load with ball, and fire away upon the Sabbath, thick as pepper,)—here have I, on Sunday, been guarding the Mint, and therefore, in a manner in which there can be no mistake about it, serving MAMMON, while all the Post-Offices is shut, and LORD ASHLEY in his Sunday pew blessing himself for the Post-Offices being at church.

Now, I put it to LORD ASHLEY, whether the souls of the loyal 190th Greens are not to be cared for by Parliament House as well as the souls of Post-masters and missuses? And why should the army do duty on Sundays ('specially at the Mint, where is the root of all evil), when, as LORD ASHLEY can prove as well as he 's proved the wickedness of Sunday letters, that on Sunday even the Army of Martyrs was made and intended to do nothing but stand-at-ease?

Postscript.—The loyal 190th Greens cannot help thanking MR. STUMPTREE, MR. DE NEWGATE, and the other friends of LORD ASHLEY, for having put down the Popish florin. Only them as has had to do it, can judge of the feelings of the 190th, called upon to do duty at a Mint, with a Paypist Master at the head, and no DEAF FIDD upon the silver that came out of it, which fully accounted for the blight in the 'tatos. God save the QUEEN.—JOHN THOMAS.

THE NEPAULESE HUNT.

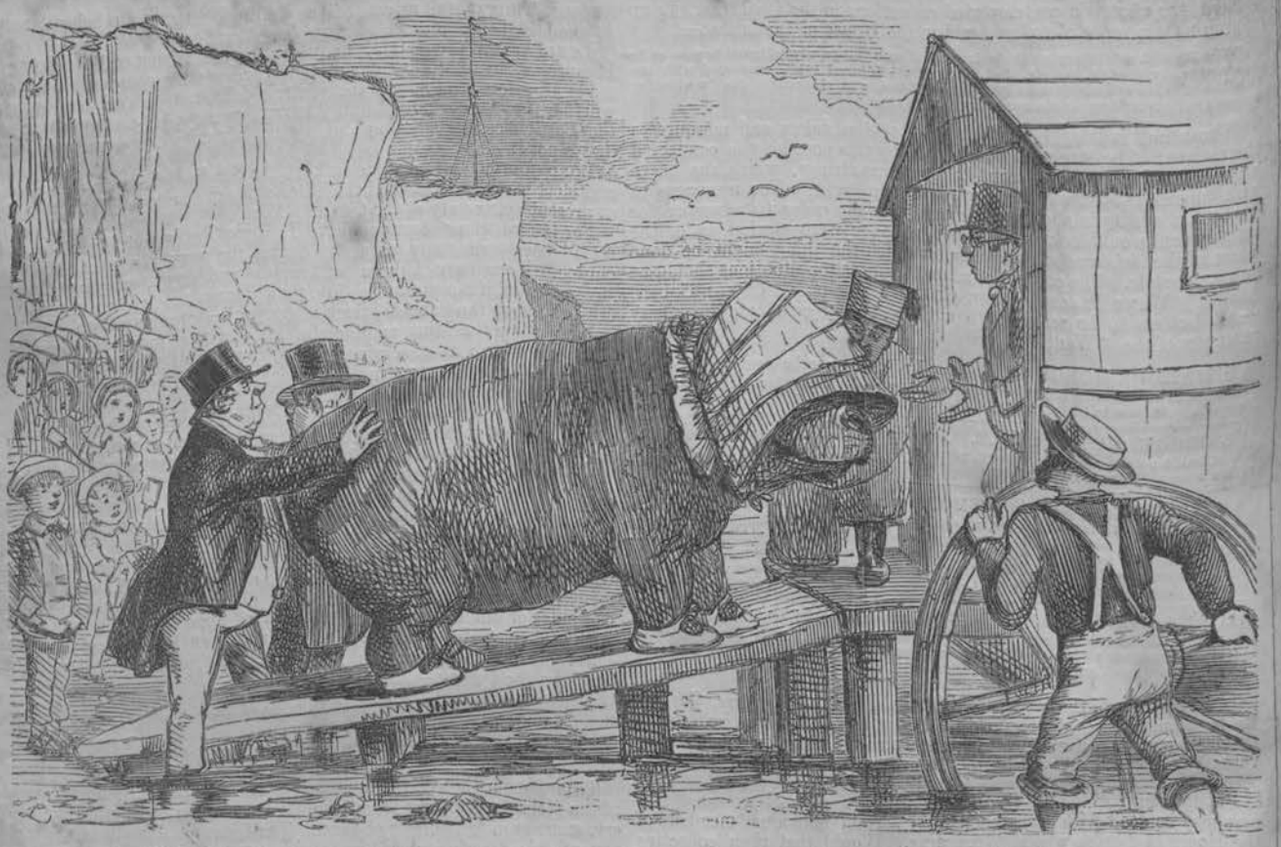
THIS famous hunt still continues. No sooner is a sight caught of the Nepaulese Princes, than the whole company raise the hue and cry, and run in full pursuit of them. The Chiswick Fête was a grand day of this description. There could not have been less than ten thousand persons in the field, including a goodly muster of the fair sex, who enjoyed the sport rarely. The Nepaulese Ambassador was hunted under a scorching sun, for full two hours, in the most determined manner. How he managed to keep up so long was astonishing, and we think he would have been run down at the first burst, only, from the vast extent of the gardens, when once he was fairly started, he could not well escape. He got in the Duke of Devonshire's kitchen-garden amongst the cabbages, and could not get out again. As it was, he kept dodging in and out, from tree to tree, running from one tent to another, in the hopes of eluding his pursuers, but all in vain; they never left him for a minute, and, wherever he went, there were always some hundreds close upon his heels.

It is a question whether, for our own pleasure, we have any right to inflict so much pain and positive torture upon a living creature, and the poor persecuted Prince must have suffered tremendously. As it was, many ladies were severely punished, and we noticed on the ground the mangled remains of two or three valuable parasols, which must have been literally torn to pieces in the intensity of the rush. Ultimately the poor, panting, Nepaulese Ambassador was caught, and carried off in a carriage, to be uncarted again at some future festive occasion for the amusement of HER MAJESTY's respectable subjects. We hope to give the earliest intelligence of the day appointed for the meet.

The End of Repeal.

THOUGH Repeal has not succeeded, it may be said to have gained its end, or at all events its own end, for it came to a termination last Monday week, and a short funeral oration was spoken by MR. JOHN O'CONNELL. The poor thing has died in the most distressed circumstances, with all its rent in terrible arrear, and with scarcely a roof over its head; for it was intimated that the existence of Repeal had become a landlord's question, and that the landlord of the Hall would no longer tolerate such a miserable tenant. MR. JOHN O'CONNELL intimated that the cause of the death of Repeal was the neglect of the country to "speak out," but it is perfectly well understood that the neglect of the country "to fork out" was the real cause of the catastrophe. An old woman and an elderly man in a bad hat and bankrupt circumstances were the last to adhere to the "dear departed;" and when the Hall-keeper came to "clear out," they reluctantly retired.

THE SEA-SIDE SEASON.



[Delicate State of the Hippopotamus. It is ordered Change of Air, and a little Sea-Bathing.

The fashionable lions will be soon "running down" to the sea-side, and if such refreshment is required for the "fashionable lions," why not for that greatest of all the lions of the season, the Hippopotamus? We think it is high time that the poor animal obtained the benefit of the invigorating sea breeze after the labours of the past few months, during which he has been the "observed of all observers," and the centre of attraction to the whole metropolis. There is also another reason why the animal should quit town, at least for a time, in the fact of the arrival of a-rival in the shape of the largest Tortoise in the world, who threatens to dislocate the nose of the Hippopotamus. This Tortoise is said to be a hundred and eighty years old, though we are not aware whether the certificate of his birth is in existence.

It is said that four sailors can dance, and have danced, a hornpipe on the animal's back, which proves that the poor creature has been very much put upon. There will, no doubt, be a sharp competition between the Tortoise and the Hippopotamus in the ensuing season, and as slow and steady frequently wins the race of public favour, we would scarcely mind betting that in the long run—which in this instance must be a walk—the Hippopotamus may be left in the rear of his more deliberate antagonist.

GOVERNMENT'S BROKEN SLUMBERS.

Scene.—*Downing Street. A Cabinet Council.* Ministers *reposing.*

The Chancellor of the Exchequer (*half asleep*). Yaw—aw—aw! (*Yawns and stretches.*) What a bore!

The Premier (*waking up*). Eh! What 's the—yaw—aw—matter?

Chancellor of the Exchequer. O - - - - - h! Why the House has voted for the repeal of the Attorneys' certificate duty—ya—a—oh! There goes £100,000 from the revenue. Heigho!

Premier. Now, I suppose,—yaw—aw! the public will insist on our taking off the window-tax. They 'll say that the tax on lawyers is—yaw!—nothing to the tax on light.

Chancellor of the Exchequer. Then we shall be dunned for the paper—yaw—aw! and stamp-duties.

Premier. And the m—aw—aw—aw—the malt-tax.

Chancellor of the Exchequer. How—yaw—aw—the deuce do they expect us to—yaw!—make up the revenue?

Premier. Well, I 'm afraid there 's only one way—yaw—by revising our old systems of taxation and expenditure.

Chancellor of the Exchequer. That will be a terrible deal of—Oh! dear me, I 'm—yaw—so sleepy—trouble.

Premier. Yaw—aw—aw—aw—aw! I 'm afraid it 's what we shall have to come to at last.

Chancellor of the Exchequer. What say?

Premier. Hm!

Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mp! [*They go to sleep again.*

THE FRUITS OF RAILWAY TRAVELLING.

There is a certain tunnel on the North Kent Line, which may be considered as a sort of rendezvous for luggage trains, imbecile engines, and runaway locomotives, which occasionally effect a somewhat inconvenient *réunion* within the dark recess alluded to. A few days since, a cargo of fruit got fastened in the tunnel, after several fruitless efforts to get out, when a passenger-train came running merrily along, and was converted into a sort of jam among the currants and gooseberries. It was fortunate for the travellers that the material with which they were brought into collision was comparatively soft, for though it is disagreeable to fall on a pile of stones—even though they should be only cherry-stones,—and though a smash in any shape, even among strawberries and raspberries, is disagreeable enough, still it might have been worse, which cannot be said of every railway accident.

Making Jokes by Steam.

There is not much general resemblance between a steam-engine and a stage-coach, and yet there is a small point of similarity between them *in the end*. As the reader will only tire his head in guessing that which never could be guessed, even supposing he was in the habit of "guessing" as frequently as a thorough-bred genuine Yankee, we don't mind telling him that a steam-engine is like a stage-coach, because, at the end of the journey, it always discharges its team (*its steam*).

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street in the Parish of St. Bride's in the City of London.—Saturday July 27th, 1850.

Small Boy. "NOW THEN, YOU SIR! DON'T YOU KNOW NO BETTER THAN TO RUN UP AGIN A MIMBER O' PARLIMENT—JUST YOU COME BACK, AND PICK UP MY 'AT, OR I'M BLOWED IF I DON'T MAKE YER!"

A BIT OF MY MIND.

BIT THE FOURTEENTH.

MR. MOUSER WRITES A CRUEL LETTER FROM PARIS; AND MRS. MOUSER RATHER BELIEVES SHE ANSWERS IT.

WHEN printing was found out, of course, *Mr. Punch*, it wasn't to be thought of that women were to take the liberty of the press. Oh, no! printing types, like razors, are only to be considered as belonging to the masculine gender. A woman may carry a mountain of wrongs about with her, and not so much as put one before the public. She is expected to die, and never so much as squeak. This is the old story; and MOUSER—as I intend to let all the earth know—is only like the rest of the world, which I little expected when I married him.

The little letter you printed for me last week; a little letter—I will say it—big with the wrongs of woman as regards her age which is, perhaps, the most serious thing in life; that letter has drawn upon my devoted, and I will say it, affectionate head, the most heart-breaking reply. If I was a stock or stone—which MOUSER knows I'm not; quite the reverse—I could not have been treated with colder indifference, not to say contempt. And all for what? But you shall hear. I send you MR. MOUSER's letter; I don't say that I mayn't be sorry for it, when I see it in print, and my passion's over; but I'll risk *that*—and here it is, copied off.

"MR. MOUSER, *Paris,—to* MRS. MOUSER, *London.*

"*Paris, July*, 25.

[*Only just observe the art—the insult of this*, MR. PUNCH. '*Paris*,' *short; just as if he slept upon the pavement, and couldn't write from a lodging, so that I mightn't find him.*]

"My dearest AMELIA,

[*But that's always his way; in England it's only 'dear'; but, as I say, just like his art; the further he gets off the tenderer he is.*]

"My dearest AMELIA,—Happening in the most casual manner to enter the *Café des Maris Inconsolables*,* I took up, to distract the weariness of absence, this week's *Punch*; for since the liberal reign of the President, that revolutionary journal—wisely stopt at all ports and frontiers by LOUIS-PHILIPPE—is permitted to disseminate its venom in the bosoms of a happy and contented people.

"AMELIA, I was hurt—I was shocked—I was affected—[*Nonsense!* MR. PUNCH, *I've seen the hippopotamus, and all I say is, try and shock that—that's all.*]—affected beyond the power of expression, especially with the thermometer ranging at continual cold-brandy-and-water heat—shocked, I say, to find that my own wife, the treasure of my affections, and certainly the lightest hand at a custard—[MR. MOUSER—*I know him—thinks this a joke; which I don't.*]—should have so forgotten her position at her own fireside, and the honoured place in her husband's heart—[*All I say's this; I have known a husband's heart like a carpet-bag, and 'specially like a carpet-bag on a journey; that is, with always room to take something new in it.*]—in her husband's heart, without the advice, the affectionate counsel, even without his knowledge, to exhibit herself in print—in print, too, accompanied with the lowest cuts at the highest life, and hob-and-nob—[*What does he mean by hob-and-nob?*]—with waglings and witlings.

"AMELIA, placed as we are by Destiny—[*Destiny! But he never takes anything in his head for his own pleasure but it isn't Destiny that makes him do it—I've known Destiny carry him to the London Tavern to dinner, and Destiny bring him home at two in the morning, I won't say how, in a cab, and with no money to pay it.*]—placed by Destiny in two different capitals, with the briny and billowy sea rolling between us, I would not waft to you a syllable that, like a summer gnat (and I feel what that is) should carry a bite with it. Nevertheless, my AMELIA, my duty as a husband—[*And now, you'll see, he's going to be disagreeable; for I know him—whenever he talks of his duty, he flies into a fury directly.*]—my duty as a husband compels me to rebuke you. Why call the attention of a sarcastic and uncharitable world to that unfortunate subject, your age? Why even hint at it? *I* know how old you are—[*Indeed! Are you quite sure of that?*]—and I feel that to be quite enough—I may say, even more than enough.—[*Another trial at a joke; which* I don't, and won't *understand.*]

"But, not to be painful, I will cease to dwell upon your age. For a really good wife, AMELIA, like good wine, improves with keeping—under lock and key. [*Oh, yes! He can't begin a civil pretty thing, without dipping it in vinegar at the end.*] Yes, AMELIA; deliciously sweet is it to have in conjugal love, that wine-of-life—the bees-wing in the eye, and more particularly when there is no bee-sting in the tongue. [*A pack of nonsense! And I'm sure, there's nobody can ever get a word in, for* MOUSER.]

"My beloved AMELIA, separated as we are—[*and he never says a word when he expects me!*]—I cannot if I would be harsh—for the heart, the heart expands with absence. [*Especially, no doubt, at the Inconsolable Husbands.*] I might tell you with what particular interest I looked at our native land from Boulogne. How I then felt that—so far distant—you were never dearer to me. [*I dare say. If he was only in the Indies, and I where I am, of course, there'd be no bearing his fondness.*]—How, for the first time, I experienced the great household truth, that the soul swells through a telescope!

"Therefore, my AMELIA, I will chide you gently. With a dove's feather—a ring-dove's—[*No doubt; a wedding-ring-dove's!*]—feather, will I chastise my beloved. Why, my AMELIA, why did you print? [*As if he only knew it now!*] I cannot bear a wife in print; no—I wish to be calm, tender, and affectionate, because we are divided—but I would as soon see a wife in the pillory. AMELIA, your complexion was never made for black; and you never looked worse, that is, in my eyes—[*Which I know he means is saying a good deal.*]—never worse than in printer's ink. [*I shall wear it from week to week for all that.*]

"The Romans, AMELIA, were a great people—[*A set of brutes!*]—and they divorced their wives [*The man's head is always running on* that *subject; and on what account, gracious goodness knows!*]—divorced them for using without authority, their husbands' keys. [*What next?*] Had the Romans possessed a public press—I wish, as I observed, to say nothing harsh, for the weather is appallingly sultry, and by no means fit for a passion; besides, being separated, I feel it particularly my duty, as it is my delight, to be kind and forgiving—had the Romans enjoyed a press, they would, no doubt, judging from the genius of their conjugal laws, have instantly separated themselves, once and for ever from their wives, had they—without decided and direct permission of their marital lords—[*Fiddlesticks!*]—dipped their wedded fingers in printers' ink. You will, therefore, dearest AMELIA, draw your own conclusions, and that as mildly as you may from what I have said, and always believe me—[*Oh, yes, especially abroad.*]—

"Your affectionate—[*very affectionate; and, still not a word about meeting!*]

"And devoted—[*no doubt; to the Inconsolables!*]

"Husband till death—[*and just now he talked of a divorce!*]

"JOHN MOUSER.—[*and he ought to be ashamed of himself to write it!*]

"P.S. I have been all day long trying to pitch upon a scarf for my beloved.—[*I can't help my mind misgiving; but does he mean* ME?]

"P.S. No. 2. I would buy you some beautiful shoes; but I can't get any small enough.—[*I know that; but, when I go to Paris, surely, I can choose for myself!*]

"P.S. No. 3. Direct, dearest, to the Post-Office. For I am told that, since I began this letter, another revolution is expected; and, therefore,

* I'm not ashamed to own I don't know French, I know so many better things. But MRS. HORNBLOWER, who was brought up at Dunkirk, says this is French for "The Public-house of call for Inconsolable Husbands," and she adds that Paris swarms with such places. The more shame for Paris!

as in revolutions people are often compelled to leave their lodgings, I don't know when your dear, dear, dearest letter arrives—[*No, not a word about* MY *arrival.*]—where your own MOUSER may be."

And that, *Mr. Punch*, is what I have received from an absent husband; that is the reward of an affectionate wife, and

Your constant writer,

The Honeysuckles. AMELIA MOUSER.

THE ROYAL PROVIDENT FUND.

PUNCH is anxious to give publicity to an institution which, under the above title, or some other equally expressive, must positively be established for the purpose of securing a provision for the destitute widows and orphans of Royalty. The necessity of its formation is manifested by a case, which a sense of decorum did not prevent the Premier from bringing before Parliament, and, therefore, will not forbid *Mr. Punch* to mention. The late DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, having long been in the receipt of £27,000 a-year, leaves his children in such a state of such extreme indigence, that Government, being obliged to provide for them, prevails upon the Legislature to give the eldest son an annual pension of £12,000. *Mr. Punch* must say that, if any one of the distinguished writers with whom he is acquainted had held, for a lengthened series of years, an engagement of upwards of £500 a-week, and had died without making a provision for his family, he, *Mr. Punch*, would have been highly scandalised; and a sense of duty to his Order compels him to remark that the dereliction in question is a gross instance of the improvidence of non-literary men.

It is said that the £27,000 was chiefly spent in charity; a plea which suggests the obvious reflection that charity should begin at home. That such will be the commencement of that admirable virtue in the practice of Royal Dukes and Princes, is the result to be hoped from the foundation of the Royal Provident Fund, which of course is to be self-supporting, and will be mainly dependent on the class whom it more especially concerns. Like any other benevolent institution, however, it will be open to subscriptions from everybody; and there can be no doubt that it will receive an amount of encouragement commensurate with the public's appreciation of the importance of maintaining all the connexions of the Crown in splendour. Were a Prince of the Blood to get his allowance from a Fund like this, he might ride his two hundred guinea charger independently, without exposing himself to such invidious remarks, as "There goes £12,000 a-year, and nothing to show for it but the clothes;" or, "There goes the equivalent to two dozen superannuated men of science or letters, comfortably provided for with £500 a-year each."

The Royal Provident Fund will anticipate an objection which some future Parliament may entertain to enabling Royal Highnesses to be charitable at the expense of MR. JOHN BULL. That gentleman does not much like penniless families to be devised to him, even when the parents' claims are considerable. NELSON bequeathed HORATIA to his country, but the legatee has not yet administered to the will. LIEUTENANT WAGHORN'S widow enjoys a pension some degrees short of £12,000 a year. It is to be feared that if MR. BULL'S wishes were consulted, the Royal Provident Fund is all that Royalty's poor relations would have to look to.

It may be a recommendation of the Royal Provident Fund, to state one rather important element in its arrangements. The pensions derived from it will, in every case but that of absolute imbecility, be annexed to situations and employments; and the duties of the latter will be proportioned as nearly as possible to the amount of the former. It may occur to the reader that LORD JOHN RUSSELL might as well have had this principle in view when he gave away £12,000 per annum of the public money the other day.

PUNCH FAIRLY PUZZLED.

WE are not very easily baffled in an attempt to solve a conundrum; we have seen through a deal board when it has been riddled all over with shots; we have never had a difficulty about a charade, and as to a rebus we have gone to it so boldly that our *fortiter in rebus* never could be for an instant questioned; but we admit ourselves to be fairly puzzled by an advertisement, appearing almost daily, in the papers, headed, "The oldest Juvenile Depôt in London." We cannot understand the compatibility between old age and juvenility, which that announcement implies. Perhaps, however, there is a jolly-buckism or old-boyishness about the concern which justifies the title given to it in the advertisements; but at all events, in the absence of any authorised explanation, we admit ourselves unable to say with confidence what the "Oldest Juvenile Depôt in London" can possibly mean.

SUMMER NOVELTIES IN BALLOONS.

THERE seems to be nothing stirring much, excepting balloons—and they are "up and stirring" in every direction. The householders who live in the neighbourhoods of Vauxhall and the Cremorne Gardens, must have a nice time of it. What with the shouting, and the crowds, and the noise, and the fireworks, they must detest the cry of "Balloon! Balloon!" almost as much as a lady abhors the announcement of "Please, ma'am, the kitchen chimbley's on fire." These detestations, too, must be rather heightened by the probability of a parachute, with a live tiger in it, dropping in the back garden, or of a number of sky-rockets falling through the skylight, and astonishing the master and missus, as they are marching solemnly with their candlesticks up to bed.

The rage for experimental balloons must be stopped, or else all sorts of extravagancies, animal and pyrotechnical, will be committed in the name of science, and every little tea-garden, or suburban saloon that commands six square yards of open space, in front, or in rear, of the house, will be advertising a "Wonderful Ascent," either with or without fireworks, or else with a pony, or a horse, or a donkey, or something of that sort. The mania of imitation exists as strongly between capitals as between individuals, and, as it extends, is sure to increase in absurdity. Now, as Paris has lately witnessed the ascent of a Balloon with a pony, all "alive and kicking," London is certain to be favoured before long with the exhibition of some intrepid aeronaut, who will richly deserve the laurels, as well as the appellation of GREEN, by ascending with a bull, or a giraffe, or, it may be, an elephant. Who knows, if this public appetite for Balloons grows more ravenous, that we may not be astonished some fine morning at breakfast, with the announcement in the papers of a piece of insanity, like the following:—

UNPARALLELED ATTRACTION.

WONDERFUL ASCENT THIS EVENING OF MR. GREEN

In his celebrated Fulham Balloon with the

HIPPOPOTAMUS

(*Of the Zoological Gardens*)

Who has kindly lent his valuable services for this occasion only.

At the altitude of 200 feet above the level of Chelsea, MR. GREEN will descend from the car on to the back of the Hippopotamus, and discharge a

BRILLIANT DISPLAY OF FIREWORKS.

N.B. For Seats on the back of the Hippopotamus, apply at the Box Office of the Gardens.

The only question is, if the above absurdity is attempted to be perpetrated, who is there to stop it? We are afraid that, from their very nature, Balloons are out of the reach of the Law, and if a policeman were sent to "take up" a balloon, the chances are that he would only be taken up himself. As there is a class of policemen expressly for the river, there may probably be instituted a new class of aërial policemen purposely to navigate the "silent highway" of the clouds. It will be rather awkward, though, to approach a balloon whilst it is discharging a brilliant display of fireworks, and difficult, as well as unpleasant, to take it into custody whilst committing the act.

THE CHILTERN HUNDREDS.

BROTH is said to suffer materially from a superfluity of cooks; and if the rule applies equally to an over-abundance of domestic servants in every other department, we wonder how the Chiltern Hundreds can exist under the plurality of Stewards that are constantly tendering their services. If these hundreds were thousands, there might still be a Steward for every particular unit; so numerous are the acceptances of the office, in which there appears, nevertheless, to be a perpetual vacancy. The new Chief Justice of the Common Pleas has, we learn from the *London Gazette*, just taken upon himself the Stewardship of these Hundreds, as a sort of relief, no doubt, to his severer duties; for the Chiltern Hundreds appear to impose upon their stewards no occupation that may not be combined with any other employment, however arduous or dignified.

We wish LORD CAMPBELL would employ his leisure in giving to the world the Lives of the Stewards of the Chiltern Hundreds, an account of whose stewardships would form a series sufficiently long to furnish ample materials for even his untiring industry. We should be glad to know whether the Chiltern Hundreds employ in addition to a Steward, the usual establishment of butler, footman, page, cook, and housekeeper. We should recommend the hundreds who "want places," to write down to Chiltern at once, and ascertain whether the Hundreds, which have always a vacancy for a steward, may not find room for other classes of domestics.

MR. MALONY'S ACCOUNT OF THE BALL

GIVEN TO THE NEPAULESE AMBASSADOR BY THE PENINSULAR AND ORIENTAL COMPANY.

O will ye choose to hear the news,
  Bedad I cannot pass it o'er:
I'll tell you all about the Ball
  To the Naypaulase Ambassador.
Begor! this fête all balls does bate
  At which I worn a pump, and I
Must here relate the splendthor great
  Of th' Oriental Company.

These men of sinse, dispoised expinse,
  To fête these black ACHILLESES.
"We'll show the blacks," says they, "Almack's,
  And take the rooms at Willis's."
With flags and shawls, for these Nepauls,
  They hung the rooms of Willis up,
And decked the walls, and stairs, and halls,
  With roses and with lilies up.

And JULLIEN's band, it tuck its stand,
  So sweetly in the middle there,
And soft bassoons played heavenly chunes,
  And violins did fiddle there.
And when the Coort was tired of spoort,
  I 'd lave you, boys, to think there was,
A nate buffet before them set,
  Where lashins of good dhrink there was!

At ten before the ball-room door,
  His moighty Excellency was,
He smoiled and bowed to all the crowd,
  So gorgeous and immense he was.
His dusky shuit, sublime and mute,
  Into the door-way followed him;
And O the noise, of the blackguard boys,
  As they hurrood and hollowed him!

The noble Chair,* stud at the stair,
  And bade the dthrums to thump; and he
Did thus evince, to that Black Prince,
  The welcome of his Cumpany.
O fair the girls, and rich the curls,
  And bright the oys, you saw there, was;
And, fixed each oye, ye there could spoi,
  On GINERAL JUNG BAHAWTHER, was!

This Gineral great, then tuck his sate,
  With all the other ginerals,
(Bedad his troat, his belt, his coat,
  All bleezed with precious minerals;)
And as he there, with princely air,
  Recloinin on his cushion was,
All round about his royal chair,
  The squeezin and the pushin was.

O PAT, such girls, such Jukes, and Earls,
  Such fashion and nobilitee!
Just think of TIM, and fancy him,
  Amidst the hoigh gentility!
There was Lord DE L'HUYS, and the Portygeese
  Ministher and his lady there,
And I reckonised, with much surprise,
  Our messmate, BOB O'GRADY, there;

There was BARONESS BRUNOW, that looked like JUNO,
  And BARONESS REHAUSEN there,
And COUNTESS ROULLIER, that looked peculiar
  Well, in her robes of gauze in there.
There was LORD CROWHURST (I knew him first,
  When only MR. PIPS he was),
And MICK O'TOOLE, the great big fool,
  That after supper tipsy was.

There was LORD FINGALL, and his ladies all,
  And LORDS KILLEEN and DUFFERIN,
And PADDY FIFE, with his fat wife;
  I wondther how he could stuff her in.

There was LORD BELFAST, that by me past,
  And seemed to ask how should *I* go there?
And the WIDOW MACRAE, and LORD A. HAY,
  And the MARCHIONESS OF SLIGO there.

Yes, Jukes, and Earls, and diamonds, and pearls,
  And pretty girls, was spoorting there;
And some beside (the rogues!) I spied,
  Behind the windies, coorting there.
O, there 's one I know, bedad would show
  As beautiful as any there,
And I'd like to hear the pipers blow,
  And shake a fut with FANNY there!

* JAMES MATHESON, ESQUIRE, to whom, and the Board of Directors of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, I, TIMOTHEUS MALONY, late stoker on board the Iberia, the Lady Mary Wood, the Tagus, and the Oriental steam ships, humbly dedicate this production of my grateful muse.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

UST now there are all the usual symptoms of the close of the Session being at hand; and measures that would otherwise have proceeded by the slowest and easiest stages, are being jerked through both Houses in the most sudden and precipitate manner.

The Bills of Parliament, like some bills of the play we have met with, seem to bear upon the face of them the information that "an interval of some time is supposed to elapse between the first and second acts" or first and second readings—though, in fact there is no interval at all: but conclusions are jumped to by the legislature with the same amount of recklessness that is displayed by the dramatist when the denouement is desired. Many of the members have already left their seats in the House for their seats in the country; and so as a sufficient number of "reading men" can be kept together to read the remaining bills of the Session, that is all that appears to be required.

Legislation, which at the commencement of the Session drags its slow length along, is, at this more advanced period, carried forward at railway speed; and measures instead of being deliberately forwarded, and gradually carried, are shoved from stage to stage, pitched from house to house, and ultimately made law in batches of a dozen or so at a time; while the Government, like a threepenny 'bus, is allowed to carry just as large a number as it pleases, without the smallest regard to safety or convenience.

The legislative conductor and driver, feeling their labours to be near their close, are only in a hurry to get to their journey's end, and will carry whatever happens to be ready; but will leave behind anything, however important, that is not exactly prepared to jump up, or tumble on to the roof, or cling to the step, or hold on somehow or anyhow to the State vehicle. Some passengers, like the County Court Extension, for instance, may be suddenly deprived of a parcel of the most wholesome provisions; but with a shout of "Dropp'd a parcel! very valuable is it? it can't be helped! we can't stop now for anybody or anything," the poor victim is hurried off, and, in fact, "carried," with the loss, perhaps, of the greater part of that for which the expense and trouble of being conveyed through all the previous stages had been gone to.

The Smithfield Life Pill.

SMITHFIELD has been so much extolled lately for its salubrity, and city medical men have been so loud in their praises of the purity of its atmosphere, and the general healthiness of its neighbourhood, that we wonder that no Life Pill has yet seized upon its valuable name as a guarantee to cure everything. We think, if largely advertised, and backed with a few strong testimonials from well-known Aldermen and Common Councilmen, that the SMITHFIELD LIFE PILL would be a sure fortune to any one who does not mind imposing upon the credulity of the British Public. We should like to do it ourselves, for there is a difficulty now a-days to make your fortune, unless you happen to be a quack, only we have a few foolish doubts as to the honesty of the transaction.

WELCOME ARRIVAL.—The "Great Bull from Nineveh" will arrive in September, just in time to put an end to the GORHAM controversy.

RATHER SUSPICIOUS.

Sentimental Young Lady. "WILL YOU BE SO OBLIGING, MR. TONGS, AS TO CUT OFF A LONG PIECE OF HAIR WHERE IT WILL NOT BE MISSED."

THE CAMBRIDGE JOB OF £12,000! PER ANNUM.

THE matter is settled—the bargain is struck—between the Ministry and Parliament, with little further preface, little more time, than a lady who markets for herself takes to cheapen a pair of ducks or a solitary sucking-pig, and the bran-new DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE—like a crown jewel in cotton—is wrapt for life in £12,000 per annum. We may not object to Dukes; nevertheless, we may have them with a little too much gilding. Besides, whatever may be our loving weakness towards a Duke in the abstract, there are times when we would rather consider the object as a necessary than a luxury. Human nature is apt to get sulky with an article it pays too dearly for. A Duke at a fair and moderate price, as Dukes might go, would be assured of a more continuing respect than a Duke paid for at a ruinous sacrifice. We did not expect the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE to offer himself as a decided bargain; nevertheless, when he asks £12,000, we must—though we be charged with a higgling spirit ungracious towards the splendid article proffered us—we must inquire, "is £12,000 the very lowest?"

Twelve thousand pounds a-year for the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE! And at the present time circulars lie in all Government offices; circulars calling upon all clerks to set down their several amount of salaries, with duties performed, extra-official profits, and so forth, that the smaller functionaries may, in Minories phrase, be sweated somewhat of their incomes. An interesting sum this for certain of the arithmetical clerks to work; viz.: "How many of us make one DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE? How many common goose-quills are worth the plumage of a golden goose royal?"

When, however, it is determined in the resolute breast of a Minister to obtain a thumping grant for anybody whom the Crown delights to honour (out of the pockets of the people), it would be pleasant, were the result not so very costly, to enjoy the ministerial ingenuity and courage, ever so fertile in strong, yea, in seductive reasons for the extravagance. When the House voted the late DUKE OF YORK £10,000 a-year to pay certain visits to his old blind father at Windsor, we think it was the tragic price of oats that—pathetically illustrated by the Minister—carried the grant. If, however, it was not oats, perhaps it was the then price of horse-flesh; if not horse-flesh, why, then, it was the market-rate of filial love! Sure we are, however, that the Minister had one of these reasons, all equally potent, wherewith to bend the ductile Commons.

And LORD JOHN RUSSELL has been no less fertile, no less successful in his argument for the yearly £12,000 for our novel CAMBRIDGE. His Royal Highness is expected to be charitable! MR. HUME'S proposed £8000 would afford no fund of benevolence to the Duke. Now, give him the £12,000, and we set him up at once a dinner excellence—a mahogany philanthropist. Very well. Only, be it understood that when the Secretaries of the Welsh Flannel Infirmary, the Royal Dimity Asylum, and the Coal-and-Blanket Institution, read over the subscriptions after annual dinners, commencing, as with a flourish of the human trumpet

"H. R. H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, £50;"
"H. R. H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, £40"
"H. R. H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, £20;"

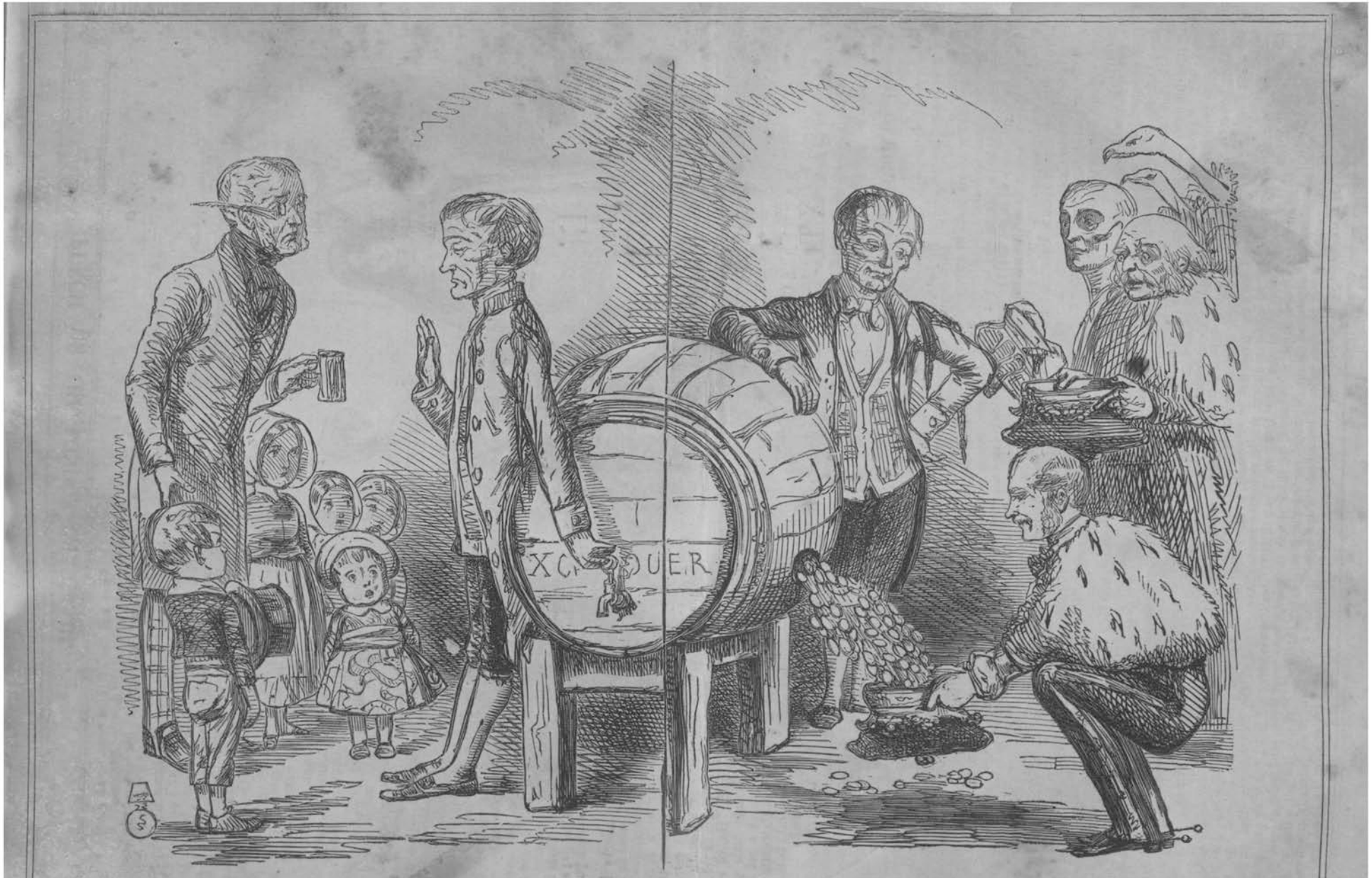
—when these glad tidings are rung forth, we do protest against any applause. Men shall not be duped into smiting the table with knife-handles—they shall not rattle glasses—they shall not "hear, hear," in perspiring admiration, fired and glowing with a sudden sense of the Royal Chairman's charitable beneficence. No: LORD JOHN has put the looked-for-expenditure in a business light; has made a trusteeship of the £4,000, and H. R. H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, when he puts down his name for £50, and when he pays it—as of course he will, for when did bird of royal eyrie ever play the part of shabby decoy-duck?—let the money be taken quietly, decorously: received as a public grant from the people who, by rigour of the Commons, have made the Duke their almoner. Surely his Royal Highness fulfils the easiest conditions of philanthropy; seeing that he is only expected to give what, for such purpose has been assuredly entrusted to him.

Nevertheless, the new Duke has been lucky in his year: he has obtained from easy 1850 what he might have failed to win from ugly, threatening, 1851—for that is the year financial; the year when *L. S. D.*—unrelenting fates!—will really open Parliament, though HER MAJESTY may nominally perform that ceremony. Again, the Duke has been fortunate, inasmuch as he has preceded certain claims—the claimants as yet in the nursery—upon the public exchequer. He, of course, has been at a high figure, that certain little people, bearing precedence of him, may range at a yet higher numeral. Question: if a DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE has £12,000 a year, how much above the Duke is the right of a PRINCE ARTHUR—a PRINCE ALFRED?

LORD BROUGHAM—who has lately elected himself the special protector, the Chancellor off the woolsack and without a salary, for royalty and aristocracy—LORD BROUGHAM voted for the Duke's £12,000, and would vote for all such grants so long as the Royal Marriage Act was in force, and royal dukes "were not allowed to intermarry with subjects of this country endowed with wealth." Truly this is another argument for the repeal of "the unchristian law." If, for instance, H. R. H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE were permitted to take his coronet into the home marriage-market—whether at the West-end or in the City—he would, no doubt, obtain for a spousal share of its glory a most sufficing sum. Were he permitted to marry the rich heiress of a dry-salter, or a grocer's widow gilt with a million, we as a people should save in money, though of course we should lose in blood. As it is, the Duke—like his father—may marry a German Princess in German poverty; and like his father come to us for a further grant for conjugal housekeeping. Now we expressly hint that LORD BROUGHAM on his return from America will bring in a bill for a home trade in royal coronets! Why take to Germany at a certain loss, what may be disposed of at a ready profit at home.

Sunday at Sea.

ADMIRAL BOWLES, on the Mercantile Bill, moved a clause to prevent Sunday labour at sea. And very right: because it is now a well-known fact—at least to LORD ASHLEY and all the Sackclothites—that on Sundays at sea there is never any wind, but a fair and gentle one—that billows never break—and rocks, at least on Sundays, never threaten. Perhaps, the perfection of a Sunday cruise—a cruise which we earnestly recommend to the Sabbatarians—is a cruise upon the Dead Sea!



THE GOVERNMENT CLERK.

THE ROYAL DUKE.

WHIG ECONOMY; OR, SCREWING AT THE TAP, AND LETTING OUT OF THE BUNG.

THE BURIAL OF THE BILLS.

Not a joke was heard, not a troublesome vote,
As the bills into limbo they hurried;
Not e'en Inglis discharged a farewell shot,
O'er the grave where the Jew Bill was buried.

They buried them darkly at dead of night,
For bed all the members yearning;
With the aid of the Speaker to keep them right,
And Green's parliamentary learning.

No vain discussion their life suppress,
Nor did truth nor talk confound them;
They passed a few, and as for the rest,
They burked them just as they found them.

For most of the Session's task was done,
The supplies marked the hour for retiring;
And as August drew nigh, each son of a gun,
At the grouse, in his dreams, was a-firing.

Few and short were the words they said,
And the Speaker looked on, without sorrow,
To the time when he might get his rest in his bed,
Nor a snooze in his chair have to borrow.

Mr. Brotherton seemed to be dying for bed,
And Disraeli was dreadfully yellow;
And there sat Lord Johnny with harass half dead,
Unpitied, the poor little fellow.

Lightly they reck through what troubles he's gone,
And for his slow-coaching upbraid him;
But little he cares, so but tight to stick on
To the Treasury Bench they will aid him.

So they settled the Bills—other folks' and their own—
Never destined to figure in story;
They shed not a tear, and they heaved not a groan,
But they burked them alike, Whig and Tory!

PHYSIC AND FARMING.

"*To* Measter Punch."

ur,—Loremassy! I wonder what the world's comin' to. Took up a peaper 'tother day, and read the 'count of the farm of Mr. Mechi—that ere chap as makes the razor-strops and 'elegances.' Talk of new-fangled manoovres, I zays them as he uses beats everything. What dost think they be accordin' to the peaper? Why,

"'Epsom and glauber salts were amongst the materials employed for improving the growth of the potatoes, and super-phosphate was described as an unfailing agency in cropping turnips.'

"Epsom and glauber zalts! Why, we shall get next to geein taturs a black dose. Bymeby, I spose, instead of gooin to stable and varm-yard for manoorer, we shall be zending vor't to Potticarries' Hall. We shall be told to put paregoric to our clover, hikerypickery to our turnuts, and pillicosher to our wutts.

"The paper zays besides;

"'Mr. Mechi possesses the rare art of teaching without giving himself the airs of a pedagogue. He meets his unscientific neighbours with no pragmatic display of superior and contemptuous skill; but taking each man by the button, he, so to speak, shakes an acknowledgment of slovenly farming out of him, and jokingly and pleasantly points out the features and results of his own far better system.'

"If ever I comes across un, I can only zay, dwooan't let un go tryun no sitch jokes wi me. I wun't take it on un. Take me by the button, indeed, and think to shake slovenly varmun out o' me! I should just like to zee un do't. If I didn't tak un by the collar of his quoat agen, and sheak his roobub, his Epsom zalts, and stuff out o' his head, my neam baint

"*Fallowdown, Hampshire, July* 26, 1850. "Jolter Jogtrot.

"P.S. What countryman is this ere Mr. Mechi? A vorener, I spose, by the neam on un. Yah!—let un keep to his strops and vorreneerun nicknacks, and not purtend to teach his grandmother to zuck eggs."

RAILWAY ROMANCE AND REALITY.

Sometimes the chief beauty of a story is that there are two ways of telling it, and an incident may be made pleasing by a little romance which has nothing attractive in the reality. Large firms have been known to keep a poet, whose office it is to lard an ounce of fact with a pound or so of fiction, but the Railway Companies would appear to have in their employ a genius whose duty it is to exercise an opposite function, and instead of exaggerating the truth, to diminish it to the very minimum, and pare it so completely down, that there is scarcely anything left of it. We are frequently very much struck by the wonderful faculty displayed by the Railway Historian, whose duty it is to prepare the official report of an accident, and who manages invariably to make the danger and inconvenience to the public "beautifully less" than, according to the accounts of the sufferers themselves, they seem to have experienced. We subjoin a specimen of the two styles of reports, the one official, and the other non-official, of a railway casualty, and we must leave the public to the task of reconciling the discrepancy between the two accounts, which might perhaps fairly meet each other half way, as the two trains did when they came into collision in the tunnel:

NON-OFFICIAL REPORT.

FRIGHTFUL COLLISION ON THE SLAP-DASH RAILWAY.

Yesterday evening at ten o'clock, just as the up-train entered the Great Hearse Tunnel, being three quarters of an hour after its time, a luggage train, which was an hour and a half before its time, was vainly trying to make its way out of the Tunnel, with an old worn-out engine, that was on its way to the terminus, to be broken up in the foundry. The result was, that the tender of the passenger train was driven with fearful force on to the last of the luggage trucks, several of which were immediately smashed to pieces. The hot water from the boiler was scattered in all directions, fearfully scalding the engine driver and stoker, while the carriages were driven together with a fearful crash, the horrors of which were increased by the frightful screams of the passengers. The most alarming confusion prevailed, for the darkness was intense, and after a delay of about five hours, a fresh engine was brought to extricate the alarmed, agitated, and wounded sufferers from their horrible position. The amount of injury experienced by the passengers cannot be as yet correctly ascertained, but there is too much reason to believe, from the appearance of many who were brought bleeding and mangled into the station, that there will be several most serious, and a few fatal results to this most unwarrantable accident.

OFFICIAL REPORT.

TEMPORARY STOPPAGE OF A TRAIN ON THE SLAP-DASH RAILWAY.

Yesterday evening, while the up-train was going through the Great Hearse Tunnel with its usual punctuality, the regular luggage train, which was proceeding at its customary moderate speed, met with a slight check, which somewhat retarded its progress through the Tunnel, and slightly interfered with the admirable routine of traffic on this well-managed line of railway. In consequence of this trifling deviation from the ordinary course, the tip of the tender touched the outer edge of the last luggage van, which led to a slight vibration that caused a partial spilling of the liquid, and the engineer and stoker sat for an instant with their feet in warm water, while their hands were also washed in it. As is usual with women and children, when taken by surprise, a few female or infantine exclamations were immediately uttered. Everything that could be done by the Company was immediately done, and we must add that we could see no reason for alarm; and after a pause, the assistance of a fresh engine was procured, to continue the progress of the train on its merry jaunt to the Metropolis. We have not heard whether any harm has been done to any of the passengers, but a few scratches, and a bruise here and there, will, no doubt, be the extent of the injury arising from this trifling *contretemps*.

THE FORTIFICATION OF SMITHFIELD.

We understand that the Corporation of London has it seriously in contemplation to fortify Smithfield. The artillery for the defence of that odoriferously strong hold will be formed of the most stubborn brass, and several thousand pounders, of aldermanic calibre, will be ready to open the fire on invaders. The gabions will be constructed with gabies of the densest description. A moat (which will afford ingress to animals and drovers by means of a drawbridge,) will be dug round the encampment; and into it will be turned all the filth from the neighbouring slaughter-houses, which will render it an impassable gulf to the sanitary invaders, the boldest of whom will be afraid to poke his nose into it. The Commander-in-Chief of the Garrison will be Alderman Sidney, and his staff will be composed of Deputy Ubbard and Mr. Taylor, with several of the most influential slaughtermen connected with the Livery.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MAKE AND CONSTRUCT.

Omnibusses are generally *constructed* to hold 15, but somehow they are *made* to hold 18, and on a wet night frequently more than that.

A HEAVY BLOW AND SORE DISCOURAGEMENT.

Next to last week's heart-breaking announcement of Lord Brougham's —of "the gentlewoman, nearly connected with noble families, reduced to seek some necessary means of support by labour"—there is nothing that has inflicted such a stab on the glorious institutions dear to every Briton, as the recent intelligence of the ministerial intention to cut down the expenses of our diplomatic establishment.

We are deluged with letters on the subject. Indeed it is fortunate that this is a time of general mourning. Black-edged envelopes are the proper dress for the touching remonstrances which we continue to receive from ambassadors, envoys, plenipotentiary and otherwise, *chargés d' affaires*, secretaries of legation, *attachés*, paid and unpaid, Queen's messengers, couriers, dragomen, embassy-touters, *commissionaires*, cooks, opera-dancers, hell-keepers, and others intimately connected with the upholding of the Constitution in its representative branches abroad.

The small German embassies are particularly pathetic in their representations. We have hardly yet got over the Hohen-Strumpfen-Katzen-Ellenbogen manifesto, which we append :—

From Sir Jasper Jordison, C.B., *Knight of the Guelphic Order; Knight of the Order of St. Ahasuerus; Grand Cross of St. Donnerundblitzen, Companion of the Order of the Holy Cucumber of Cologne;* F.R.S., *and Honorary Member of several learned Societies; Envoy to the Court of his* Most Serene Highness, the Hereditary Prince of Hohen-Strumpfen-Katzen-Ellenbogen, *in the Principality of that name.*

The Undersigned presents the assurances of his high and distinguished consideration to *Mr. Punch*, and begs to submit to him, for communication to the British Public, the subjoined notes of the Undersigned, against any reduction of the allowances for the diplomatic establishment, with which the Undersigned has the honour of being connected.

The Undersigned Protests,

Article 1.—Because the Undersigned, as the representative of the British Sovereign and the upholder of the dignity of the British Empire, at the Court of Hohen-Strümpfen-Katzen-Ellenbogen, considers it his duty to spend twice as much as the Envoys of France, Russia, Prussia, Austria, and the other Great Powers; and is convinced that the credit of Great Britain in the eyes of Europe, is much determined by the success of the Undersigned in counteracting the intrigues of the representatives of the above-named powers, which counteraction cannot be effectively carried out without the aid of dinners.

Article 2.—Because the Undersigned has always hitherto spent his allowance, and has not found anything left at the end of the year.

Article 3.—Because the Undersigned fears it will be impossible to keep up the present amicable relations between the Court of Hohen-Strümpfen-Katzen-Ellenbogen, and the Court and Cabinet of Great Britain, unless the Undersigned is enabled to pay his bills regularly in the City of Kalbsbratenheim, the capital of the above-named Principality.

Article 4.—Because the Undersigned is convinced that nothing below a salary of £2000 a-year ought to be offered to a gentleman.

Article 5.—Because the Undersigned has two sons in the diplomatic service, and would certainly not have devoted them to that service, had he anticipated that any reduction of diplomatic salaries would be made.

Article 6.—Because, on a reduced salary, the Undersigned would find it perfectly out of the question to keep up such a table for the *Chancellerie* of the Legation, as the gentlemen attached to the same have been accustomed to.

Article 7.—Because the Undersigned has to pay large sums for secret information, rendered necessary by the intrigues of the representatives of the Great Powers in all the German Residences, and more especially by the extremely delicate state of the relations subsisting between the Court of this Principality and that of the neighbouring Grand Duchy of Poppenheimer-Pumpernickel, which is notoriously under the influence of Russia.

(There are twelve more Articles, which we have not room for, but from which we gather that a European war is extremely likely to break out, if the salary of the Envoy to the Principality of Hohen-Strümpfen-Katzen-Ellenbogen is in any way meddled with.)

THE PALACE PERIODICAL.

Circulars in general are regarded as things not to be read, and perhaps the *Court Circular* may be included under the same head, for there is certainly little in it to repay perusal. The number of that silly little periodical for the 24th of July was especially meagre, and we looked in vain along its columns for something that might be regarded for an instant as an "amusing article." The "leader" simply stated that the Queen and Prince had taken an early walk in the Park; but beyond this the writer gave us nothing in the shape of fact, while he wholly abstained from comment.

The next article was a short paper upon the Prince of Wales, and the younger members of the Royal Family, who were stated to have "walked and rode as usual." It is gratifying to know that the children of Her Majesty walk and ride, like other people's children, and that there is nothing unusual in their mode of doing so. The next contribution is devoted to Lord John Russell, "who," says the writer, "had the honour of joining the Royal dinner-party." On the whole, we can scarcely look upon the *Court Circular* for July 24th as an average number; for though the incident of Lord John Russell and the dinner-party is well—or at least concisely—told, there is a feebleness, a languor, a want of *verve*, and an absence of pith in the article on the walking and riding of the younger members of the Royal Family.

We are quite sure that the Queen and Prince Albert are not desirous of being made, every day, the staple subjects of a very dull periodical. It is most gratifying to the nation to know they are well, and enjoying their domestic happiness, but surely "No news" might in this case be regarded as "Good news," in order that their privacy might not be perpetually invaded by the authors of the foolish little work alluded to. We should be glad to have a return of the number of subscribers to the *Court Circular*—for we doubt if it circulates at all—the amount paid to the Editor, the salaries of the contributors, and the cost of printing and publishing.

A WORD OR TWO ON WATER.

We are afraid that writing upon water is as useless as writing upon sand, and indeed so much has been lately written on water, and so little impression made, that whoever goes into the subject, however deeply, for the good of the public, can only expect to have cold water thrown upon him for his pains. A book has been lately published by a Dr. Hassell, who favours the world not only with his own views, but the views of an artist, on the water we drink; and these views, painted literally in water colours, show us in all their disgusting variety of tint and form, the specimens of animal and vegetable matter we take in with every drop of aqueous fluid we imbibe. Since we have seen these alarming pictures, they have haunted us, and we have been troubled by a perpetual attack of Thames water on the brain. Every drop is a sort of menagerie in itself when subjected to the powers of the microscope, by whose aid we may perceive the water devils, the testacea, the infusoria, the crustacea, and other abominations, flitting and floundering about to an extent the contemplation of which makes our blood run almost as thick as Thames water in our veins. In the book we have mentioned, there is a specimen of the water of every Company supplying London, and there is not one of them but may be described as a species of Grand Junction of everything that is unwholesome and revolting to look upon.

The old song of "Drink to me only with thine eyes" could never have been adapted to the water-drinkers of the present day, for to drink with the eyes shut is the only resource of the modern votary of our metropolitan river-gods.

Counter-Irritation.—"Is there any other little article we can show you to-day, Sir?"

THE PROSER.

ESSAYS AND DISCOURSES BY DR. SOLOMON PACIFICO.

VII.—ON THE PRESS AND THE PUBLIC.

Y rising young friend HITCHINGS, the author of "*Randolph the Robber*," "*The Murderers of May Fair*," and other romances, and one of the chief writers in the *Lictor* newspaper—a highly liberal, nay, seven-leagued boots progressional journal, was discoursing with the writer of the present lines upon the queer decision to which the French Assembly has come, and which enforces a signature henceforth to all the leading articles in the French papers. As an act of Government, HITCHINGS said he thought the measure most absurd and tyrannous, but he was not sorry for it, as it would infallibly increase the importance of the profession of letters, to which we both belonged. The man of letters will no longer be the anonymous slave of the newspaper-press proprietor, HITCHINGS said; the man of letters will no longer be used and flung aside in his old days; he will be rewarded according to his merits, and have the chance of making himself a name. And then HITCHINGS spoke with great fervour regarding the depressed condition of literary men, and said the time was coming when their merits would get them their own.

On this latter subject, which is a favourite one with many gentlemen of our profession, I, for one, am confessedly incredulous. I am resolved not to consider myself a martyr. I never knew a man who had written a good book (unless, indeed, it were a Barrister with Attorneys), hurt his position in society by having done so. On the contrary, a clever writer, with decent manners and conduct, makes more friends than any other man. And I do not believe (parenthetically) that it will make much difference to my friend HITCHINGS whether his name is affixed to one, twenty, or two thousand articles of his composition. But what would happen in England if such a regulation as that just passed in France were to become law; and the House of Commons omnipotent, which can shut up our parks for us, which can shut up our Post-Office for us, which can do anything it will, should take a fancy to have the signature of every writer of a newspaper article?

Have they got any secret ledger at the *Times* in which the names of the writers of all the articles in that journal are written down? That would be a curious book to see. Articles in that paper have been attributed to every great man of the day: at one time it was said BROUGHAM wrote regularly, at another CANNING was a known contributor, at some other time it was SIR ROBERT PEEL, LORD ABERDEEN. It would be curious to see the real names. The Chancellor's or the Foreign Secretary's articles would most likely turn out to be written by JONES or SMITH. I mean no disrespect to the latter, but the contrary—to be a writer for a newspaper requires more knowledge, genius, readiness, scholarship, than you want in Saint Stephen's. Compare a good leading article and a speech in the House of Commons: compare a House of Commons orator with a writer, psha!

Would JONES or SMITH, however, much profit by the publication of their names to their articles? That is doubtful. When the *Chronicle* or the *Times* speaks now, it is "we" who are speaking, we the Liberal Conservatives, we the Conservative Sceptics; when JONES signs the article, it is we no more, but JONES. It goes to the public with no authority. The public does not care very much what JONES's opinions are. They don't purchase the JONES organ any more—the paper droops; and, in fact, I can conceive nothing more wearisome than to see the names of SMITH, BROWN, JONES, ROBINSON, and so forth, written in capitals every day, day after day, under the various articles of the paper. The public would begin to cry out at the poverty of the literary dramatis personæ. We have had BROWN twelve times this month it would say. That ROBINSON's name is always coming up—as soon as there is a finance question, or a foreign question, or what not, it is SMITH who signs the article. Give us somebody else.

Thus BROWN and ROBINSON would get a doubtful and precarious bread instead of the comfortable and regular engagement which they now have. The paper would not be what it is. It would be impossible to employ men on trial, and see what their talents were worth. Occasion is half a public writer's battle. To sit down in his study and compose an article that *might* be suitable, is a hard work for him: twice as hard as the real work; and yet not the real work; which is to fight the battle at two hours' notice, at the given place and time. The debate is over at twelve o'clock at night, let us say. Mr. Editor looks round, and fixes on his man. "Now's your time, CAPTAIN SMITH," says he, "charge the enemy, and rout them,"—or "advance, COLONEL JONES, with your column and charge."

Now there may be men who are JONES's or ROBINSON's superiors in intellect, and who—give them a week or ten days to prepare—would turn out such an article as neither of the two men named could ever have produced—that is very likely. I have often, for my part, said the most brilliant thing in the world, and one that would utterly upset that impudent JENKINS, whose confounded jokes and puns spare nobody—but then it has been three hours after JENKINS's pun, when I was walking home very likely—and so it is with writers; some of them possess the amazing gift of the impromptu, and can always be counted upon in a moment of necessity—whilst others, slower coaches or leaders, require to get all their heavy guns into position, and laboriously to fortify their camp, before they begin to fire.

Now, saying that ROBINSON is the fellow chiefly to be intrusted with the quick work of the paper, it would be a most unkind and unfair piece of tyranny on the newspaper proprietor to force him to publish ROBINSON's name as the author of all the articles *d'occasion*. You have no more right to call for this publicity from the newspaper owner, who sells you three yards of his printed fabric, than to demand from the linen draper, from what wholesale house he got his calico; who spun it; who owned the cotton, and who cropped it in America. It is the article, and not the name and pedigree of the artificer, which a newspaper or any other dealer has a right to sell to the public. If I get a letter (which Heaven forbid!) from MR. TAPES my attorney, I know it is not in TAPES's own hand-writing; I know it is a clerk writes it—so, a newspaper is a composite work got up by many hireling hands, of whom it is necessary to know no other name than the printer's or proprietor's.

It is not to be denied that men of signal ability will write for years in papers and perish unknown—and in so far their lot is a hard one: and the chances of life are against them. It is hard upon a man, with whose work the whole town is ringing, that not a soul should know or care who is the author who so delights the public.

But, on the other hand, if your article is excellent, would you have had any great renown from it, supposing the paper had not published it? Would you have had a chance at all but for that paper? Suppose you had brought out that article on a broad sheet, who would have bought it? Did you ever hear of an unknown man making a fortune by a pamphlet?

Again, it may so happen to a literary man that the stipend which he receives from one publication is not sufficient to boil his family pot, and that he must write in some other quarter. If BROWN writes articles in the daily papers, and articles in the weekly and monthly periodicals too, and signs the same, he surely weakens his force by extending his line. It would be better for him to write incognito, than to placard his name in so many quarters—as actors understand, who do not perform in too many pieces on the same night; and painters, who know that it is not worth their while to exhibit more than a certain number of pictures.

Besides, if to some men the want of publicity is an evil: to many others the privacy is most welcome. Many a young barrister is a public writer, for instance, to whose future prospects his fame as a literary man would give no possible aid, and whose intention it is to put away the pen, when the attorneys begin to find out his juridical merits. To such a man it would only be a misfortune to be known as a writer of leading articles. *His* battle for fame and fortune is to be made with other weapons than the pen. Then again, a man without ambition—and there are very many such sensible persons, or whose ambition does not go beyond his *pot au feu*, is happy to have the opportunity of quietly and honourably adding to his income: of occupying himself: of improving himself: of paying for TOM at college, or for Mamma's carriage—and what not. Take away this modest mask—force every man upon the public stage to appear with his name placarded, and we lose some of the best books, some of the best articles, some of the pleasantest wit that we have ever had.

On the whole, then, in this controversy I am against HITCHINGS; and although he insists upon it that he is a persecuted being, I do not believe it; and although he declares that I ought to consider myself trampled on by the world, I decline to admit that I am persecuted, and protest that it treats me and my brethren kindly in the main.

MECHI'S MAGIC CROPS.—Our own Reporter, who paid a visit to MR. MECHI's Tiptree Farm, makes the following return:—"The barley is so strong in the beard, that not even MECHI himself can shave it."

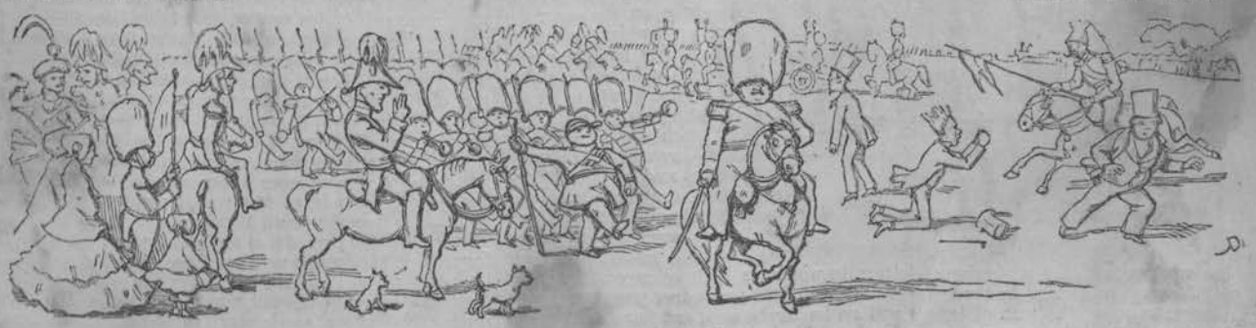
PLEASURE TRIPS OF BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON.

BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON THINK THEY WOULD LIKE TO GO AND SEE THE REVIEW.

THEY GO TO SEE THE REVIEW.

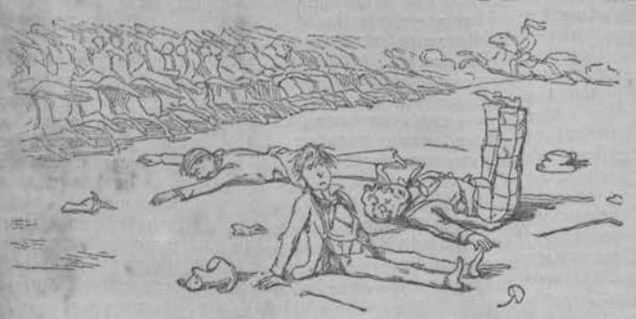
THEY TRY A "GOOD STRONG STAND."

ROBINSON SUGGESTS A TREE, "AS BEING MORE SECURE."



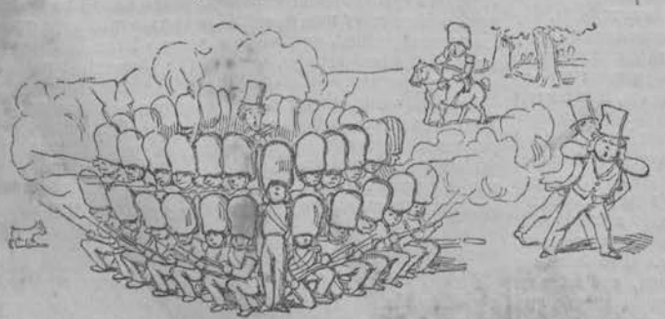
THE TROOPS MARCH PAST THE "DOOK" IN SLOW TIME.

A CHARGE OF CAVALRY TAKES PLACE.



POSITION OF BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON AFTER THE CHARGE

HOW THE TROOPS LOOKED WHEN THE FIRING BEGAN.



BROWN, "BY SOME MISTAKE," FINDS HIMSELF IN THE MIDDLE OF A HOLLOW SQUARE.

FINAL CATASTROPHE: REMOVAL OF BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON BY THE MILITARY.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, AUGUST 3rd, 1850.

THE NEPAULESE PRINCE HAS COME A MILE AND A HALF IN A CAB, AND THE CONSCIENTIOUS DRIVER HOPES FOUR SUV'RINS WON'T BE OUT OF THE WAY!

A BIT OF MY MIND.

BIT THE FIFTEENTH.

MRS. MOUSER RECEIVES ANOTHER LETTER FROM PARIS, WHICH, THIS TIME, SHE DOES NOT ANSWER.

MR. PUNCH,—Having been dragged into print by MOUSER's letter—which I thought, yes, I had my misgivings, I should be sorry for; but which, on the contrary, as MRS. HORNBLOWER and other kind friends inform me, has only shown my proper spirit,—having been compelled to answer my own lawful husband through your universal columns—for if I'm not to know MOUSER's private address, *I'm* not going to direct to the Post-Office, I can assure him—I shall continue the correspondence. Left in widowhood, as I may say, at home—it will be some satisfaction to feel that the world knows how I 'm treated, and how—of course—I 'm pitied accordingly.

Mr. Punch, your last number could hardly have got to Paris, could scarcely have been laid upon the Café table—I mean the Café of the Inconsolable Husbands—when MOUSER, I know him well! scared by the red-hot shot—as MRS. HORNBLOWER pays me the compliment to call it, meaning my letter—the red-hot shot that was in it, wrote me an answer; which, at a blow, and without a moment's hesitation, I PRINT!

"Paris. [*And that 's all!*]

"MY DEAREST AND EVER DEAR AMELIA,

"[*That the ink in his pen didn't turn scarlet with blushing, is—I will say it—what surprises me!*] Having despatched my business—[*This is the first time I've heard of it. But it isn't business that takes him from me; no; it can be nothing but pleasure!*]—I shall now, like the wearied dove, begin to think of my rest. You can have no idea, AMELIA, of the weariness of Paris. [*No: and with his will I'm not likely to have.*] Attached as you are—it is my pride to know it—to the calm retirement of our own hearth—(with what delight shall I again fit my feet into my slippers, and drop once more into my own chair!)—how glad I am that I did not carry out my first impulse, and gently insist upon bringing you with me. [*And went and sent in the painters, and that on purpose to keep me suffering in the house!*]

"A part of the time that I could snatch from business, I devoted to what are called the gaieties of Paris. All hollow—all unreal. The Boulevards are by no means equal to Oxford Street; the Elysian Fields as they are called—but the French would find Elysium in a sentry-box—are not to be spoken of with our own Trafalgar Square; whilst for the Louvre, where they hang their pictures and set up their statues, never dream of it, AMELIA, whilst—as an Englishwoman—you have the blessing, gratis, of our own—own National Gallery. Indeed, altogether—especially to a woman of your simple tastes—Paris is a mistake. No sooner would you have been here, than you would have sighed for London. [*Any way, he might have let me sigh for myself!*]

"I have seen Versailles, but only for your satisfaction. My love, it is not to be spoken of with Buckingham Palace. And then for the water-works, why—with our own fountains in Trafalgar Square, for with the pride of an Englishman I must again return to it—they sink to nothing. Indeed, with almost everything I have beheld I have been disappointed. Twenty times I have caught myself saying, or about to say, 'Dear AMELIA! How she would have been disenchanted! How happy I am for her sake—[*I dare say!*]—for her sake, I did not bring her here!' For compared with London everything is incomplete and small. Then there is a Statue of NAPOLEON on the Place Vendôme. My love! think of the York Column of our own London, and you 'll despise it. [*Which?*] Again, to dissipate a lowness of spirits that has unaccountably crept over me since we separated, I went to the Jardin des Plantes, which is French for Bear-garden. You, who delight so much in our own Zoologicals—you, who are, I may say, so much at home among the monkeys of your own country, would despise 'em here. [*I am not so sure of that.*] Whilst I paced the Garden, glancing here and there at wretched specimens, how I envied you the hippopotamus!

"My greatest disappointment, however, was reserved for the theatres. I have seen some dozen pieces—but only on a point of principle—of curiosity, I should rather say. And it happened in this manner. The first play I saw was taken from the Adelphi—our own Adelphi. The next from the Lyceum; the next, again from the Lyceum! And so on. As an Englishman, going from theatre to theatre, you, AMELIA, who know my impulsive temperament under a sense of wrong—you will best judge the excitement of my feelings when I tell you that, out of no less than one dozen plays, eleven of them had been shamefully stolen from the English boards by our unprincipled neighbours! When I felt assured of this, you who know me [*Too well!*] will know, that I felt it impossible to remain another hour—that is, another hour comfortably among such a people!

"Having, then, my dearest AMELIA, transacted all my business—I may say, scrambled through much of it—that I might the sooner shake the dust of this city from my shoes to wipe them on my own hearth-rug—I shall, in one fond word, be with you on Wednesday.

"Yes, AMELIA; on Wednesday! I shall return from Dover by rail, of course; and consoling myself with the delightful thought that

"I shall be at the Bricklayer's Arms precisely at ten,

"And in your's at eleven,

"I remain, your affectionate husband,

"JOHN MOUSER.

"P.S. I had almost forgotten to tell my AMELIA, that I have run all over Paris to buy her some pretty little presents—but, I am deeply grieved to add, without success. [*Why?*] I tried to purchase a lace veil—[*The very thing I want!*]—when the thought came over me, as I looked at it, that the article might be bought better and cheaper in London. [*Of course.*] My next endeavour was at a jeweller's. There I pitched upon what seemed to be a very beautiful chain, when a friend who was with me—one of my old bachelor friends whom I haven't met since I was married—one of the steadiest fellows, by the way, in the world—when he compelled me to remark, that French jewellery, however fine, was nothing so good—so solid as our own. I assented to the observation, though not without a pang; and—must buy my AMELIA, what I do buy, at home.

"Again, I had this consolation. I am the worst smuggler in the world. With my foolishly innocent face, the articles would have been detected upon me, and—isn't it, my love, better as it is?"

Now, *Mr. Punch*, I have scarcely made a remark upon all this. I have—I may say, at a ruinous sacrifice to my feelings—said almost nothing. No. I resolved to remain quiet until I 'd got MOUSER safely at home. I was calculating upon it, when—you might have knocked me down with a straw!—there came *this* letter!

"MY DARLING AMELIA, "Paris. [*Only Paris again!*]

"MOST pressing business compels me to diverge a little from my route homeward. My darling, direct, Post-Office, Brussels!

"Ever, doatingly,

"Your MOUSER."

Indeed! But, *Mr. Punch*, at this moment, I will not tell you my intentions. I will not put upon paper the scorpions that—but it 's no matter. All I wish to say is this: if you receive a letter with a foreign post-mark, don't be surprised if it 's from

Yours (packing up),

The Honeysuckles. AMELIA MOUSER.

"TERMS—CASH ONLY."

THE Debates last week contained a discussion upon "turnpike trusts." This sounds rather like a misnomer; for we always thought that a turnpike was one of those things that insisted upon ready money, and never gave any trust.

GENEROSITY TO POOR SOLDIERS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times*, in the subjoined passage, has invited public attention to a pretty graceful act on the part of the House of Commons, and to a judicious, considerate, feeling, remark on that of the Secretary-at-War:—

"The House of Commons on Friday, with but one dissentient, agreed that the private soldier who had earned a good-conduct medal should be mulcted of one week's pay or more out of his scanty wages as the condition of his obtaining the certificate of honour. The Secretary-at-War, with that *nonchalance* so usual in a rich man when he treats of the out-goings of the poorer, says, 'it is no great exaction.'"

It would be "no great exaction" to deprive poor soldiers of their week's pay, eh, MR. FOX MAULE? No great exaction; no, only a little one. Well then, perhaps it would be no great generosity, Right Honourable Sir, if you were to subscribe a week's salary towards finding them medals *gratis*. In that case, the men may be willing to keep the baubles; otherwise, it is probable they will be inclined to sell them for what they will fetch. And it would, no doubt, pay any enterprising speculator to buy them up, and send them over to some country ill-disposed towards us, to be hawked about as curiosities—sold as extraordinary illustrations of British meanness.

RAPID ACT OF ASSMANSHIP.

THERE is at present such a glut of the balloon-market, that the aeronauts are jostling each other in the air, and the veteran GREEN'S car is stopping the way of the car of the veteran GRAHAM. A mere act of simple straightforward ballooning has, however, lost its effect on the public mind, which refuses to be aroused by anything less exciting than an aeronaut on horseback, who runs a fearful risk of being sent on the same journey that a beggar is said to be likely to take, when he turns equestrian.

Last week the veteran GREEN was announced to ascend in a balloon on horseback; and when the evening came, a poor little pony was brought forward, with his legs stuck into sockets—like a couple of pairs of candlesticks—and the veteran, supporting his feet upon a pile of ballast-bags, ascended in the balloon with the animal between his legs; but resting none of his weight on the diminutive quadruped. The whole affair was a piece of child's play, which would have been much more complete, and far less disagreeable, if the sensible advice of MR. NORTON, the Lambeth Magistrate, had been taken, and a wooden horse had been used, instead of a real pony.

If the veteran GREEN must have his hobby, let it be a hobby in the strict sense of the word, and he will then spare the feelings of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to the Dumb Species. The air is not the proper element for equestrian performances, nor ought an attempt to be made to get up a rivalry to ASTLEY'S in the skies above the suburbs.

BONNYCASTLE AND BROADCLOTH.

THERE is doubtless an affinity between weights and measures, but the substitution of tailors' weights for tailors' measures—a state of things to which we are approaching—will have in it something rather peculiar. The advertisements now continually inform us that we may purchase paletôts weighing only so many ounces, and we shall soon be expected to buy our clothes by the pound, as we do our tea and sugar. We shall be sending to our tailors shortly for such and such a quantity of mixed garments, including so many ounces of strong boys' black, and a quarter-of-a-pound or so of green, or any other serviceable colour. The cheap tailoring, like the cheap tea-dealing, leads, of course, to the introduction of a quantity of spurious trash, and we recommend the public not to try more than an ounce at a time of those articles which they see announced in the puffing advertisements.

HEAR! HEAR!—We don't wonder at the delay in getting through the Appeal business in the House of Lords, notwithstanding the activity of LORD BROUGHAM, for in that house everything is very hard of hearing.

THE MINISTER TO HIS MAJORITY.

AIR—"*Haul away, yoho, Boys!*" Nautical Melody.

THE House of Commons has a knack,
Vote away, yoho, boys!
Of piling loads on JOHN BULL'S back,
To any height, you know, boys.
Come, put your motion; sure am I,
If we can't get it, still we 'll try
To make Old England's money fly;
Vote away, yoho, boys!

With twelve thousand, yearly paid,
Vote away, yoho, boys!
CAMBRIDGE is a happy blade;
And you have made him so, boys,
Now stables for the PRINCE OF WALES
To build, another grant entails;
We want the cash—ne'er mind who rails—
Vote away, yoho, boys!

The other Royal infants too,
Vote away, yoho, boys!
Must be provided for by you,
As they increase and grow, boys,
Strip needy clerks—skin any flint—
But never Prince or Princess stint.
Vote—though their pensions break the mint—
Vote away, yoho, boys!

For odious acts of every kind,
Vote away, yoho, boys!
And public feeling, never mind,
Nor outcries of "Oh, oh!" boys.
Pass any Sabbatarian bill,
Inflict whatever bore you will;
And—till the cup you over-fill—
Vote away, yoho, boys!

BALLOON SCIENTIFIC PREPARATIONS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday. The veteran GREEN will ascend on the veteran tortoise (aged 197 years), lately arrived at the Zoological Gardens.

Tuesday. MR. BARRY, the *Clown*, will mount on a donkey, and sing "Hot Codlins" at the altitude of 600 feet.

Wednesday. The veteran GREEN will, in the character of an old witch, mount on a broom, and dance the witches' dance in the air.

Thursday. LIEUTENANT GALE will disguise himself as the *Courier of St. Petersburg*, and ascend on the backs of six blind horses.

Friday. MRS. GRAHAM, or MADAME WHARTON, will make her ascent on horseback as *Lady Godiva*.

Saturday. Grand race between six balloons with six horses, and six balloons with six donkeys. N.B.—None but English donkeys allowed to compete.

Peel and Wordsworth.

STATUES and monuments of many kinds are to be erected to the memory of PEEL. We rejoice thereat; and, rejoicing, wish the number doubled. But how about WORDSWORTH? No monument to him—or only one at most? SHELLEY has called poets "the unacknowledged legislators of mankind." WORDSWORTH has been a most potent legislator; something more than M. P. for Rydal Mount. Nevertheless, as only being a legislator in print, and not in Parliament, he is a legislator unacknowledged. LORD JOHN proposes no statue for him.

THE STATESMAN'S DREAM.

ALDERMAN HUMPHERY, in the course of a debate on the new House of Commons, said, that, in consequence of its limited accommodation, Members would often go out to take a nap in the Library. We are quite sure that no Member anxious for a nap will take the trouble to go out into the Library. He will merely keep his seat during a debate, and exhausted nature will soon find repose.

PARLIAMENTARY ALMANACK.—Latter end of July, "Pairing" time begins.

HOW WE DO BUSINESS IN THE HOUSE.

PART I.—*A night in February.—Hour half-past* 10 *p.m. Order of the day; Bill for regulating the pavement of Belgravia. House already in Committee;* MR. KERNEL *in the Chair. About five hundred Members present, and all awake.*

MR. DE NEWGATE moved that the Chairman do report progress. (*Tremendous cheering from all parts of the House.*) They had been sitting two hours, and the measure was far too important to be pressed further to-night. (*Hear!*) In his opinion they had gone too far already, and, considering the lateness of the hour, he hoped there would be no opposition to his motion. (*Cheers.*)

COLONEL SIBTHORP cordially concurred. He would stand by his excellent friend to the last; ay, to the death. (*Oh! Oh! from* MR. JOHN O'CONNELL.) It was very well for the Honourable Member to cry "Oh!" Would he do the same? No, he would not! He knew better. He talked once of "dying on the floor of the House," but it was all moonshine, Sir—humbug—disgusting rubbish—and so was everything that came from that side of the House.

MR. JOHN O'CONNELL complained of being misrepresented by the gallant Colonel. He had not cried "Oh!" He had cheered the Hon. and gallant Member. He too, like the gallant Colonel, would stand to the death in resisting this indecent attempt to force an important—he would add, an Algerine—measure upon a reluctant and overpowered House—and he begged to tell the Hon. Member that, notwithstanding the sneers at his proposal "to die on the floor, if necessary," in now repeating that proposal, he was now as much in earnest as ever he was. (*Loud cheers from the Irish Members.*)

COLONEL SIBTHORP accepted with satisfaction the apology of the Hon. Member—might he say, Hon. friend—

MR. JOHN O'CONNELL acknowledged the compliment in the usual manner.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL thought that the discussion on a bill like this, of comparatively small importance, (*No! No! and terrific uproar from all parts of the House,*) might be allowed, at this early hour, (*renewed and boisterous expressions of dissent,*)—why, it was only half-past 10 o'clock, (*general disapprobation,*)—to go on to the end of the first clause. If at 11 o'clock they had not got so far, he would then willingly consent to the postponement of the measure for another evening.

[*Cries of "Report progress," "*BROTHERTON," *"Time! Time!" &c., &c., &c., amidst which* LORD JOHN RUSSELL *resumes his seat. Many other Members having in vain essayed, amidst the storm which ensued, to obtain a hearing, the question to report progress is put by* MR. KERNEL, *and carried without a division. The further consideration of the measure is put off for three weeks.*

PART II.—*A morning in August, hour* 2 *o'clock a.m. Order of the day; Bill for putting the Army, Navy, Constabulary, Judicial and other Establishments, upon a new footing, and for vesting the management thereof in H. R. Highness the Prince Consort. Ten Members present, of whom four fast asleep, and other five nodding and winking.*

MR. SPEAKER (*far gone in somnolency, but trying very hard to look solemn and wide-awake*). That the House go into Committee on this Bill.

AN HON. MEMBER (*of Opposition, half in and half out of sleep*). Oh, oh!

MR. MOLYNEUX (*of the same, jogging him severely, and whispering*). It's all right. We agree.

MR. SPEAKER. That I do leave the Chair.

[*Put and carried nem. con. The* SPEAKER *leaves the Chair, and* MR. KERNEL, *Chairman of Committees, takes it.*

CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES. Is there any opposition to this Bill?

AN HON. MEMBER (*of Opposition, very pointedly*). None.

CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES. Is there any opposition to the amendments?

AN HON. MEMBER (*of the Treasury Bench*). None.

CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES (*with preternatural rapidity*). That this Bill be read a first time. Opinion say Aye! contrary No! The Ayes have it. That it be read a second time. Opinion say Aye! contrary No! The Ayes have it. That the Preamble be postponed. Clause 1. and the other clauses—any objection to them?

HON. MEMBERS (*on both sides, with convulsive eagerness*). None.

CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES (*at a killing pace*). That the blanks in the clauses be filled up with sums, and so on; that words be omitted, and words put in, and so on; and that the clauses as so amended stand part of the Bill. Opinion say Aye! the contrary No! The Ayes have it. Any new clauses?

MR. MOLYNEUX. I move the addition of these fourteen new clauses.

[*Hands in a large bundle of Papers.*

MR. JOHN GAYTER (*nodding encouragingly and deprecatingly*). All right.

CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES (*with great rapidity*). New clauses. "Be it enacted," and so on. That they be added to the Bill. Opinion say Aye! contrary No! The Ayes have it. That this be the Preamble. Opinion say Aye! contrary No! The Ayes have it. That I do report this Bill with the amendments to the House. Opinion say Aye! contrary No! The Ayes have it. That I do now leave the Chair. Opinion say Aye! the contrary No! The Ayes have it.

[*The House resumes, and the* SPEAKER, *who has been enjoying a concentrated nap, awakes, and takes the Chair.*

MR. KERNEL (*to* SPEAKER). Sir, the Committee have gone through this Bill, clause by clause, and have made some amendments therein.

THE SPEAKER (*very drowsily, but with a tone of great thankfulness*). That this House do now adjourn.

[*The House adjourns, at one minute-and-a-half after* 2 *o'clock.*

LORD DOUBLEJOHN.

THERE dies a great philosopher or bard,
Leaving his wife and children to the Nation;
A meagre pittance is the State's award,
Barely enough to save them from starvation.
To all complaint replies the Premier smug,
"True, 'twas a hard case—deeply he deplored it;
More Government would give, but"—with a shrug
He adds—"the fact was, they could not afford it."

A public maintenance a Duke demands
Of Royal stem—herein his sole pretension—
The liberal Minister, with open hands,
Gives him twelve thousand pounds a year for pension.
"Come, come," pleads HUME, "you know you 're in distress;
Eight thousand were an ample patrimony."
"Twelve!" insists JOHN—"we couldn't think of less."
Oh, Humbug! Humbug! sure thy name is JOHNNY.

FLEETING POPULARITY.

THERE is a gentleman named HAMET who is enjoying just now a large amount of popularity as the bed-fellow of the Hippopotamus. Unfortunately, the career of this individual hangs on a slender thread—the thread in question being the life of the animal from whom he derives all the *éclat* that at present belongs to him. Should anything happen to the Hippopotamus, it is too clear that poor HAMET will be no longer a subject of interest. Hippopotami are so rare that it is very unlikely another would be found to attach himself to HAMET, who would at once fall into the ranks of wretched insignificance. There have been many instances of this sort of reflected fame, and there have been known one or two cases of renown having been shed on humbler persons by the companionship of LORD BROUGHAM, whom we may describe as the moral, social, intellectual, and political Hippopotamus of the present day, for his Lordship is certainly in all respects a prodigy.

Places not Wanted.

BY an act lately passed, there are certain appointments to be made of persons who are to be styled "Directors" of various prisons. The salary is good, but there is such a horror of the very name of "Director," with the odium and liabilities attached to the office since the bursting of the railway bubble, that it is feared no one will be found willing to accept the office of Director of any thing.

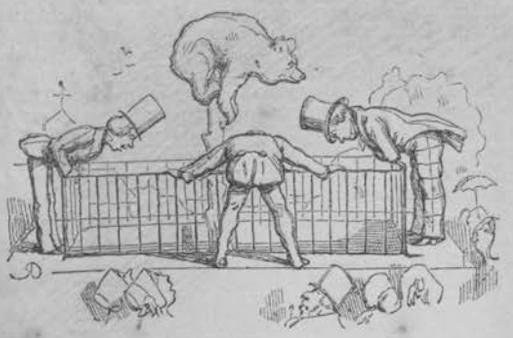
THE PARLIAMENTARY PAIRING SEASON.

EVERY day the paper contains a short list of what may be termed "happy pairs," consisting of a number of "blessed couples" of Members of Parliament, who have "paired" for the remainder of the session. In every instance the parties paired are by no means well matched, and, looking at the difference of opinion on both sides, we should say there never could be more decided cases of ill-assorted unions.

Sabbatarian Fraternity.

THE *Morning Post* of Monday last week stated that some persons of authority in the neighbourhood of Mecklenburgh Square, Doughty Street, Foundling Hospital, had on the previous Sunday caused the pump in that vicinity to be actually locked up—secured with a strong iron chain and padlock. This tyrannical behaviour towards a pump shows how very little the Sabbatarians are actuated by brotherly love.

BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON GO TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.



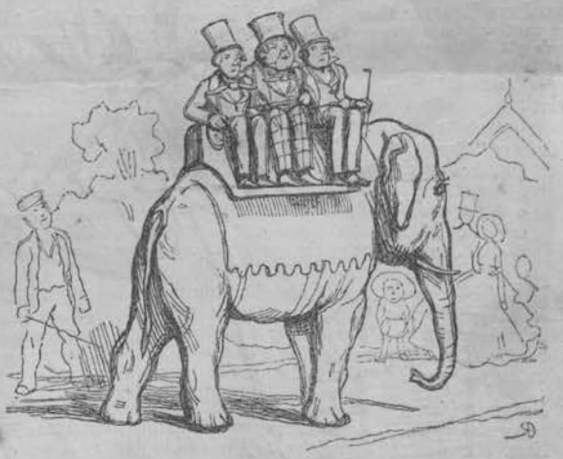
THEY INSPECT THE BEARS.

ROBINSON FEEDS THE WATER-FOWL.

BROWN HAVING RASHLY STRAYED INTO A ROOM FULL OF MACAWS, WE SEE THE CONSEQUENCE.

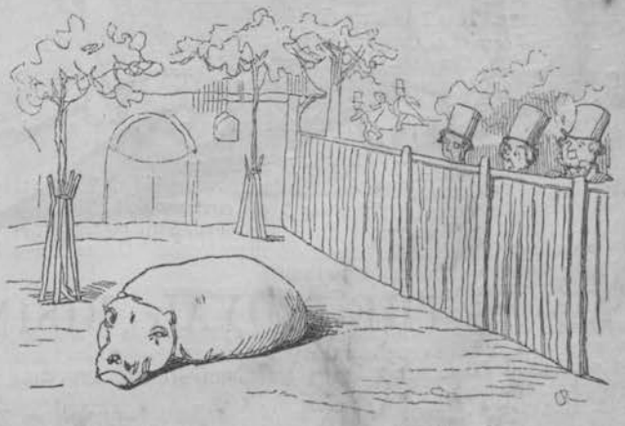
JONES VOLUNTEERS TO RIDE THE CAMEL, AND, TO A CERTAIN EXTENT, HE DOES IT.

IN A LONELY PATHWAY THEY SEE SOMETHING COMING.



THEY ARE PERSUADED TO MOUNT THE ELEPHANT.

THEY GO IN QUEST OF THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.



THEY SEE THE HIPPOPOTAMUS!

THE ROYAL RISING GENERATION.

British Lion. "YOU WANT MAR'BORO' HOUSE, AND SOME STABLES!!—WHY, YOU 'LL BE WANTING A LATCH KEY NEXT, I SUPPOSE!!"

FOUR EQUERRIES AND THREE CHAPLAINS.

The first acts of the reign of His Royal Highness the Duke of Oxbridge will have been read with edification by the British public. By the first decree Royal Highness appoints four equerries to wait upon him, by the second decree Royal Highness appoints three chaplains for his Royal Establishment.

The equerries are privy councillors in jack-boots, and secretaries-at-arms, to Royal Highness.

When Royal Highness is inclined to take a drive, Captain the Honourable Lancelot Prance will ride on his right hand, Major the Honourable Tristram Trotter on his left. Colonel the Honourable Arthur Whippingham will ride in advance, while the fourth equerry, Baron Spurzinstern, will bring up the rear.

The equerries will take it by turns, two and two, to attend at his Royal Highness's meals; the muffins and newspapers for breakfast, and the two first entrées for dinner, being brought in on horseback by the officers in attendance.

His Royal Highness will examine his letters mounted: transact his business at a canter: look over his accounts at a hand-gallop: and receive petitioners and grant interviews at a full trot. Business generally will be transacted at the rate of eight miles an hour.

As Religion has ever been the accompaniment of Chivalry, his Royal Highness's three chaplains will be in constant attendance upon the Prince and his Royal Suite. The Rev. Mr. Benedick will say grace before dinner, the Rev. Mr. Chantry after dinner, and the Rev. Mr. Laud ask a blessing on the second course.

The equerries will say their Catechisms every morning on horseback, in the front yard of Oxbridge House. The household will be instructed in learning generally, and the Royal Footmen and Maid-servants will be put through a course of "*Watts's Hymns.*"

A chaplain will always sit on the box when Royal Highness drives out, and will improve the time by delivering a lecture: the footmen behind will officiate as clerks, and the equerries in waiting will be examined as to the text and the discourse.

The reverend gentlemen will each take two days in the week on which they will deliver sermons to the Royal Household: on Sundays all three will preach of course, when the whole establishment will be expected to attend.

For of what use are three chaplains to a Prince of the nineteenth century, if he does not intend to make use of them? What is the meaning of a reverend gentleman being chaplain to a Royal Highness, if the duties of the chaplain are merely nominal? What can a Prince want with three chaplains, or three chaplains want with a Prince?

What can a quiet, kind, manly, and simple gentleman, Prince though he be of the British Blood Royal, want at this present period of time with four equerries and three parsons in the *Gazette?* Are these ceremonies now-a-days useful and decorous, or absurd and pitiable; and likely to cause the scorn and laughter of men of sense? When the greatest and wisest Statesman in England dying declares he will have no titles for his sons, and, as it were, repudiates the Peerage as a part of the Protective system which must fall one day, as other Protective institutions have fallen—can't sensible folks read the signs of the times, and be quiet? When Lord John comes down to the House (with that pluck which his lordship always shows when he has to meet an unpopular measure), and asks for an allowance, which the nation grudgingly grants to its pensioners,—when the allowance is flung at his Royal Highness with a grumble, is it wise to come out the next day with a tail of four equerries and three clergymen?

Ah, noble Prince! reflect that, besides your Royal Highness, there is a family of great-grandchildren of George the Third, who look to a loyal British nation for maintenance and house-room; that, as Marlborough House is wanted for one Royal Highness, and granted, not without grumbling, so others will naturally want board and lodging, and Red Lion House, or Bloomsbury House, or Baker House, may be required for the Royal brothers of the Prince of Wales; that these Princes may increase and multiply, and that their sons will want establishments and Parliamentary grants, as your Royal Highness does at this day. Say that there are four Princes, and that each has three sons: put six equerries and four parsons apiece for the elder Princes, and your own allowance of four and three for the younger potentates; we have then (of the elder branch of your illustrious House) sixteen Princes attended by seventy-two equerries, and fifty-two chaplains. What a calculation! If our noble Minister, Lord John, is Premier forty years hence, there is no doubt he will have the courage to propose allowances for them all; and as the cost of their maintenances will be most unpopular with the country, my Lord will with only the more ardour advocate their rights. But what a public ferment there will be meanwhile, of which, according to his nature, my Lord will take no heed! What a general scorn, and laughter, and indignation! These Court trains, people will say, are monstrous and unseemly. Princes might wear pig-tails as well, or touch for the king's-evil. Among the men of sense, the working and thinking people of the empire, the men of this day, eighteen-hundred-and-fifty, do you suppose it is sufferance or respect with which these old-world ceremonies and superannuated Court antics are held? The day for such draws to a close, and the time is here when it is best to shut up the old pig-tails, and trains, and gold sticks, and frippery—at which the working world now looks with scarcely more respect than at Prince Widdicomb's procession, when he enters the ring with his gentlemen, and his grooms, and his jester.

A NEW CRY.

If any of the Members of the House of Commons should wish to "go to the country with a cry" during the recess, we beg leave to call the attention of Honourable Gentlemen to a cry, which appeared for the first time on Friday last, in the report of the debates in Parliament.

The cry alluded to is one that we may often expect to meet with again; for of all the cries in which Honourable Members are apt to indulge, there is none more likely to be appropriately called into use than the cry in question. It appears that Mr. Reynolds was making a facetious speech—we beg leave to say that we use the term "facetious" in its Parliamentary sense—when, among other venerable matters, he introduced the old story of Paddy doing nothing, and Tom helping Paddy. Now, although the House of Commons may be used to this sort of thing; and though in all the jokes of Honourable Members the venerable is the prominent feature, the story to which we have referred smacked too much of the antique for even a legislative audience; and the walls of Parliament rang, for the first time we believe, with the cry of "Joe Miller."

The difficulty of getting anything like novelty in the shape of a cry must be acknowledged by all who are familiar with the attempts of Honourable Members to imitate the early village, and other varieties of the cock tribe, as well as the more congenial bray of the donkey, and numerous other sounds which nothing short of collective wisdom has been able to originate. The cry of Joe Miller is something quite new; but since the House of Commons has taken to joking in right-down serious earnest—and there is nothing half so serious as a legislative joke—we may expect the words Joe Miller to be heard continually in the course of the debates, during the ensuing session.

YEOMANRY CAVALRY REVIEWED.

Private and Confidential Report on the Condition of the Cowbridge Volunteers, by Colonel Inspector Punch *to the* Commander-in-Chief.

To His Grace F. M. the Duke of Wellington, *Commander-in-Chief, &c. &c. &c.*

I have the honour to transmit for your Grace's perusal, by the command of your Grace, a confidential report of the state in regard to discipline, and generally, of the Cowbridge Yeomanry Cavalry, inspected by me, pursuant to orders.

Your Grace is aware that the Cowbridge Yeomanry Cavalry are irregular horse, that is to say, mounted on animals of all sorts and sizes, which, with the exception of a few shooting ponies amongst the number, do not stand fire with quite so much steadiness as could be desired.

Of the behaviour of the men themselves under fire I cannot, of course, speak, as they have as yet seen no actual service in any field, except the ordinary operations of husbandry. Nor can I form any conjecture on this subject; for the probability of their ever being called upon to act—except in the sense of playing the part of soldiers—is, in my opinion, as remote as your Grace can wish.

I have great pleasure, however, in testifying to their intrepid conduct under water, on one occasion when the regiment proceeded through Cowbridge, covered by their umbrellas, beneath a smart shower of rain.

They were at the same time exposed to a galling discharge of gibes from the populace and spectators, which they bore without flinching; and, indeed, I have often had the satisfaction of admiring their constancy in sustaining banter.

The Cowbridge Yeomanry Cavalry are a most formidable force in respect of weight of man and metal. Some of them are fifteen stone and upwards; and their pockets are full of money.

Your Grace will have inferred, from what has been above mentioned, that the men are in excellent condition, owing to the liberal allowance of beef and beer with which they provide themselves. I believe I am justified in stating that better trenchermen never stood in trenches. Their efficiency in the use of the knife and fork would warrant the commendation that they are masters of their weapons, if, on parade, their swords were less apt to hang in their scabbards.

The Band of the Cowbridge Yeomanry must not be dismissed without a word of comment, the singular variety of the instruments which it includes being remarkable. I would take the liberty of suggesting that it might be improved by the addition of a violin.

I have the honour to be, &c.,

(Signed) PUNCH.

Head-Quarters, 85, Fleet Street,
August 3, 1850.

Colonel-in-Command of the Light Motleys,
Inspector-General of the Militia and Yeomanry.

THE COWBRIDGE YEOMANRY RE-FORMING.

AS REGULAR AS CLOCK-WORK.

THE expression of "as regular as clock-work" will never apply to the clock-works of London, for it is a question whether there are any clocks in the world that do their work so irregularly as the clocks of London. First of all, one half of them never do their work at all, and the other half get through their work in such a slovenly manner, that we wonder their faces do not turn crimson with blushes every time a person looks at them. It is impossible to tell the hour of the day from them, and we would recommend that the whole company of London clocks be thrown into Chancery, in order that they may be stopped, or broken up altogether, or else be made amenable, like railways that are in a similar state of suspension, to the stirring clauses of "*The Winding-up Act*,"—for we must say that "A clock that can work, and will not work, ought to be made to work;" unless, perchance, the public clocks have been stopped by order of the Sabbatarians, who openly object to anything working on the Sunday.

A Judge Knocking at the Door.

THE papers last week contained an account of some unseemly opposition to the opening of a door for the Judge at Newcastle, when his Lordship was desirous of getting to his colleague, to consult him on a point of law pending a question of life or death to a prisoner then under trial. The blockading party consisted of a number of County Magistrates, who had a most appropriate leader and spokesman in an individual named MONK, for the whole affair, as reported, reads very like a remnant of truly monkish ignorance.

STATE OF THE RAILWAY-MARKET.

WE begin to wonder that there is any railway market at all, after the protracted fits of languor and countless instances of relapse to which it has been subjected. There must be a sort of cat-like vitality in the market to enable it to survive so many severe shocks, for every bulletin announces either some fresh "relapse," or the continued absence of "all signs of recovery." It is a pity that somebody does not go and put the railway market out of its misery at once by killing it off-hand, for, in its present weak state, it must be wretched to itself, as well as a nuisance to others. We are beginning to be quite tired of hearing that the railway market is "no better," and we shall be really glad when there is an end to an invalid who has long ceased to be productive of even the most moderate interest.

CRUEL CASE OF JEW-DROPPING.

Guildhall, July 30.

WHEREAS some hard-hearted and cruelly-disposed person has dropt between the Statues of Gog and Magog, Guildhall, a Full-Grown Male Infant of the Jewish Persuasion, swathed in bank-notes, and in a basket, bearing a direction worded—"*To the Care of the Electors of London, to be kept close until next Session*,"—any Reward commensurate with the Cruelty of the Deed will be given for the Apprehension of the Offender, who is suspected to be a little, wiry man, frequenting Downing Street and the House of Commons.

Farncombe, *Mayor*.

A DONKEY ON BALLOONS.

"Mr. Punch,

"I am a public jackass; in a word, I am the very donkey that, from the days of my foalhood, has been put 'up' for the 'other twopence.' I know what it is to be elevated above the world; and therefore beg to be heard—in reply to Mr. Norton, the worthy magistrate of Lambeth—on his unguarded opinions expressed a few days ago upon the meditated ascent from Vauxhall of a horse, belly-banded to a balloon, with Mr. Green upon the horse's back.

"Mr. Norton said, 'a wooden or hobby-horse would serve just as well.' By no means; for the whole fun of the thing—the whole interest of the matter—is in the chance whether the horse shall not come tumbling from the sky (with the balloon-man upon or off his back) so much dog's-meat.

"Why, *Mr. Punch*, did the people drop their mouths and open their eyes with wonder and exultation, when they saw me—(for of late, the police have forbidden my professional exertions; and I am now, for the benefit of my health and the exercise of young ladies, on the donkey-stand at Gravesend)—when they saw me, I say, tied helpless to a ladder; and that ladder balanced upon the chin of the man-monster who thus supported me? Why, the whole pleasure was in the thought that I *might* come down with a smash upon the stones—that I might break my legs, or my neck; or haply tumbling upon my persecutor, break *his* neck into the bargain.

"Without this pleasant stimulus, do you think that even an enlightened English public would have clubbed the 'other twopence' to send me 'up?' Why, no. But the money was subscribed (too often, I shudder at the thoughts of it, too quickly subscribed) in the fiendish hope that I should no sooner be up than down.

"It is upon the same principle that a humane and thoughtful people put down their shilling to see a horse carried into the clouds. It is the danger to the poor brute that is the intellectual sauce to the refined, the money-giving Christian!

"*Mr. Punch*, I have often thought of writing my Recollections under the title of *The Ladder of Life*. If next winter I can keep out of the hands of a sandman, or any other such low dealer, I shall have time enough, and will certainly attempt it. Then I'll let the world know with what pity, with what contempt, an elevated jackass may look down upon the mob! Then will I describe the emotions of disgust and scorn, sublimed by an asinine sense of superiority that possessed me; whilst from the Ladder, with meekly-seeming face, but with an outraged and burning heart, I, the four-legged ass, looked down upon the biped donkeys beneath me.

"I don't know at the time I write whether Mr. Green will go into the clouds upon horseback; but if he does, I know what I'd do, if I only had the power; I'd make him for his pains take his next trip into the sky not on the back of a horse, but on the back of a porcupine.

"Your obedient servant,

"Twopence More and up went the Donkey.

"P.S. As I write this on a Saturday, I have sent it under cover to Lord Russell, that—he being a Minister—you may get it early through him on Monday morning. Perhaps you'll be a little surprised at the elegance of my literary style. I feel it myself. But the fact is, all the Midsummer holidays I've every day carried Miss Indigo—a lady who's drinking our milk here for weak health, and who has at this minute a book of promising poems somewhere in the press."

THE CITY COMMITTEE'S REPORT OF SMITHFIELD MARKET.

That Smithfield Market is the healthiest spot not only in England, but perhaps in the whole world. It is a well-known sanitary fact that slaughterhouses are highly conducive to health, and so well convinced are medical men of their beneficial effect upon invalids, that they always send their most delicate patients to take lodgings in the neighbourhood of the market, and so rapid is the change that takes place in their constitution, that they rarely ever see them again.

That Smithfield Market, far from being the noisy spot it is maliciously described to be, is distinguished for its extreme quiet. There is a legal, learned stillness in the air, that many students prefer it to the Temple Gardens, or any of the Inns of Court. It has the further advantage, too, of being as still during the night as during the day—so much so, that the repose of the above-mentioned invalids is rarely disturbed after the first week.

That the cry of "Mad Bull" is always an occasion of great sport to the street in which it is raised, more especially to the little boys who always join in it with the greatest glee and harmlessness.

That the shopkeepers rather like the bulls walking into their shops than otherwise, and declare that if it were not for the difficulty of getting them out again, they decidedly should be very fond of it.

That the sensation of tossing is far from disagreeable; and that the Committee have been told of the instance of an old man who lives at a public-house in Cow Lane, and is so fond of tossing, that he is always ready to do it for a pint of beer, or even less.

That very few accidents occur about the market, and when they do, it is invariably the fault of the parties who are injured by the accidents, and not of the poor animals who commit them.

That these accidents, however, are rarely fatal, from the simple reason that those who escape with their lives from the first accident, rarely put themselves in the way of receiving a second.

That those bigoted persons who persist in asserting, contrary to all evidence, that Smithfield is a nuisance, evidently know nothing about it, and if the Market were to be held to-morrow in the Horticultural Gardens at Chiswick, they would still maintain that the place was not good enough for them.

That, to conclude, Smithfield Market is, if anything, too good for the purposes required, and the Committee are unanimously of opinion that the animals ought to feel themselves proud to be sold in such a locality; and the residents in the neighbourhood should be too thankful to the City for having brought such advantages, not only to their doors, but actually within their shops, and occasionally carrying them into the very heart of their back-parlours.

THE JEWISH OATH QUESTION A CENTURY HENCE.

(*From* Posterity's *History of England.*)

The singular inconsistency which marked the conduct of our ancestors during a period which has deservedly been styled the Age of Humbug was strikingly exemplified, just a century ago, in the course of the struggle of Baron Rothschild to obtain possession of his seat in the House of Commons. The opponents to the Jewish claim to participate in the Legislature first resisted the demand of the Baron to be sworn on the Old Testament. Defeated on this point, they next objected to his omission, from the prescribed adjuration, of the words "On the true faith of a Christian." They thus refused to recognise the validity of an oath unaccompanied by the profession of a creed which, if plain gospel is its exponent, forbids all oaths whatever; they disallowed a request to be sworn on the book which alone contained their own justification of swearing; and required as essential to the juratory act that it should be performed on that very volume which seems expressly to prohibit it.

Conversations of Lord Brougham.

A little book with the above taking title will shortly be published. It will consist of the conversations held by Lord Brougham in the House of Lords, either on presenting petitions, or whilst the debates are going on. It is expected not to exceed 18 volumes, uniform in size with the "Conversations of Lord Byron." The announcement has caused an unusual excitement amongst the butter-trade.

RIDDLE FOR LORD ASHLEY.

Q. Why is the condition of a medical man without patients like that of a Sabbatarian eating a hot dinner on a Sunday?

A. Because it is Profession without Practice.

"Prints of a Fast Colour, Warranted to Wash."—Some wag at the Vauxhall Masquerade pinned the above label on the back of the Nepaulese Prince.

Proctor (to UNDERGRADUATE). "PRAY, SIR, WILL YOU BE SO GOOD AS TO TELL ME WHETHER YOU ARE A MEMBER OF THE UNIVERSITY, OR A SCOTCH TERRIER?"

THE SIBTHORP CABINET.

THE puzzling question "Who is there to succeed the Whigs?" was partially answered a few nights ago in the House of Commons by a little episode, or farce, or whatever else it may be called, in which the Lord Mayor of Dublin and our own gallant Colonel sustained the two principal characters. MR. REYNOLDS, the Irish Lord Mayor, expressed himself ready to give his support to "any Government formed by COLONEL SIBTHORP, if the Colonel, on his part, would only promise certain things with reference to Irish affairs, in return for the support thus offered him." Without a moment's hesitation, the gallant Premier *in posse* rushed across the floor of the House, and was engaged for a few minutes in earnest conversation with MR. REYNOLDS, amid the cheers and laughter of all parties. We have no doubt that the feasibility of the formation of a SIBTHORPIAN Cabinet was the subject of the brief consultation between the Colonel and his volunteer supporter on the occasion of the mirth and cheering of the House having been so vehemently displayed. We can imagine the style of measure that would be brought in by such a Government as that of which COLONEL SIBTHORP would form the head, and we are sure that among the earliest bills would be one for denouncing, annihilating, and utterly putting an end to what the gallant Premier would call that "monstrous piece of humbug, the Exhibition of 1851." How far the well-known opinions of the new Premier may affect the amount of confidence HER MAJESTY is likely to repose in him, it is not for us to conjecture. We suspect, however, the kissing hands on the occasion of his taking office will not be a very pleasant operation to the Sovereign.

PARLIAMENTARY DOVES.—August is the month when Members begin to "pair," and fly off to their nests in the country. There is also more "billing" done in the month of August than any other.

HUDSON TAKES A STEP FORWARD.

THE *Grave-Digger* in *Hamlet* was wont to wear some dozen legendary coats; in fact, he was all coats, like an onion. He used to take them off, shout increasing upon shout at every removal. However, the business of the scene never permitted him to put the garments on again; he made his exit peeled and slim. It is otherwise with the uncrowned HUDSON. His coats, one by one, have been plucked from him; he has been shown pretty well bare; but, it appears, there is a chance that he may be again coated—whitewash coated. The *Yorkshire Gazette* declares that MR. HUDSON has uncased himself—head and hands—very gracefully from the pillory in which, on a late trial, SERJEANT WILKINS fixed him.

"In his evidence in the trial alluded to we believe he has made *a good step forward*. We have ourselves seen and heard read *nearly* or *quite a half* dozen letters from as many men of good position in society, present in York at the trial, to different individuals, all speaking of the *great* and *favourable* change made in their minds in MR. HUDSON'S favour by his evidence."

We are almost prepared for the time when MR. HUDSON'S reputation will be made so very "pleasant," that a remorseful and conscience-stricken generation will appear by deputy at Albert Gate, to present to MR. HUDSON the keys of the Bank of England (of course, upon an assured understanding that he will then and there return them), and bearing with them a bunch of silver lilies, typical of his odorous whiteness. Then will the actions of HUDSON—

"——————————the just,
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust"—

even in the gold-dust of the railway unfortunate. For MR. HUDSON has made one "good step forward"—not the step of St. Denis, certainly, for that was without his head, which MR. HUDSON, in his arithmetic, never lost; whatever other organ was deficient in his cash-book cookery. We have, upon the whole, little doubt that in the year ——, MR. HUDSON will turn up like the shield of SCRIBLERUS, polished from every speck of vulgar debt. The Iron Crown will duly glisten again. If Time defiles and rusts, Time has also scouring paper, if the adroit will use it.

"The Decline of England."

LORD BROUGHAM tells us that "an absolute prostration of the understanding takes place, in this country, even amongst the bravest men, whenever the word '*prince*' is mentioned." We were not aware of this debasing fact, but if the English understanding does become "prostrate" on such occasions, we can safely answer it can be only amongst "the flats."

PANORAMA OF THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION.

PANORAMAS are the fashion—LORD JOHN RUSSELL, with the wisdom of a Whig, proposes to avail himself of the mode; and during the recess to superintend a very moving display of his one pet subject—his subject produced on the floor of the House, on all occasions, namely, the British Constitution, with the very best Whig designs. The history will begin with the Death of CHARLES THE FIRST at St. James's, with a solemn view of the Death-bed of the King; when he hands over the sceptre and ball to CHARLES THE SECOND, who thereupon, amidst the acclamations of a doating people, ascends the Throne. The old superstition as to the existence of CROMWELL will be treated as a myth; as—see the *no* Arms of the Commonwealth in the New Houses of Parliament—it undoubtedly is: a myth, in which a brief popular effervescence has been ignorantly personified by superstitious historians as a Brewer, who brought rebellion to a head. The Panorama will give the flight of JAMES THE SECOND, the Battle of the Boyne, the accession of WILLIAM and MARY, and so on; the whole to conclude with the advent to office of LORD JOHN RUSSELL amid a shower of fireworks; with a brilliant display of coloured lamps in the word—"FINALITY."

"England Expects Every Bishop to do his Duty."

THIS is the improved signal recently flung out by the improved LORD NELSON at the Church conference, that ended in a strong and stern resolution, unanimously carried, to do nothing. LORD NELSON declared that the bishops must expect to meet persecution, and more; "to return to the early poverty of the Church!" After this, his Lordship, in the profound innocence of his soul, regretted and wondered to see "so few bishops present."

MONSTRUM HORRENDUM.

IT is reported in the Paris papers that the Mountain intends coming to visit the French refugees in England, for the very opposite reason that influenced the proceedings of MAHOMET, who went to the mountain because it couldn't come to him; but it is preparing to start for England, because the refugees cannot go to the Mountain.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. C. P.—Write.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, AUGUST 10th, 1850.

A BIT OF MY MIND.

BIT THE SIXTEENTH.

MRS. MOUSER "COOKS" HER PASSPORT IN ORDER TO JOIN MOUSER. AN UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL DELAYS HER DEPARTURE.

IN my last letter, *Mr. Punch*, you will perceive that I flung down my pen, and was going to run to my wardrobe and my drawers, determined to pack up, and go to Paris, or Brussels—for I was, as every wife would be, in such a state of almost frenzy at MR. MOUSER'S letter,—I hadn't for the minute presence of mind to determine which.

As I say, there I was with my wardrobe open, and all my drawers pulled out—and my eye upon my bonnets—not knowing how many gowns to take, and uncertain in my mind whether to go in full dress, or only to travel quite a fright, the more to punish MOUSER.

There, as I observe, I stood, quite bewildered, with MOUSER'S letter, and with all my gowns going through my head, and not being able to fix—though I rather inclined to take 'em all, so that when I chose I might go out like a rainbow—for, after all, as sitting down for a minute, I said to myself—after all, it 's poor spite to make one's-self suffer for the cruel neglect of a husband.

There I was, rummaging about, when what should turn up among my things, but that scandalous passport, of the wickedness of which you already know all concerning! In a minute—would you believe it? I was as cold as a stone. If it had been a viper, or a rattle-snake, among my things, I do believe I couldn't have shuddered more! Go to Paris with *that* insult about me, I wouldn't; and then—screwing myself up, and with a wrench to my feelings which is better felt than described, and locking my bed-room door at the same time—for you, Sir, who know everything, know how much safer one is with one's emotions with a door locked—I looked once more at the passport.

It was a great thought! It flashed upon me like a July sunbeam! I may say, I felt inspired with the notion. And it was this.

The French Ambassador—and like his impudence!—had, after "*Agée*" put the figure of 5—(and they call themselves a gallant nation)—with another figure following, which I don't and needn't mention. Yes, Sir; and now I've got over the brutal affront, and can look down upon it, I don't mind repeating the first figure. If was **5**, Sir—**5**!

It 's done in a minute, I thought to myself: so, taking a penknife and pen-and-ink, with the least little scratch in life, and with the smallest twist of the pen, the **5** stood **3**.

If put upon his oath, the Ambassador himself couldn 't have sworn that it wasn 't his own **3**!

Not that for myself, I cared a straw about it. The Ambassador might have written a **6**, or **7**, as well as **5**, (and, by the way, one would have been quite as likely as the other—*quite*) only it was the laugh—I can fancy it as well as if it were ringing in my ears this very minute—the unfeeling laugh that MOUSER would have had of me. Now with the **3**, I felt more as I ought to do: altogether more comfortable and sure.

Well, *Mr. Punch*, a little more myself, I 'd run the gowns through my head, and had determined upon my boxes—(how, like a pigeon, thought I to myself, I shall drop down upon MOUSER when he 's never expecting me!)—when, a knock-knock-knock came at the door that went through every artery of my body.

I can't say how it is with other people, but with me there 's a something in the street-door knocker that never deceives me. Sometimes I feel it, as if it was a bit of myself.

Well, I looked out of the window, and there were two cabs at the door, with luggage on the roof. With the eye of a hawk I looked for MOUSER'S carpet-bag; but there was nothing that belonged to MOUSER. Then, remembering the cap I 'd on, I drew my head in.

"Marm, Marm," cried SUSAN in a minute, rattling at the door, "here 's a lot of French officers with their wives, and I don't know what; and one Frenchman—as well as I can make him out—with a lot of silver on his shoulders, says he must see you!"

"It can't be the Ambassador," I thought to myself, "come to apologise."

"They 're bringing in all their luggage, Marm," said SUSAN.—

"Then SUSAN," said I, feeling myself roused, and using a saying of dear aunt PEACOCK'S—"then I 'm down like a thunderbolt."

Before a Bird of Paradise could put its feathers straight, I was in my plum-coloured silk, and rustling my way into the parlour. When I got there——

Would you think it? Five Frenchmen, with their three wives, and four children. They all bowed, and curtsied, and begged to embrace me. At last, putting the dining-table between us—(I 'd sent, hurried as I was, sent for MRS. HORNBLOWER, as she speaks French better than I)—I begged to ask, putting the question somehow with my fingers, what they did me the honour to want. Whereupon, one of the Frenchmen, a private National Guard, as I now know, with his hand upon his heart, and his eyes upon the ceiling, gave me a letter. The hand-writing shot right through me; for at a glance I knew it was MOUSER'S. And this it was:—

"*My dearest* AMELIA, "*Paris, Café des Maris Inconsolables.*

"*The cab is at the door that is to take me to the train to Brussels. However, I must snatch a few minutes to send you this letter by the hand of* MONS. MIGNONETTE, *who, with his wife, a dear little woman*"—

(She was drest in red and amber like a balloon, and had already dropt in my chair, as if the house belonged to her! However, to go on.)

A little woman, who has been very, very civil indeed to me, a stranger and a foreigner in this wearisome city. MONS. MIGNONETTE *is a soldier, and, with some thousand of his countrymen, proposes to visit London—to make a fraternal visit. You, my love, as a true daughter of* JOHN BULL, *as it is my boast to know you, will I am sure, hold forth the right hand of fellowship, and throw open your doors in the true spirit of English hospitality. I need say no more.* MADAME MIGNONETTE *will tell you how I have longed to return; and I daresay will make you smile at the expense of your foolish home-sick husband. She is such a timid creature—too full of sensibility to smuggle—or I would have troubled her to bring a veil for you. But, my love, this pleasure I reserve for myself; and waiting that delight, I am,* "*As ever, your own Affectionate Husband,*

"JOHN MOUSER."

P.S. I shall be very *unhappy and* very *angry if I don't find a letter from my* AMELIA, *at the Post-Office, Brussels.*

Well, by the time I had read this, MADAME MIGNONETTE had thrown off her shawl and bonnet, had taken off her three children's things; whilst all the other Frenchmen and their two wives had done the same, and more than that, in a minute, MADAME MIGNONETTE jumped up and clapping her hands, and frisking upon her toes, declared that MOUSER—for though I don't speak French, I can understand every word that 's said—that MOUSER was a "charming man," and "an angel," and I don't know what besides—quite enough to make a wife's blood boil; however I only smiled, as I *can* smile when I choose, and with a curtsey left the room, for I heard MRS. HORNBLOWER.

My first determination, as I told her, was to make an apology to the MIGNONETTES, and to tell 'em I was going to France; but MRS. HORNBLOWER—(poor thing! she has her own troubles!)—a little over-ruled me; and went to the parlour.

"I suppose, Marm," said SUSAN, looking at me like a ghost," I suppose, Marm, they won't want any dinner?"

Dinner! And no doubt MOUSER thinks that out of my weekly money, I am to lodge and board all the National Guards, besides all the national wives and national children of Paris. "Dinner," said I, "why it 's impossible! How can so many people think of dinner."

And after a little while MRS. HORNBLOWER came back, and—(after all, she 's a clever creature!)—and said that as MOUSER was taking his pleasure in Brussels, why shouldn't I enjoy myself in London? She said that, when you know her, MADAME MIGNONETTE was really a delightful woman; and that her brother, MONS. LA NOSE (the handsome fair man—an officer with silver epaulets) quite a specimen of the gentleman.

To be short, after a struggle, I thought it best to get an early dinner, and then—as MOUSER was enjoying himself, and as it was only right I should show myself a hospitable Englishwoman—go and take the French to see the hippopotamus. Which determining,

I am your's, in better spirits, AMELIA MOUSER.

P.S. MRS. HORNBLOWER has desired me—for something HORNBLOWER has said, *must* be annoying her—to ask you, *Mr. Punch*, if a marriage can be a lawful binding marriage for life, if the ceremony's gone through by only one clergyman? MRS. H. (she is *so* nervous!) says she has her doubts; or why should we now see so often that folks are married "by the REV. MR. MATTHEW," *assisted* by the "REV. MR. LUKE?" What, in the holy state, is meant by assistance? Are people harder to be brought together in high life than common folks, that it is necessary to have two clergymen to bind 'em. For my part—as I tell MRS. HORNBLOWER—with regard to the marriage claim, she needn't have any doubts; for I'm sure of it, one clergyman will strike the rivets quite as firm as fifty.

HE SAT LIKE PATIENCE ON A MONUMENT.

"If there be any Impatience in the Courts of Chancery, we will set those Courts the wise and just example of 'Patience.' * * * We set an example of Patience."—*House of Lords, August* 3.

BARON ROTHSCHILD ON A WHEELBARROW.

Martin Luther says of the Jews—"They sit as on a wheelbarrow, without a country, a people, or government." This was said three hundred and fifty years ago; and the Jew is on the wheelbarrow still. At this moment he sits at the steps of the House of Commons. True is it, he has been promised rest; has been wheeled hither and thither; but as yet he has not been shot into a fixed seat. He is still—unhappy moveable!—squat and expectant on his barrow; still may he not stretch his legs and, taking his ease, sit down.

Since February has the wheelbarrow of Rothschild—with Rothschild on it—stopt the way. And Rothschild, meek as one of Herod's babies, looked for his friend and compeer, the Christian Lord John, to wheel him into the House of Commons, and hand him into his seat. Months and months passed on; and Rothschild, still upon his barrow—like a Chaldean Shepherd, enquiringly, yet patiently, tried to read his fortune in the stars. And still Rothschild sat upon the barrow; and still no Russell came.

But patience—even Hebrew patience—waxed warm; and Rothschild cried out with a loud voice from his barrow—"Hoy! Halloo! Here, ye knowing ones of the City! See that, as Lord John fails to take me up—see that I am straightway wheeled into the Parliament House, that I may get off this accursed barrow, and, like a gentleman of the Hebrew persuasion, sit down."

Whereupon, Rothschild, on his barrow, was straightway wheeled into the House of Commons, and straightway—wheeled out again!

And then Christian gentlemen delivered themselves of thoughts, profound and various, of the qualities of a House of Commons oath. What was the breadth of a vow—the depth of a vow? And there was vast learning, curious subtlety, manifested as regarded vows. There were intellectual Magi, who would weigh you the precise weight of a vow, even to a scruple. Moral geometricians who would give you the superficial inches of a vow, even refining to a line.

And Rothschild, seated upon his barrow, said to himself—"Of a verity, here are Christian gentlemen dealing with an oath, even as certain of the fallen of my race in the Minories, in Houndsditch, or in Field-Lane, have dealt with pewter shillings and brass sovereigns; silvering and gilding with an outside show, to make the counterfeit pass for the true thing. On the faith of a Hebrew,"—said Rothschild on the barrow—"this is a melancholy matter."

Nevertheless, it must have been a balsamic comfort to Rothschild, still on his barrow, to know that Lord John Russell talked so sweetly of the British Constitution; proving it to be good and sufficient for all men in all cases. "Fling a man into the Thames," said Lord John, with his eye upon his red box, "and if he devoutly believes in the British Constitution, he will not sink! If your house is in flames, only read Magna Charta, with a believing faith, and there will be no need of a fire-engine—for of itself the conflagration will go out. I boldly avow, Sir,"—said Lord John—"that the Act of Settlement, properly applied, is a specific for the tooth-ache—and, with respect to the case of Baron Rothschild, that an operative faith in the necessity of the Whigs will fully meet every condition of the question. I shall not shrink from my duty at the proper time; and most certainly not because odium may be attached to it; for I am not backward to confess, that I rather admire odium. Like a pickle, a little odium gives zest and flavour to ministerial life. Odium, Sir, I consider as the pungent onion to the official loaves—the soy, anchovy, and cayenne to the Cabinet fishes."

Meanwhile Baron Rothschild still sat upon his barrow; and friends gathered about him, and told him that as there was no help for him from Lord John,—there he must still sit. Which Rothschild mightily lamented; because in him were the hopes, the amended prospects of Young Israel! For whereas, hard-bosomed man had flung it in the teeth of the Hebrew that, as with a foul instinct he had sought to fill the dirtiest offices of life—that he had rejoiced in the most noisome callings—and at the great Rag-Fair of Trick, and Usury, and Chicane,—had ever pitched his Marine Store Booth to turn the nasty penny—whereas, such reproaches had been made, and the Baron lamenting them, hoped that with his removal from the barrow, the people would find a resting-place, and thereupon eschew foul employments, and pull down the Booth of Dirty Pennies,—whereas the Baron hungered for this goodly day, and the day by Lord John was deferred, the Baron was rightfully wrath with his Guildhall companion, and cried, "Woe is me! that I must still sit upon the barrow!"

And Inglis and Newdegate, and also Spooner, laid their heads together; and swore that, with their consent, Baron Rothschild should never leave the wheelbarrow. "A wheelbarrow was the destiny of him and his people; and the Baron should never come down from it."

Thereupon, some one said, it would be a good thing if the wheelbarrow could be straightway wheeled to Jerusalem, and then and there emptied. And another clapped his hands, and took his hat, and said he would instantly go to Exeter Hall, and therefrom issue a Proclamation, calling upon all men to gather together, and not to remove the Jew from the wheelbarrow, but to remove the wheelbarrow itself with the Jew upon it!

But this may not be. No. Rothschild must come off the wheelbarrow. Rothschild must take his seat in the House of Commons. The Marine Store Booth shall be struck: and Young Israel, freed from his civil disabilities, will also be freed from his unseemly yearnings. Yes: with Young Israel represented in Parliament, will not Young Israel be a gentle, urbane, and most conscientious presence in the City?

For the present, however, the Baron De Rothschild—(let him thank the Prime Minister for it,) must remain where he is; and, perhaps, in 1851, Lord John Russell will then stretch forth his statesman hand to help the Jew off the wheelbarrow.

A Poet's Idea of the Submarine Telegraph.

One of our poets, who has been rather slack of work lately, and whose eye has been rolling in a fine frenzy to very little purpose for the last fortnight, has furnished us with an idea on the subject of the submarine telegraph. He says "it is like using the lightning conductor for a steel pen, and the ocean for an ink-stand." He might have added, that the cliffs furnish the blotting pad, the shore supplies the sand, and the whole world the sheet of paper to write upon.

THE TRUTH WILL OUT.

A Sabbatarian being requested a day or two since to do what he could to get the Post-Office re-opened for Sunday delivery of letters, made the following reply:—"I have questioned my conscience, and I really find I *cant*."

ELECTIVE AND COLLECTIVE WISDOM.

We can scarcely be surprised at the somewhat inferior quality of the collective wisdom, when we find the elective wisdom to consist of such materials as the Lambeth constituency has just given us a sample of. In looking over the report of the proceedings at the nomination that has lately taken place, we scarcely know which to hold in greater contempt—the speeches addressed to the electors, or the remarks they elicited: we are really unable to decide which is the greater trash, the poorer stuff, the more downright rubbish—the text or the comment.

The first step in the way of appeal to the understanding of the constituency, was the hoisting of a great flaunting Union Jack, and the first argument on the side of the electors was a volley of abuse, under which the Union Jack was hurried out of sight again. We pass over the speech proposing the successful candidate, for nothing was, in fact, said, and nothing becomes positive wisdom in comparison with what was really uttered. The plea on which Mr. Palmer was put forward, was the fact of his being the son of his father, which was met by the ordinary election argument of "Oh!"; and though an O means nothing, we can scarcely find fault so far with the reply of the constituents to what had been addressed to them.

The proposal of Sir Charles Napier, however, it was that elicited all the strength of reasoning on one side, and all the power of refutation on the other. The mere mention of the candidate's name was the signal for a truly electoral clincher, in the shape of "Groans, and cries of 'We won't have him!'" which was certainly conclusive, if not altogether so logical as a schoolman might have desired.

We now come to the speeches of the candidates themselves, and Mr. Williams being the favourite, we shall find it unnecessary to allude much to his remarks, which were of the customary common-place kind, and were responded to by the usual sagacious shouts of "So we will," "Bravo Williams," "Give it to Old Charley," "Stick to him," "Do you hear that old chap?" "Sack him altogether," and other similar specimens of the intellectuality and liberality of a large metropolitan constituency. Mr. Palmer next came forward with the wise suggestion that as he had done nothing, no fault could be found with him; but he urged his claims by virtue of an alleged "connection with the borough," which might have been just as well urged by any other gentleman happening to occupy a lodging in Lambeth. This candidate, on the strength of a probable first or second floor, was met by what the enlightened electors themselves would have appropriately termed a floorer, in the shape of a flat assertion of "We won't have you." Poor Mr. Palmer then ventured to hint his claims as a working man, earning his bread by his profession; but a vigorous shout of "Gammon, Mr. Palmer," convinced him at once, that however he might get his bread, the Lambeth voters would supply no butter. The remainder of the candidate's speech elicited a roaring accompaniment of "That won't do," "Oh, hold your tongue," cries of "Stuff," "That 'll do," and a variety of very intelligible, but not particularly intelligent comments.

The coming forth of Sir C. Napier was the signal for the putting forth of all the powers of the constituency, and as he was the candidate they most wished to defeat, we have a right to take their observations on his speech, as containing the very concentration of all the argumentative force of which the voters could avail themselves. His very appearance was greeted by a sort of preliminary objection to any thing he might have to urge, and an enormous cat-o'-nine-tails was shaken about as an embodiment, no doubt, of at least nine points of the argument to be urged against his election. As soon as the gallant Admiral was permitted to open his mouth, he commenced by addressing to his audience a piece of reasoning quite worthy of their capacity, for he told them that though a sailor ought to represent a sea-port, yet as the Thames washed one side of Lambeth, Lambeth might be regarded as *pro tanto*, a sea-port, and therefore an Admiral was a fit person to be entrusted with its interests.

If we were in the House of Commons, and were allowed to make venerable attempts at effete wit, we should compare this to the old case of Goodwin Sands and Tenterden Steeple, but as our readers are not used to such treatment, we beg leave to withdraw the offensive paragraph. The rest of the speech was interlarded with "Groans," cries of "Go home," and the brandishing of a great cat in the candidate's face, by an agent of the *most* liberal of the *liberal* candidates. A slight allusion to financial matters extracted from the crowd the off-hand shout of "Oh! hang the national debt;" and after a few more specimens of the trenchant style of disposing of great questions, the Admiral retired amid a shower of "We don't want you's," "We wont have you's," and a miscellaneous collection of liberal epithets.

We really cannot help feeling rather humiliated at such disgraceful stuff as this forming, as it almost always does, the staple of the report of any election proceedings, where the suffrages of a large and liberal constituency are solicited. We do not quarrel with the result in a political sense, but the empty, senseless, and almost brutal character of the preliminaries may fairly furnish a handle to the opponents of an extension of the suffrage, while superior men, who would otherwise be proud of representing large constituencies, naturally shrink from such a contemptible ordeal as it seems every one must go through before he can obtain a seat for any numerically important town or borough. In everything but their barbarous violence, the old Covent Garden days of dead dogs and cabbage stalks seem to survive at our metropolitan elections, and the brutal brandishing of cats in the face of one of the candidates, would seem to show that if the scene was prolonged as it used to be, there would be found quite as much ruffianism, and quite as little intelligence, as ever disgraced the mobs, when Sir Murray Maxwell had his eye knocked out, and Orator Henry Hunt, having been proposed by a chimney-sweep, and seconded by a costermonger, gloried in the existence of "two honest men" in Westminster.

THE WHITEBAIT'S INVITATION TO THE MINISTERS.

"Come away, come away, ye merry men all,"
Sang voices from under old Thames's flood;
And it was the song of the Whitebait small,
As soft and as clear as their native mud:
"Come away Lord John Russell,
A truce to bother and bustle;
Come my lads, take your pleasure,
Give up motion and measure,
Cut contest and struggle and tussle.

"Bring your barren toil to a close at last,
For swiftly the hours of the season fly;
If you wait till another bill you 've past,
We are sure that we shall not be fit to fry:
Try no further to budge on;
We 're nearly as big as gudgeon;
We are getting irate,
And if longer you wait,
We shall stick in your weasands, in dudgeon.

"In the goblet of punch all memory drown
Of blunder, disaster, defeat, disgrace;
And wash it with us in a bumper down,
Rejoicing to feel you are still in place:
Eat your whitebait in utter
Content, with brown bread and butter;
On which side of your bread
'Tother substance is spread
You 're aware—so at least some folks mutter."

SALE OF ENCUMBERED ESTATES.

Since we read so much about the Sale of Encumbered Estates, we wonder that a particularly encumbered estate in the centre of London has never been put up to auction. We allude to Leicester Square, which has the strongest claims upon the Commission in question; for we are sure that, in all our miserable experience, which includes Ireland, of course, we have never witnessed an estate that was more painfully encumbered than the one situate in Leicester Square. The encumbrances consist of numerous mounds of deceased dogs and cats, small hills of oyster shells, and large mountains of animal matter. We would recommend the Sanitary Commission to take a stroll, on some sultry afternoon, through that little hotbed of corruption: for really, in these days of Reform, it is like retaining a rotten borough in the very heart of the Metropolis. It is an evil which is most offensive to the common sense—or scents, rather—of the public; and the sooner it is sold, swept, and carted away, the better.

Abolition of Offices.

Among the offices recommended for abolition by the Committee on Official Salaries, is that of Lord Privy Seal. This mode of dealing with the Seal, proves that the Committee have been upon the watch for economy. We have not heard whether the Seal will at once surrender the key of office, or whether it is to be simply understood that the die of the Seal is cast as to any future vacancy.

A Bad Article.—There are two Houses of Commons at present, but the new House is called, *par excellence*, "*The* House," from the simple fact of every one being "*deaf-in-it*."

Proverbially True.—*Litera Scripta Manet*. (The written letter remains) all day on Sunday in the Post Office.

GRAND SCRAMBLE OF DIAMONDS PREVIOUS TO THE DEPARTURE OF THE NEPAULESE AMBASSADOR.

"Lady Rougelion presents her compliments to *Mr. Punch*.

"Lady R. having heard that it is the intention of the *dear* Nepaulese Ambassador at the last party of the season (ere he leaves for his native mountains, the home of the bulbul and the gazelle) to make a delicious demonstration, begs that *Mr. Punch*, as knowing all things, will favour Lady R. with the earliest notice of the coming event.

"The Nepaulese Ambassador having, it is said, determined on his last night, to strip his cap of state *of all the jewels* that have delighted the beau-monde, in order to throw the precious gems as a scramble to the ladies present, by way of a souvenir—

"*Mr. Punch* will pardon Lady R. for expressing a very natural anxiety to be present on so interesting and *unique* an occasion."

MASTER JOHNNY'S HOLIDAY LETTER.

"*Downing Street Classical and Commercial Academy, August 13th*, 1851.

"My Dear Guardian, Mr. Punch,

"Now the holidays are approaching, I take up my pen to write you an account of the way in which I have been pursuing my studies, and have been going on and conducting myself generally this half year.

"I am very sorry indeed to be compelled to inform you that I have made very little improvement, and I am afraid that you and all my friends will be extremely dissatisfied with my progress.

"In my Algebra I have remained quite stationary, owing to my want of zeal and diligence, which has prevented me from using the application requisite to enable me to understand the Representation of Numbers. Accordingly, I have made no attempt, I am ashamed to say, to solve that problem, which you are so anxious to have settled, of the enlargement of the Suffrage.

"With regard to my Classics, all I have to mention is, that in common with the rest of the Class, I have had much difficulty with my Greek; but we flatter ourselves that we got out of that nicely.

"My Arithmetic has given me some trouble, and would have given me more if I had attended to it much, instead of neglecting it greatly. With the kind assistance of my schoolfellow Wood, however, I have got over one little sum in subtraction, having taken the duty on bricks from the amount of taxation. I had also the Window-Tax, and the taxes on Paper and News, set me to subtract; but I couldn't do either of these sums; I fear you will say, because I did not try. On the other hand, I have done a very heavy sum in compound addition, which came to £12,000. This was not a regular task; but I cannot say that I did it of my own accord; and, to confess the truth, it was an imposition.

"I have been very frequently punished—although not so often as I know I deserved. I have had several floggings, both in this House and the other; and I hope the correction I have received, will do me good, and cause me to be a better boy, and to mind what is said to me.

"I have not behaved at all well to the new boy that you recommended some time ago, Nathan. I have neglected to introduce him to the other boys; and when he tried to mix with them of himself, I stopped him, and have put him off for another half year.

"With a deep sense of my remissness, I acknowledge that when a small number of meddlesome Puritanical boys shut up the Post Office on Sunday, I stood by, and did not exert myself to prevent them, as I might have done.

"To make amends for my deficiencies in other respects, I have endeavoured to distinguish myself in Elocution; but as I am aware that you think nothing of mere talking, I shall say no more about that.

"Begging you to accept my duty and respect, and to present the same to my indulgent friend and patron, Mr. Bull, and hoping next half year to turn over a new leaf, and behave in a way more deserving your approbation, believe me, my dear guardian,

"Your dutiful Ward, John Russell."

"P.S. My holiday task is a question in Cyphering, 'To adjust the Income Tax according to the Rule of Proportion.' It is very hard, and will keep me in and make my head ache; and I hope you will intercede, and get me excused from doing it."

SHAMEFUL ROBBERY COMMITTED ON MR. WASHINGTON IRVING.

The infringement of a copyright was always characterised as a question of piracy and robbery, but now it is called "a mere matter of Bohn-ing."

A GENTLEMAN IN DIFFICULTIES.

Lord John. "IT 'S IMPOSSIBLE FOR OUR HOUSE TO LET YOU HAVE THAT LITTLE MATTER NOW. BUT YOU CAN HAVE A BILL PAYABLE NEXT SESSION, IF YOU LIKE."

GENTLEMEN'S FASHIONS FOR THE SEA-SIDE.

THERE are fashions for the Sea-side just in the same way as there are fashions for the Opera, or for a wedding, or for a morning concert, or for an evening party. These fashions are so broadly marked, that they would produce the greatest consternation if worn anywhere else but at the sea-side. A gentleman in sea-side costume, if seen walking down Fleet Street, would be followed by a ragged regiment of little boys, and saluted by the cads and conductors of every passing omnibus.

These fashions are distinguished by a kind of easy *laissez aller* maritime freedom and elegance. The trousers are ample, and flap about like the sails of a ship. Straps are discarded. The *chaussure* is of a slipper kind, so slippery that not unfrequently a shoe is left behind the owner, imbedded in the sand. The fashionable colour is a buff, a colour which causes the owner to be facetiously hailed by his acquaintance by the name of buffer.

Chapeaux are rarely seen in the *matinée*. A straw hat of a nautical shape and height, is the general ornament for the head. It is set off by a black-band and under-lining, and, in windy weather, is fastened to the right button-hole by a piece of green string.

The ties are also as free and as open as the sea. The throat is *à moitié découvert*, after the fashion of *William, in Black-eyed Susan*. They are fastened in a loose knot, and the ends are allowed to coquet (*French style*) with the idle breeze.

The shirts are very much after the counting-house ledger style. If not ruled in red lines, they are in blue. The collars are large, and hang down on the side *à la* poodle.

Waistcoats are not generally worn. The same remark applies to braces; or, if these latter are indulged in, they should be of a highly floral decorative pattern, such as are exhibited for sale in the Burlington Arcade, but of course they must have been worked by the hand of Love.

Coats are cut after the celebrated military shell-jacket pattern; that is to say, without tails. They are like the coats worn by the *garçons* in the French *cafés*, but of course, without the accompanying napkin. We have seen some of a light, grey, Portland stone *couleur*, but they are too much *à la mode* of the footman in undress livery, and do not look well, excepting on the back of a bold ferocious foreigner.

Walking sticks are vulgar. The prevailing substitute is a light telescope, sometimes fancifully slung round the neck by a black ribbon, sometimes playfully dangled in the *main droite*.

No gloves.

The walk must be of that quick, independent, springy step, the peculiar gift of a captain walking his deck. The whole demeanour seasoned with a dash of the salt which is found in the ocean.

The evening dress for the parade or the library is a frock-coat, of a colour not too gay, not too sombre, but a soft medium between the two, like an autumnal twilight. Trousers of a summer complexion, and a well-assorted waistcoat, to keep them in a contented countenance. Hat *à la* Kensington Gardens; and a pair of polished boots, not too young, not too aged. We have known a pleasing sensation created by the tasteful addition of a pair of yellow kid gloves; but gloves of some sort (excepting always Berlin) must be worn. Light Regent Street cane, with just a few drops of jewellery. General demeanour, gentle and vacant, that of the Hyde Park *flaneur*. A Gibus under the arm, combined with the sleepy *insouciance* of the Opera crush-room, and freshly-curled hair, produces so prodigious an effect, that perhaps it would be wise not to repeat it in the same place more than twice.

FREE DISCUSSION IN FRANCE.

THE other day, during one of the debates in the French assembly, the members had been amusing themselves and abusing each other in the usual form, when the President, after vainly trying to obtain order, expressed his "wish that he had the Tower of London at his disposal," for if he had, "he would freely use it." This little fact is one of a series of every day occurrence, all tending to illustrate the sort of freedom of discussion that prevails in France, where even the members of the Legislature are threatened with a state prison if they don't know how to behave themselves. Everything may be very free just now among our neighbours the French, but it is certainly much more free than welcome to the great majority amongst them.

We are certainly without the boasted liberty of a republic in this country, and we trust we may long continue so, when we find the fruits of republican liberty to consist in laws against the press, restrictions on the expression of opinion in any and every form, amounting to no less than a menace of imprisonment to such members of the Legislature as do not exactly conform to the notions of the President. We presume that under a republic we should be having the Speaker of the House of Commons regretting he had not a Bastile at hand as a safe depository for some of the members, but intimating that Brixton is not far off, and that they had better behave themselves.

OH WHERE, AND OH WHERE, IS THE AGED TORTOISE GONE?

WE have as yet seen no announcement of the appearance in public of the venerable tortoise who, it was expected, was about to make his first appearance these hundred and ninety years in the Gardens of the Zoological Society.

We cannot understand why the *début* of this distinguished animal has been delayed, unless it has been for the purpose of preventing any interference with the "run" of the hippopotamus. We suspect that the friends of the tortoise may have had something to do with the postponement; for the new candidate for public favour would in all probability be voted rather "slow" in a race with the sea-horse for the prize of public favour. Perhaps the tortoise may have not been able to come to terms about a sufficiently permanent engagement to suit its very longevital merit; for when we recollect that it is at present comparatively but "a young thing," though 190 years old, we cannot be surprised at its being anxious to make hay while the sun shines, and to secure in the days of its youth, the means of retreat for an old age that promises to be rather durable.

We have not yet heard whether the day is fixed for the tortoise to come out; but as two attractions can scarcely ever command success at the same time, we should recommend either that the hippopotamus should accept some provincial engagement, or that the tortoise should go through a round of his performances in the country, previous to his *début* before a London audience. We have heard there will be some difficulty in getting the hippopotamus, who is a good deal puffed up with popular applause—to divide the "business" with the new comer, who, on his part refuses flatly to appear as a sort of walking gentleman, while the hippopotamus is doing all the light eccentric comedy of the Regent's Park establishment.

THE FRENCH INVASION.

THE words "French Invasion," used to be a bugbear, or rather a flea in English ears, but we may now fairly say that the Invasion of England by the French, has taken place under circumstances which the most blustering of British bosoms would not rebel against. The invasion may, in fact, be considered to be going on from week to week, though one of the most dreaded instances happened a few days ago, when the coast was invaded by no less than fourteen hundred French, who poured into the Folkestone Railway Station, overrun the whole of the carriages, and placed under contribution to their service the whole resources of the South Eastern Company. On the arrival of the invading party at the London Bridge Terminus, they deluged the platform, inundated the cab stand, overflowed the omnibuses, and pressed into their service everything in the shape of a vehicle that was available. "The porters fled," not "for safety and for succour," but for a fresh supply of cabs, flies, and busses.

The invaders penetrated into the western portion of the city, and taking up their quarters in the vicinity of Leicester Square, soon exhausted all the provisions of the frugally supplied inhabitants. Famine was rapidly setting in, when the timely aid of neighbouring butchers and a friendly understanding with some outlying bakers, supplied the gap that had been caused by the demands of the French incursionists. It must be said to the credit of the invading party, that they honourably paid for everything they took from the inhabitants.

Over Speculation.

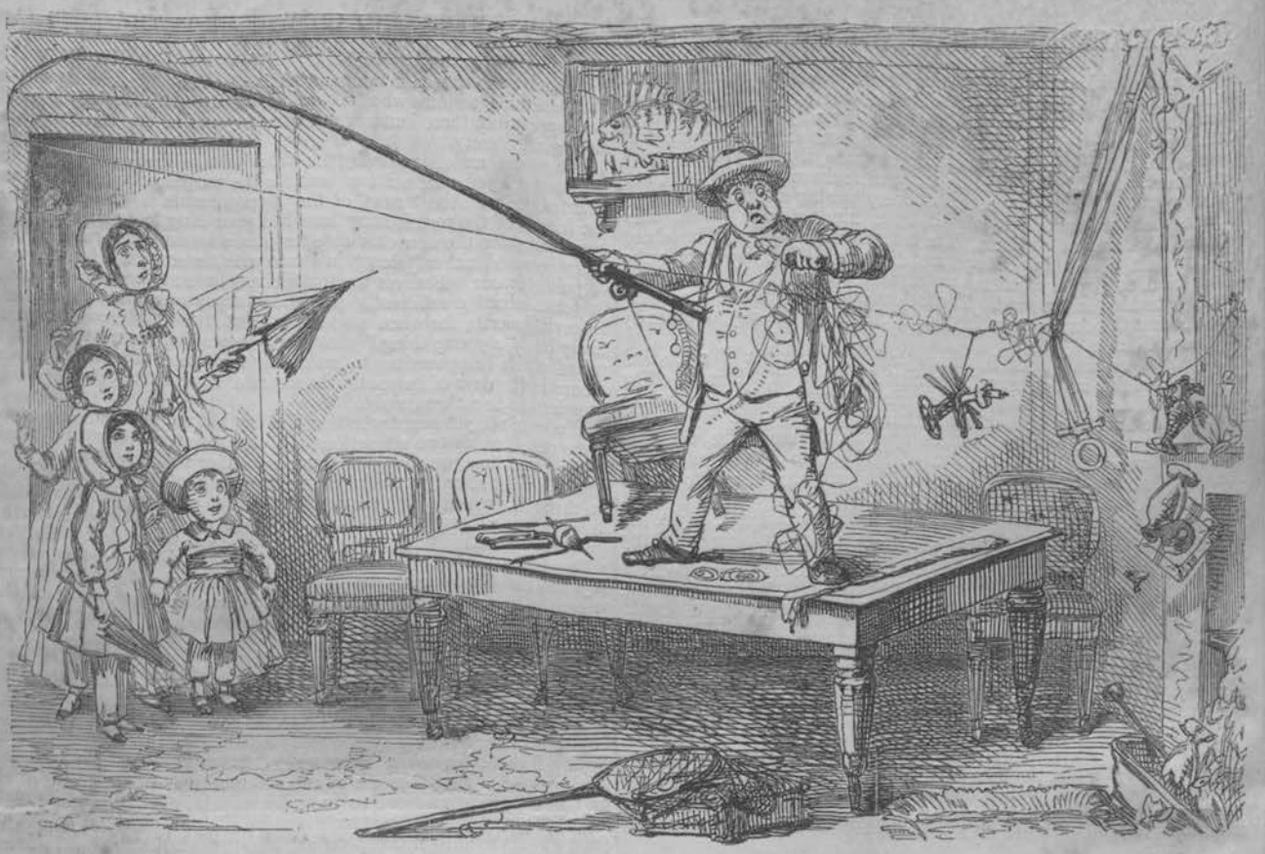
THERE is some talk of erecting a building over Waterloo Bridge, but we fear if the proprietors should succeed in covering their bridge, they will never cover their expenses. The projectors talk largely of profit, but the scheme savours strongly of building castles in the air, which the proposed pile will much resemble if it is ever thrown across the river. The object is to furnish a very large room for the sale of fancy articles, and we presume for the payment of fancy or imaginary dividends. We wish success to any scheme the unfortunate proprietors may carry out for the recovery of their lost funds, and we only hope they may find their room more profitable than their company.

THE CART BEFORE THE HORSE.

HITHERTO, Members of Parliament have been accustomed to take the oaths and their seats:—the former before the latter. But now that the space allotted to each Member is so tight a fit, being from 16 to 20 inches each Member, you will have hon. gentlemen—if moderately stout—taking their seats first and swearing afterwards.

IT IS THE CAUSE. IT IS THE CAUSE.

MANY persons are continually asking the cause why there is absolutely nothing doing in railways. Our answer is that is impossible there can be anything doing when everybody has been done.



OUR FRIEND BRIGGS CONTEMPLATES A DAY'S FISHING.

HE IS HERE SUPPOSED TO BE GETTING HIS TACKLE IN ORDER, AND TRYING THE MANAGEMENT OF HIS RUNNING LINE.

DOWN GO THE BRIDGES, OH!

WE begin to feel that epidemics affect not only the animal and vegetable world, but that inanimate objects are liable to diseases of a catching character. The London clocks have had their period of derangement, and it has been a shocking time, or no time at all, with a great many of them; but just now it seems to be the turn of the Metropolitan Bridges to suffer from an incurable malady. Poor old Westminster has been the first to give way, and it is now said that its neighbour Blackfriars is in a feeble and sinking condition. Waterloo, being younger and stronger in constitution, has apparently escaped, and Hungerford, though in a state of much suspense, has not yet been visited; but Blackfriars is said to be in such a state, that it will not be able to keep up without the aid of doctoring. We hope that the disease will be met by professional skill at once, and not by mere quackery, which prescribes a sort of homœopathic treatment in the shape of an infinity of small and extravagant, because ineffectual, repairs, when vigorous measures applied at once would restore strength to the patient at a moderate outlay. Poor Westminster has been so patched and plastered, and has had so many operations performed, that it is now scarcely able to hold together; and there has been such a general break up, that people are beginning to think it had better be left in peace for the remainder of its days, until it sinks exhausted into the bed that old Father Thames always keeps at its disposal.

Parliamentary Agitation.

LEGISLATION has often been impeded by the unseemly heat of debate, and the consequent loss of temper of the different and indifferent Members of Parliament. We regret to say that things are not likely to be mended when the sittings are regularly held in the new palace at Westminster; for as the Lower Assembly is only calculated to hold something over four hundred persons, while the number of members exceeds five hundred, we have reluctantly brought ourselves to the melancholy conclusion that the House of Commons will never be able to contain itself.

THE CAMBRIDGE MONUMENT.

SURELY we have voted a most magnificent monument to the glory of the late DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE. Do we not give his son (whose latent pomp has already broken out into an eruption of equerries and chaplains) the trifling amount of £12,000 per annum? A pretty golden monument! Say that the present gorgeous young Duke shall live fifty years to bless the Exchequer. Fifty times twelve thousand pounds.

$$\begin{array}{r} 12{,}000 \\ 50 \\ \hline £600{,}000 \end{array}$$

Imagine six hundred thousand piled sovereigns; and say, is it not a most portentous pile of gold—a column of monumental significance, when it is considered to whom it is raised, and from whose pockets it is obtained? To be sure this is not a voluntary tribute. This is a monument erected by the House of Commons—and *not* by the people. They are only compelled to find the material that shall make it.

The late DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE is, however, to have another monument, raised by voluntary means. So be it. LORD GROSVENOR moves a resolution, which avows of the late Duke that "his *whole life and fortune* were devoted to the protection and affectionate cure of the sick and afflicted." Is it really so? A whole life and fortune? This is a deep, a touching claim upon the gratitude of mankind. Why was not the Noble Lord armed with something like a balance-sheet in pleasing corroboration of his large avowal? As another meeting is to be held, we may yet hope to hear of such a document. Any way, we would suggest a cheap and ready mode of doing monumental honour to the memory of CAMBRIDGE. It is simply this. Let his statue take the post at present held by his brother YORK in Waterloo Place. It would be a fine double touch of justice to remove from the pillar the bronze of a Duke who never paid his debts, in order to place in his stead the statue of his brother Duke, who upon the sick and suffering lavished, says LORD GROSVENOR, "his whole life and fortune!"

We may yet read in some future *Gazette*—"Promoted, the Statue of his late Royal Highness the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE to the top of the pillar, Waterloo Place; *vice* the Statue of the late DUKE OF YORK, gone to the melting-pot."

PUNCH'S GUIDE TO THE SCIENCE OF THINGS FAMILIAR.

The Rev. Dr. Brewer—who evidently does nothing by half-and-half—has lately published a very useful little work, asking in a familiar way some thousands of very familiar questions, and answering them in a very pleasant, though rather roundabout manner. Among other things he asks, "Why do you black-lead a flue?" and though we should have thought it was in order to give the flue a polish, Dr. Brewer tells us we do so "in order that the heat of the flue may be more readily diffused about the room; because black lead radiates heat more freely than any other substance." We are then asked, "Why does a saucepan that has been used, boil in a shorter time than a new one?" Our answer would have been, "Because the old un's used to it;" but the doctor tells us in much finer phraseology, though perhaps coming to the same thing, that it is "because the bottom and back are covered with soot, and the black soot rapidly absorbs the heat of the glowing coals." It is as well to know this, no doubt; and it is at all events consoling to those who have got an old saucepan, and can't afford a new one, to be assured by a man of science that they are better off than the possessor of a more expensive article. There are a few of the Doctor's Why's, which we should look at as rather otherwise, and there are many propositions he seems to take for granted, upon which we should be compelled to join the dissenting party. For instance, he asks, "Why do we feel a desire for activity in cold weather," and he then explains the alleged fact by saying something about "fanning combustion in the blood," when the truth is, we feel no desire for activity, but rather a desire to sit cosily over the fire in cold weather; and as to fanning our blood, we emphatically declare we might be blowed if we should like it.

There are a few questions on things familiar, which we have been in the habit of answering for ourselves in a style with which the worthy Doctor would not at all sympathise. We, however, take leave to add a few specimens, which will show that if our guide to the scientific knowledge of things familiar is not always strictly correct in a philosophical point of view, it is never disagreeable.

Q. Why does lightning turn milk and beer sour?

A. Because the electric fluid does not know how to conduct itself, or, perhaps, because on the principle of two of a trade never agreeing, the electric fluid and the milky or beery fluid cannot come into contact without the two latter getting soured by the former.

Q. Why is mortar adhesive?

A. Because it is of a confiding nature, and imagining that every object is a brick, it will attach itself to anything.

Q. Why ought potatoes to be boiled in their skins?

A. Because no potato can be said to be properly dressed unless it appears in a jacket.

Q. Why does a kettle sing?

A. For the same reason that a ploughboy whistles—for want of thought.

Q. Why does a cat run after a mouse?

A. Because the mouse runs away from the cat.

Q. Why is it necessary to cut the grass?

A. Because the grass, though composed of nothing but blades, has not one sharp enough to cut away itself, and prevent the necessity of the scythe being applied to it.

We might go on multiplying these questions on any fine day, ad in-fine-night-um, but we have no doubt the reader may suggest them for himself, and exert his scientific powers in finding the best solution he can of such difficulties, as his own inventive faculties may present to him. We all delight in home-made articles, and we, therefore, leave the reader to enjoy the cracking of a few nuts of his own growing.

CAN ANYTHING BE MORE INTOLERABLE?

An American author (Dr. Howard) tells us most seriously in his book, which rejoices in being *Revelations of Egyptian Mysteries*, that earthquakes in cities are owing to the exertions made by the over-loaded earth to get rid of the "intolerable weight of buildings." We doubt this Yankee theory very much, because, if it were true, Trafalgar Square would be in a constant state of earthquakism. More than this, not a night would pass during the Session, without an earthquake bringing forward a motion for an adjournment, which would have the effect of making the House instantly break up; and we must say, considering the Sunday Postage question, the Jewish Oath discussion, the Cambridge Pension, and other jobs, combined with the little business done this year, that no building with the tremendous weight which we all know exists in the House of Commons, has lately proved itself more "intolerable," and consequently more deserving of the honour of an earthquake. We almost regret that Dr. Howard's theory is not based upon better grounds, but perhaps the English people may take the earthquake into its own hands, and, by a strong "pressure from without," send this most intolerable building to the right about.

THE EXPERIMENTAL HOUSE.

Certainly the House of Commons is always making experiments. One day it is assembled to try whether a building, only constructed to hold three hundred members, can be made, like an omnibus, to hold twice the number it is constructed for. Soon after, another meeting is announced for the trial of a new roof, and so the roof keeps going up and down, like Mr. Green's balloon, till at last the House will be reduced to such a strait that we doubt if it will have a roof to put over its head. The legislation is mostly of the same nature,—it is all experiments—and not good experiments either. Marlborough House is voted to a young prince, who is not even a hobbedehoy yet, upon the chance of his wanting it nine years hence. The Sunday Postage question is passed, in order that the people may see how they like it. It was "only an experiment"—and, though the experiment has not answered, Lord John does not trouble himself very particularly to have it rescinded. We are tired of this experimentalising.

GETTING THE WRONG ANIMAL BY THE EAR.

In the subjoined epistle, we suspect that our letter-trap has caught a communication intended for a sporting contemporary:—

"Ser,

"6 bob 2 joes is too hi a Tutch for me i Therefoare rite to ax Your adwice on a pint of lor witch a Reglar subscryber to yure Gurnel ope you wil Aford tis of a case as I red about in a plece ripport won day lass weak of one Thos. Channing bein pulled up afore the Beke by the Siaty for Perwenshen o' crulety To hannimals. Thos. Channing wur won o' the Licins'd shepperds in the wictorier park and As sitch wos a gittin of some ship into a slorterus wereby as he druv each jimmy in he took and snick'd a bit off is ear for to mark im wereby the Secretairy to the Crulety Coves as im Hup at washup street and mistr. Hammill gives im £3 & costis or 3 Weaks.

"the Paper sed Channing was quite took abak at bein Acused of crulety for sitch a thing as snickn a Sheap's Ear and didn't make no Seacret of avvin did it he only done he sed as the Bucher told im and he wos a Custom'd to it hall is Life and ad No ideer but wot it wos all rite wen lo and beold you he found his Self in for thre pound or 3 weaks!!!

"ser the kivestshun i Beg to ax yer is as follers. i am in the Canine line as peraps you Nose and as fine a studd both toy and sportin i've gott as yude Wish to sea. Ow about cropin a dogg's ears if doin of it to a ship is agin the lor? Is a cove obleg'd to let his Dogg be spiled for Fitin as well as in Buty and Gro up a Muf and fit for Nothink for want of Cropin is Eers wen a Pupy or if so be he Cropps 'em dooin wot he likes with is own his he to be ad up for crulety and Fin'd or Kivodded? an answer wil obleeg your umbal servint

"nu Rode Orgust 9 1850 JIM Greaves

"P.S. A prime badjer kepp and Ratts allys on And to try Doggs."

*** Mr. Greaves will perhaps be amazed to hear that the law, so far from regarding the end proposed in cropping a dog's ears, namely, "Fitin," as justifying the means, considers it decidedly in the light of an "aggeravation"—as he would say—of the offence.

"Make your Game, Princes."

When, in these days, a cousin Duke of Cambridge appoints to his own service four red-coated equerries, and three black-coated clergymen, it may be called, on the part of his Royal Highness, rather a bold game of *Rouge-et-Noir*.

COOK'S DISCOVERIES.

A process has lately been invented and carried into operation for cooking by gas. This may indeed be called the triumph of gas-tronomy.

BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON.—AND HOW THEY WENT TO A BALL.

(PART I.)

BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON, HAVING RECEIVED AN INVITATION TO A BALL, AND NOT BEING "UP" IN THE POLKA, TAKE A FEW LESSONS FROM A PROFESSOR.

WISHING TO LOOK KILLING ON THE OCCASION, THEY GET THEIR HAIR DRESSED.

SENSATION AMONG THE PUBLIC ON THEIR ARRIVAL.

THE "LIBRARY" AS IT APPEARED ON THE NIGHT OF THE BALL.

"MR. ROBINSON!"

MR. ROBINSON MAKES HIMSELF AGREEABLE TO THE LADIES

UNFORTUNATE EVENT! BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON ARE ALL STRUCK WITH THE YOUNG LADY.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, AUGUST 17TH, 1850.

GLASS HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

PUNCH *to* JOSEPH PAXTON, ESQ.

DEAR MR. PAXTON,

YOU can, at a word, relieve the country from all further suspense in the important matter of lodging the collective wisdom of England, known by a flattering, legendary fiction, to mean the members of both Houses of Parliament. It is now clear that MR. BARRY will never finish *his* structure. Two millions of money are already doomed to stone, bricks, and mortar; two millions upon an uncertain, unsatisfactory pile. And as it is now high tragic time that we should really think of housing Lords and Commons, quickly, cheaply, and commodiously—we ask of you, at once and forthwith, to erect for them—two Glass Houses of Parliament.

Sir, you can do it in a morning. You have only to don your working coat; to clap on your considering cap—that pretty, tasteful thing, bent from a leaf of the *Victoria Regia*, and the matter is done. *There;* drawn, made manifest, plain to even the lowest capacity of even the Houses of Lords or Commons, is a perfect plan of the structure; a crystal senate-house, fit council-place for human senatorial chrysolites. While we write, the guns proclaim the progress of HER MAJESTY, on her way to prorogue the Parliament. Say the word, MR. PAXTON, shall the QUEEN, next February, open the new Houses of Glass? All we want is your promise. For, as the princely DEVONSHIRE bears honourable and honouring testimony—"MR. PAXTON has never attempted anything, which he has not succeeded in fully carrying out." Sir, with your promise given, MR. BARRY may be required to adapt his structure to the future wants of the PRINCE OF WALES. This will give the architect another nine years to accomplish his work; with due allowance of time to accommodate the structure to the domestic convenience of His Royal Highness. Any number of stables may be added; and as for Marlborough House, let it remain the Vernon Picture Gallery, even as it is.

The more we consider the plan, the more we are convinced of its various conditions of facility, utility, and economy. With the Glass Houses of Parliament determined upon, it is clear MR. BARRY can ask for no more money. As it is, he proposes to himself (we know this by our so potent art) to come down to Parliament for a grant of some £20,000 more to be laid out in musk and attar of roses. MR. BARRY has read in the oriental book of the sage EBLIA EFFENDI (he is quoted by SOUTHEY), that "in Kara Amed, the capital of Diarbekr, there is a mosque called Iparie, built by a merchant, and so called because the builders mixed with the chalk seventy *Juk* of musk, so as always to perfume the building." Moreover, "the mortar of the Mihraub mosque, having been mixed with musk, exhales the sweetest perfume." Now, it being notorious that the New Houses of Parliament, in so far as finished, reek horribly of that dreadful odour, the odour of *job*; an odour that exhales from nearly all our public buildings—MR. BARRY may feel the further outlay of £20,000 to be invested in perfumes for the mortar still to be trowelled, as absolutely necessary to render the Houses sweet and decent; to make them, as Parliament Houses, even habitable. Now, there is not an atom, a touch, a taint of *job* to be nosed in the grant of a house to the PRINCE OF WALES—an anticipated grant of nine years forward. But to our Parliament Houses of Glass.

We all know the hubbub that you, MR. PAXTON, have so magically hushed. Our Park was to be desecrated—torn from us. The turf—every root of grass intertwined with the very strings of the high-beating cockney heart—was to be destroyed for ever and for ever. The number of bricks had been calculated—the tons of mortar—even the million tinklings of the future trowels had been nicely numbered—in a word, the Great Lung of London was to be choked with a hideous, huge, mountainous heap of burnt clay—and men, so great was their madness, looked wildly forward to Chancery for a remedy.

And then—JOSEPH PAXTON came! With all the quietude of an assured power, with the serenity of practical genius, PAXTON unrolled his plan before the Commission. There should be no brick—no mortar. As for the projected dome, let the abomination pass away, the fading fragment of an architectural nightmare. No: the structure that should cover the samples of the world's industry should have the lightness of crystal, with the abiding strength of iron. And, as the projector told over his plan, the Commission, with much-relieved heads and sparkling eyes—beheld a fairy Palace of Glass, the whole structure fitted, with the fitness of geometry upon paper, and calculated with the minute conviction of arithmetic. And the Prince clapt his hands and said—"PAXTON, go forth into Hyde Park; take glass and iron, and—beauty wedding strength—produce the Industrial Hall of Nations!"

And is there an ardent Londoner who—contemptuous of his late dread of brick-and-mortar innovation, of builder's nuisance—looks not to the coming spring for something brilliant and beautiful? Something that, towering and glittering in Hyde Park, shall look like a huge glass globe blown by the concentrated breath of the hundred-headed BRIAREUS, every mouth blowing for the like purpose, and with the same accord?

This done—for we consider it accomplished—we entreat you, MR. PAXTON, forthwith to send in your plan for Glass Houses of Parliament. Consider the fitness, the significance, of the material—glass. If interesting and beautiful to watch bees at work in a glass hive, how much more delightful and instructive to see M. P.'s at work in a glass-house! Honey-bee and M. P.! How aptly, too, they assimilate in their labours and their objects. How like, too, virgin honey, and virgin Bills and Acts! How alike composed of the essences of remote things, sweet, and foodful, and enduring! And, as the cell of the honey-comb is a triumph of the limits of space, no such space containing so much with so little lost, so is an Act of Parliament, a constant wonder of intellectual condensation; no such amount of brain, and nothing else, being discoverable upon the same superficial inches of papyrus.

Glass Houses of Parliament! Do not all of us—all the represented—see all our members hard at work?—whilst it cannot be objected to permit the unrepresented, the unfortunate creatures without members, to look on too. How delightful to watch the senatorial hive! To mark DISRAELI, entering with his gathered honey.

> "Behold each wing! A tiny van,
> The structure of its laden thigh;
> How fragile! yet of ancestry,
> Mysteriously remote and high!"

To see all his collected wisdom end in a deep cell! How fine to mark PALMERSTON, with foreign wax, gathered from Hymettus! And even should his Lordship be impeached, as he may yet be, for throwing open the Thames to a Russian fleet, beautiful, under a glass hive, to mark the ceremony that shall doom his head; and haply, in the devotion of his adherents, to behold the renewed incident of Xenophon—"and when the head was suspended, and became hollow, a swarm of bees (all members of the Reform Club) entered it, and filled it—with honey-combs."

And as a crowning spectacle for the Out of Parliament world, how delightful to see the Queen Bee Victoria enter the Glass House of Parliament, and for a season send away—as she is now doing while we write—all the bees (and drones) to English stubble and Highland heather.

MR. PAXTON,—you *must* achieve the Glass Houses of Parliament. Here and there, as you please, you can insert a pane of magnifying power, to make any favourite minister look a greater man than he is; you may further have all the arms of the reigns blown in the glass, of course blowing *out* the arms of OLIVER CROMWELL—indeed, we are so confident in your genius that you may do what you please, if you will only promise to build.

Glass Houses of Parliament will, with a triple diadem of crystal, crown your reputation. Namely:—

Your Glass Garden of Eden at Chatsworth; where flourish palms without rattle-snakes; and sugar-canes with no yellow fever.

Your Glass Palace for the industrial congress of all nations; where all the world will come to school (leaving their swords and bayonets at the door), and all the world learn of one another.

Your Glass Houses of Parliament (that *must* be) in which statutes shall be made with so much light in them that, like glow-worms, they will be at once known and studied by their own radiance.

Pray do this, dear MR. PAXTON, and accept the assurance of my highest consideration.

PUNCH,

JOSEPH PAXTON, ESQ. *August* 15, 1850.

THE SEA-SIDE LODGING-HOUSE MARKET.

GOOD front parlours, with a view of the sea from the garret windows, are brisk at thirty shillings a-week, and a "bed out" is considered a capital turn-up at half-a-crown a-night. Boots on the same footing, viz., 2*d.* per pair. Plate is still quoted as an extra, though it has given rise to as many disputes as the river of the same name,—for the tenants and the lodging-house keepers have a great difficulty in agreeing as to the real boundary of the Plate. The latter have a notion that the greatest extent it ought to run to is half-a-dozen tea-spoons and a couple of forks; whereas the former demand very properly an extension, and threaten to leave if the lodging-house keepers attempt to show them any of their Britannia metal. Linen is still used in spreading out the bill, though many persons object to the dearness of the spread, and cry out against a dinner in which the plate and linen cost them almost as much as the dinner itself. Drawing-rooms range from three to five guineas a-week, but the price rises with a balcony that faces the "briny ocean."

There is a demand for small houses, though the demand ceases

instantly the price wanted is known. Mutton is tenpence a pound, but as one half is always lost in the cooking—for the sea air always has that effect upon meat—it may rather be said to be twenty-pence. Beef is exceedingly dear, for, owing to the heat of the weather, it is found impossible to keep it longer than one day. Fowls are comparatively cheap at four shillings a pair, but it is not considered advisable to buy too many, unless the lady of the house goes herself to market, for the breed of marine fowls are generally discovered, when brought to table, to have but one leg. Mustard, sixpence a day. Fruit, very small, and very dear. A pound of plums goes no way towards making a tart—for so much is wasted in the cooking, that when the crust is opened there is found to be nothing inside but a tea-cup full of juice.

SCIENCE HEAD OVER HEELS.

A NEWSPAPER report tells us that an enthusiast attending the meeting of the British Association, desirous of testing the merits of a newly invented article, called a "Safety Stocking," plunged headlong from the Newhaven Pier, relying only upon the virtue of the stockings in question. His life was thus allowed to hang—not perhaps on a single thread—but on a small quantity of cotton. We do not see how safety stockings can be of any use in water, unless to an enthusiastic *savant*, to whom it may be immaterial whether he is standing upon his head or his heels—and it is pretty clear that, with a pair of hose not calculated to sink, the heels of the wearer, when in the water, must have been uppermost.

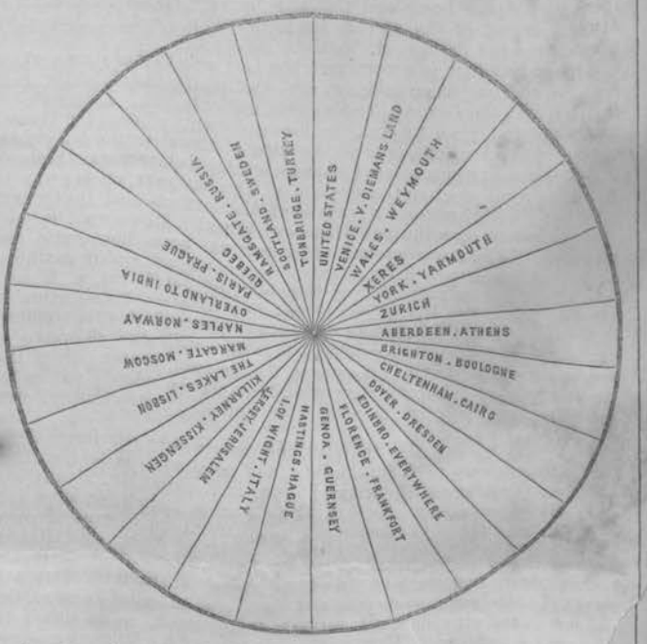
It is to be regretted that there was no *Pons Asinorum* at Newhaven from which the leap could have been made, for this was all that could have been required to complete the character of the experiment.

A GOOD TURN FOR TOURISTS.

ALWAYS in starting for a tour there is something to be done besides packing one's luggage; you must not only make up your portmanteau, or your carpet-bag, as the case—we mean the packing-case—may be, but you must make up your mind where to take it to. The pleasure-seeker is now torn by so many various attractions, that the difficulty of deciding between them all is almost insurmountable. He has made up his mind to go humbly to Herne Bay, or modestly to Margate, when he suddenly finds a set of boardmen performing a sort of *pas de fascination* before him, and brandishing before his eyes huge placards, inviting him to make one of several hundreds in an "Excursion to Paris and back, for Thirty Shillings." He has just allowed himself to be allured by this promise of Continental travel at a startlingly low figure, when a sort of demon of discord comes forward, in the shape of an emissary of a rival line, unfurling before the distended eyeball of the puzzled holiday-seeker a gigantic poster, bidding him "trip it merrily" to "Southampton and back, for three shillings." Turning away bewildered from the sight, he is about to weigh the merits of the two tours presented to his notice, when there comes upon him like a thunder-clap with a terrific bang—"Bangor and back, for a Guinea." He is about to rush, in the enthusiasm of the moment, across the road for a prospectus, when his way is suddenly impeded by a monster van, suggestive of a trip to the Rhine, in the course of which almost everything is to be seen for almost nothing, and all kinds of advantages, including little less than a personal introduction to all the sovereigns of all the States the excursionists pass through, are to be had at the very lowest figure.

If relief from so much perplexity is sought in a consultation of the columns of the newspapers, the would-be tourist is immediately whirled about from Homburg to Hamburg, from Broadstairs to Baden-Baden, from Ramsgate to the Rhine, from Heidelberg to Herne Bay, and he rises from the perusal of the advertisements with his head in the state of a map that has been cut to pieces, and had all its parts shaken together in a cab-horse's nose-bag. "Oh, where? and oh, where?" is the universal cry of every one who has a few days to spare for going somewhere or other, but who get the old incoherent or rather echo-herent answer, "Where," which is the established circular sent by way of reply to all enquiries that are not easily responded to.

We have, however, hit upon a plan which we think will save a great deal of trouble to many a vacillating holiday-maker, who may in future select his trip by shutting his eyes and pricking with a pin the circle of which a plan is attached to this article. To many it matters literally not



a pin where they go, and it is quite proper, therefore, that, where there is scarcely a pin to choose, the choice should be left to the pin in the mode we have suggested. Of course, if the place indicated should be further off than the tourist can afford to go, he will feel his conscience prick as well as the pin, and he will thus be deterred from what would be otherwise an act of culpable extravagance. At the railway termini, from which a variety of places may be reached, it might be as well to keep a board with a kind of needle or arrow appended to it, which the passengers might be invited to twirl for the purpose of fixing their destination. The scheme has been found to answer with ginger-bread nuts, and why should it not be equally popular when applied to railway travelling?

Wanted a Professor.

AN undergraduate at one of the universities—we won't say which, for we only make caps, but do not undertake to fit them on—has written to request our aid in finding for him the "Professor of Law," whose services our correspondent much desires, being naturally anxious to "learn something for his money." We know no better method that our would-be studious correspondent can adopt for attaining his object, than by inserting in the papers an advertisement, expressing a hope that the Law Professor will soon return to his disconsolate pupils, and intimating that all will be forgiven, as all has been already forgotten, by those who happened to know anything.

Policemen in the East.

IT seems to be the destiny of the Police force to keep perpetually "Moving on." They are themselves the pioneers in obeying the directions they are always giving to others. Recent advices inform us of Policemen having been established at Constantinople, where the British Bull's-eye will henceforth throw a light on the mysteries of crime, and the British truncheon smash the turban of Turkish turbulence. The "drunk and incapable" mufti will now find himself compelled to "move on," and the hard, uncomfortable stretcher will be the fate of the luxurious Ottoman who has been living, "not wisely, but too well."

THE TOURNAMENTS OF SMITHFIELD.

A. D. 1360.

THE monks look sour and sulky in the cells of good RAHERE:
Is 't that yesterday they fasted, on lentils and small beer?
Is 't that the father cellarer's last malting hath gone wrong?—
That so yellow are their phizogs, and so glum their matin song?

Sound is the beer, their usual cheer the beechen trenchers hold;
They haven't been and fasted more strictly than of old;
The salt ling isn't harder than most salt ling you 'll see;
The eggs have been as fresh as London eggs can hope to be;

A roaring trade in masses St. Bartholomew's has driven;
The buxom City madams have, as usual, sinned and shriven;
Where the image of St. Alphage's winked three times, theirs winked four—
Then what is it, ye worthy monks, your pious souls doth bore?

'Tis that, all through yesternight, they could neither sleep nor pray,
For the noise in neighbouring Smithfield of the hammers' busy play;
All night perpetual pot-boys were serving out strong beer;
There was swearing, and much language which monks ought not to hear.

Against the dawn they 've fenced the lawn with palisadoes tall;
By the east gate the Royal state, of purple and of pall;
And the challengers' pavilions, with streamers blazoned gay—
KING EDWARD holdeth tourney for ALICE PIERS to-day.

Gay squires to breathe great horses are pricking all about;
And armourers from Aldgate and Chepe are hurrying out;
And heralds in their tabards points of blazon are discussing;
And early burghers shaking hands, and burghers' wives a-bussing.

Holiday troops are flocking in, through the squares of garden-ground,
From the City, and from Westminster, and the villages around:
From the May-flowered lanes of Islington, the fields of fair St. Giles,
They group about the greensward, and gossip at the stiles,

And cluster round the measured lists, as thick as bees in swarm,
And hear well pleased the armourers' clink as the good knights they arm;
And note the lords that stately ride, retainers at their back:
With bent bows and bright badges, in morion and jack.

A rain-bow sea of satin-hoods, a foam of snowy necks;
Smiles and sheep's-eyes, and greetings, and laughs, and nods, and becks;
Gay gallants, steady citizens, with pouch and sober gown;
And guards employed in pulling small boys from barriers down.

A shattering blast of trumpets—a murmur and a rush—
And then a sudden holding of the breath in solemn hush,
And then a burst of welcome that makes the welkin ring,
To the cry of twenty thousand English throats, "God save the King!"

Sixty esquires of honour first on barded horses riding;
Then sixty ladies daintily their milk-white palfreys guiding;
Each leading by a silver chain an armed and helméd knight,
And a noise of many minstrels, and heralds tabard-dight;

Then, under state of cramoisy, doth stout KING EDWARD ride,
Fair ALICE PIERS, the lady of the Tourney, at his side;
Bold-faced and bluff his greeting to the crowd that shout acclaim,
And sweet, though somewhat sad withal, the smiling of his dame.

They seat them in the Royal seat, and the challenge it sounds forth,
From the four trumpets, to the east, and west, and south, and north;
The Knights-adventurers ride in,—each strikes the opponent's shield;
The tilt 's begun—a course is run—a knight rolls on the field.

The gazers shout—the trumps ring out—another, and another;
The lances fly, the dust rides high, the lists are in a smother;
The summer day they joust away, and the poor monks at prayers
Scarce keep their thoughts from wandering, their eyes from sinful stares;

Until the dewy night comes down upon the trampled plain,
When with torch and flaring cresset rides back the Royal train;
And the chroniclers may nib their pens to tell to after years
How in Smithfield bluff KING EDWARD held a joust for ALICE PIERS.

A. D. 1850.

NOBODY has had any sleep the length of Goswell Road;
All are awake in John Street, though no early cock hath crowed;
Through the broad street of Farringdon the burghers are alert;
Upon Snow Hill no shopkeeper but is pallid as his shirt.

To-night it is a Sunday night, but the sounds that strike the ear
Are anything but proper sounds for Sunday night, I fear;
Not thy old note, fair Priory, of Aves and of Paters,
But the noise of brutes in hooves and horns, and brutes in leathern gaiters.

Smithfield hath still her tournaments whereof to tell in rhyme;
But now-a-days, men are not fierce as in the elder time;
And gentler manners we can boast, since the rude age is gone
When knights could skewer each other, and ladies could look on.

Our gallant knights are pricking still—but it is oxen's flanks;
The lusty squires they still bear staves—to welt the kyloes' shanks;
One drover 'gainst a hundred calves they battle on the plain;
With fearless breast and goad in rest the sheep they charge amain.

The stalwart knacker's man moves on, his grim face set in frown;
Pole axe in fist that, with a twist, can fetch a "wet 'un" down:
In azure vest, with shiny crest, the carcase-butcher 's there,
His apron red with gore new shed, his chopper bright and bare.

Now range ye, knights-adventurers—the challengers are nigh—
The droves of panting oxen, foot-sore and red of eye;
With angry low, half-blind they go—now, gallants, who demurs
To show a squeamish world how Smithfield drovers win their spurs?

Dig in their flanks, smash at their shanks, hit hard upon their horns—
Show how the cry of "Cruelty" the Smithfield gallant scorns—
With lusty knocks teach each dull ox the road, and if he fail
While on the stones make ye no bones to twist his stubborn tail.

A pleasant sight for Sunday night is this—a glorious thing;
See them coerce, with goad and curse, the oxen in a ring;
With battering blows upon the nose, and hands that push behind,
And tongues that swear, and links that glare, and throttling ropes that bind.

Stout and serene upon the scene the aldermen look down;
The manly game with pleased acclaim and mild applause they crown;
And talk with sneers of by-gone years, around their City feasts,
When men tilted at each other, and not at horned beasts!

A TURKISH BISHOP.

UNDER the head of "Oxford Intelligence," it was stated the other day, in the *Times*, that—

"The BISHOP OF EXETER, it is said, is taking steps to bring MR. GORHAM before the Arches' Court, for heresy, as held and taught in his book."

Really, the right reverend prelate might be content with the high ground which he has taken in order to pull down MR. GORHAM, without straining to reach him by taking steps to boot. Should he prosecute that gentleman for publishing an heretical work, he will give occasion to the saying, that since he had failed in the endeavour to bring MR. GORHAM to book, he had resolved to bring the book to MR. GORHAM. This remark, of course, will be made in comparative allusion to the story of MAHOMET and the mountain; and people will add, that they did not know that HENRY EXETER was such a Turk before.

A Novelty in Travelling.

THE Edinburgh newspapers contain advertisements of "Cheap Excursions to London, and *back again*." We do not think the latter part of the advertisement will be any great temptation to Scotchmen to join the excursion, however cheap. Now if the advertisement had said "Cheap Excursions to London, and NOT to come back again," it would have been much more to the tastes and habits of travelling Scotchmen; and we doubt if the Railway company would have been able to provide sufficient carriages for the extraordinary number of applicants.

PUNCH'S LABOUR LOST.

WE have been requested by a Cantab, who is discontented with the carriages on the Eastern Counties Railway, to "smash" the said carriages forthwith. We should be sorry to interfere with an occupation which used to be understood was always left to the servants of the company.

THE EFFECTS OF FREE TRADE.—Pauperism is diminishing; the hungry are fed, the naked clad, and—the Whigs have a SURPLUS.

"LETTERED EASE."—The Catalogue of the British Museum.

BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON.—AND HOW THEY WENT TO A BALL. (PART II.)

THIS DRAWING REPRESENTS MR. JONES AT THE MOMENT WHEN HE WAS UNDECIDED AS TO WHICH OF THAT ROW HE WOULD ASK TO DANCE.

ROBINSON IS HERE SEEN NOT ONLY AMUSING HIMSELF, BUT CAUSING AMUSEMENT TO OTHERS.

"MISS SMITH—MR. BROWN."

ROBINSON BEHOLDS BROWN POLKING, AND OH! HOW HE WISHES HE HAD THE COURAGE TO DO IT.

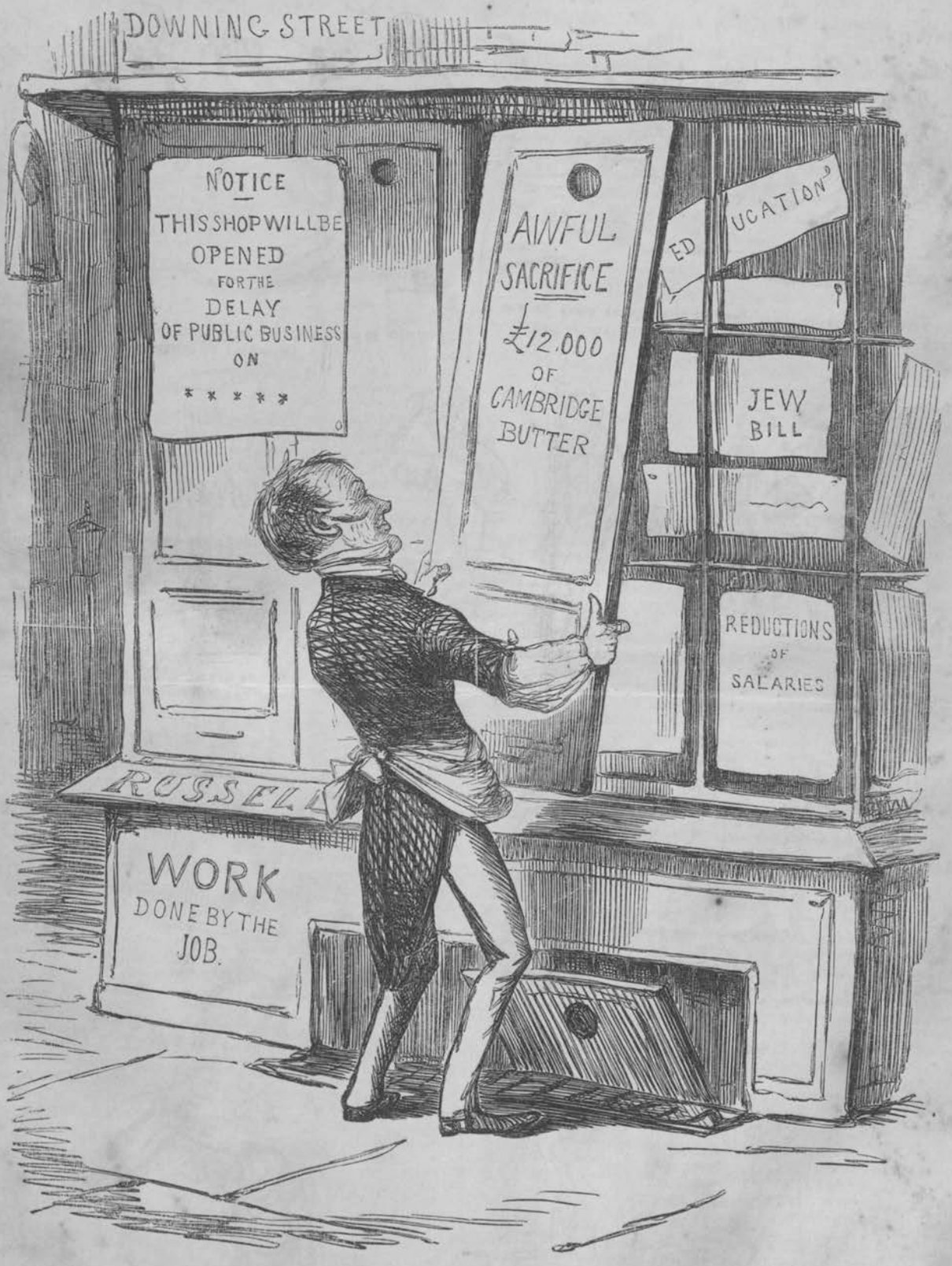
BROWN SITS WITH HER UPON THE STAIRS, BECAUSE "THE COOLNESS THERE IS SO DELICIOUS."

FRANTIC BEHAVIOUR OF ROBINSON, THIRSTING FOR ICE, AFTER EIGHT QUADRILLES.

THE PARTNER OF JONES'S AFFECTIONS BEING CARRIED OFF BY A HEAVY DRAGOON, HE (JONES) HATES THE WORLD FROM THAT MOMENT.

WE NEXT SEE HIM AT SUPPER.

WHAT THE HEAVY DRAGOON DID TO JONES IN HIS WRATH; JONES, GROWN RECKLESS WITH HATRED, JEALOUSY, AND CHAMPAGNE, HAVING INTIMATED THAT HE WAS A "PERSON."



LORD JOHN SHUTTING UP SHOP.

HEY! FOR SCOTLAND'S LAW.

ONSCIENTIOUSLY we always used to look upon the law of England as the very acmè of the unintelligible, and we were accustomed to think that mystification could no further go, when it had taken the shape of a decree in Equity. Our attention has, however, been called to a recent Scotch judgment — or interlocution, as it is termed — pronounced by one of the learned Judges who preside in the superior Courts at Edinburgh. It sets out with the following intricate labyrinth of words, from which, after scratching ourselves nearly to pieces among the brambles of obscurity, we emerge in as blessed a state of ignorance as we were in when we made our first rush into the maze, which we now invite the venturesome reader to dash at.

"The Lord Ordinary having heard parties' procurators on the conjoined processes of suspension and interdict, and declarator, and thereafter made avizandum, and considered the closed record productions and proceedings."

We here leave off for a moment to allow the taking of breath; and we beg leave to ask in the joint names of LINDLEY MURRAY, DOCTOR JOHNSON, poor old DILWORTH, the two MAVORS, father and son, MRS. BARBAULD—her of the hymns, we mean—and MRS. TRIMMER, what it all means. As a "process of suspension" is spoken of, we presume of course that the judgment relates to a hanging matter; but farther than this, we are not prepared to go. The "interlocution" then proceeds thus:—

"In the suspension and interdict repels the reasons of suspension (the culprit, it seems, is not to be hanged) and discerns; and in the declarator sustains the defences, assoilsies the defender from the whole conclusions of the libel, and discerns."

Here we must pause again, lest against the extreme hardness of the words, we "dash out our desperate brains." What does the learned judge mean by "*assoilzying* a defender?" Is it a genteel way of saying, "gets him out of the soil," or "picks him out of the mire," or "helps him when stuck in the mud?" We will not "pause for a reply," because we might just as well keep our pause off; but we proceed to what the Lord Ordinary, in his great discernment, says that he "discerns." Well then, he

"Finds the suspenders and pursuers liable to expenses [What! both sides pay in Scotland, do they?] of the conjoined action, allowing an account thereof to be given in and remits the same [Oh, ho! Then the judge himself pays the costs, does he? Oh yes, certainly, for he '*remits the same*'] to the auditor to tax and report.

We have a great mind to have this Scotch judgment hung up in the window of our office in Fleet Street, like the patent lock in BRAMAH'S window, with an intimation that whoever can produce a key to it shall receive a reward of FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS—of Wall's End coals. We have seen in our day a large assortment of Chancery decisions, which would have justified any non-professional parties in resorting to a half-crown or a halfpenny to toss up, for the purpose of determining which side had gained the advantage, but this Scotch "interlocution" makes our English equity a simple sort of matter, in comparison to the intricacies in which we have found ourselves entangled just now. We can only exclaim, "Well, we never, LORD BROUGHAM, did you ever?" We are sure LORD BROUGHAM will admit that "No, he never," and we hope his Lordship never may have to sit upon such a case in the way of appeal.

The Sunday Post Delivery.

A PÆAN.

COCK-a-doodle-doo!
The Sabbatarian crew,
Our letters that stopp'd,
At last have been whopp'd;
For which thank—you know who!

TOO HORRIBLE TO CONTEMPLATE!—If a lady who hesitates is lost, what must it then be for a lady who stammers or stutters!

A MONUMENT TO LORD ASHLEY.

YESTERDAY will long be remembered in the annals of the *libro d'oro* of the Beadle of Exeter Hall. There never has been such a meeting in the memory of the oldest Sabbatarian; and it was confidently prophesied that Time may stand upon tiptoe to watch the advent of such another and never behold it.

It is the peculiar felicity of a grand idea to beget a number of smaller notions, bearing some resemblance to the original thought. Alike, but very different. Thus, it was no sooner determined to erect a monument to the benevolent genius of a great statesman: of a man who, whilst he patronised the cheap loaf, did not loftily eschew the patronage of art and letters,—than a monument was determined for his late Royal Highness the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE; a monument, as it now appears, put off until next season, in consideration of the calls upon Parliament, by grouse and the German spas. In the meantime, the architects of England have, until February next, to mature their designs for a monument to departed royalty, whose peculiar goodness it was—boldly avouched LORD GROSVENOR—to have subscribed every minute of time, and every farthing of money, towards the necessities of human nature. To eternise such a fame (when duly proved, as no doubt it will be when the shooting season ends), will tax to the highest the creative genius of England's sculptural worthies. In a while, and progressing at the rate we have travelled for the past month, monuments will start into stony existence, rapidly as mushrooms.

LORD ASHLEY is to have a monument; and his Lordship deserves one. It was this deep conviction of his merits—a conviction throbbing at the hearts of his admirers—that yesterday filled Exeter Hall with the elect of the wicked City of London, gathered together to pay homage to the bold and subtle genius of that "pious and excellent nobleman," as the *Times* fleeringly called him, who "stole a march upon Parliament" on the day of the Derby, to shut up the Sunday post-office; and, with the dexterity of a professor of the persecuted art of pea-and-thimble, worked a work of zealous holiness.

The chair was taken by MR. DE NEWGATE, who called upon every really pious man with a heart in his breast, and a shilling in his pocket to come forward with his sixpence. They would build such a monument to the good intentions of the noble and pious lord, that an admiring posterity should go down upon its knees to it. Their opponents had flung it in their teeth that a certain place, to which at that meeting it was not necessary for him more particularly to allude, was paved with good intentions; he, however, came not there to dwell upon the enlargement of that pavement, but to propose a monument to good intentions. LORD ASHLEY had been defeated (*groans*), wickedly defeated by a mammon-loving Government; but his Lordship's intentions remained the same: *he* would not only have gone the whole hog, but have compelled every man, woman, and child, to wear a Sunday inner garment of its bristles. (*Cheers.*)

MR. SLEEKLOCKS rose to move a resolution. For his own part, he wished to express to the noble, the heroic, but defeated lord, the pious admiration of his disciples in the most significant and touching material —of course he meant gold. The iniquitous Sunday letter-delivery had been stopped. A sinner under sentence of death had been reprieved; but—the mail-bag remaining at the Post-Office—the evil-doer was, for the day, kept in ignorance of the mercy; and thereupon had his thoughts directed as they ought to be; whereas, had the sinful post run upon that day, the malefactor would have been rejoicing. MR. SLEEKLOCKS thought that a handsome gold ink-stand in the shape of a death's-head should be presented to LORD ASHLEY in commemoration of his triumph—a triumph to be renewed next session—(*Cheers*)—over the carnal authorities of St. Martin's-le-Grand.

MR. PHOSPHOR thought a lucifer-box, delicately chased with the armorial bearings of his Lordship, would—to use the express words of the speaker—"find an echo in the heart of every genuine Sabbatarian."

Here ensued a long and desultory conversation, which it is needless to report. We shall therefore omit all details, coming at once to the determination of the meeting, which was, namely—

To erect, immediately opposite to the Post-Office, an obelisk to the memory of LORD ASHLEY'S fleeting triumph, made of the very best and most enduring black sealing-wax.

From a Very Old Friend.

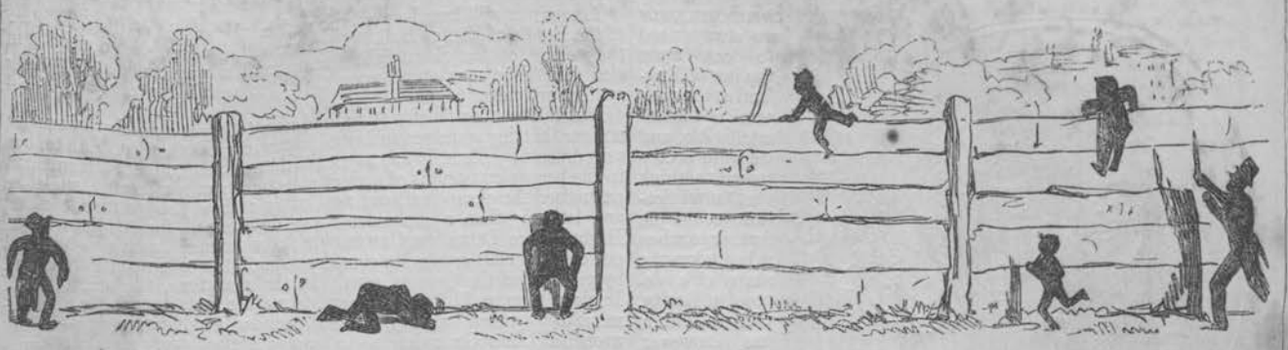
"DEAR PUNCH,—I say! old fellow,—you don't appear to have any *reg'lar* Poet's Corner on your territories. However, I suppose you know the original one somewhere in Westminster; and, for your information, there is another just begun at the corner of Queen Square, Bloomsbury, not to commemorate dead poets, but to show the talents of real live 'uns. The following has been perpetrated within a few yards of me—on a black board and white letters:—

"'There is no thoroughfare
At the north end of this Square.'

"Pray, stop this.

"I am, dear *Punch*, THE QUEEN SQUARE PUMP."

EXHIBITION OF 1851.



THOSE petty nuisances, "the boys," are always in advance of their age, and though it is not exactly in the sense of precocity that this term can be applied to them, we have no hesitation in saying that they almost invariably manage to take time by the forelock, and anticipate the future—*in urbe* as well as in *rus*. The state of Hyde Park affords a specimen of the yearning of youth to overleap the boundaries of existing things, for they are constantly trying to climb over the wooden enclosure now standing on the spot where the Exhibition is to be held. The boys are anticipating 1851, by making a sight and show of what is passing in 1850, and the exposition of juvenile industry, by the urchins who try their hardest to get a peep at the proceedings, is now in full play. As to the privilege of private views, the whole thing is a farce when compared with the privilege of private viewing claimed, or at all events exercised, by our young friends "the boys." We have seen half-a-hundred of a morning clinging to the boards of the enclosure, or the hoarding as it is termed, and, by the way, this specimen of hoarding is so truly primitive, that the hoarding looks like saving indeed. We cannot give an opinion as to how the workmen get on with their labours, while so many juvenile overseers are trying to see over the wooden wall, but we presume the newspapers will, each of them, secure one of these inquisitive brats in the character of "Our Reporter," for no one else seems to have an opportunity of knowing what is going on.

DAMAGES, TWO HUNDRED POUNDS.

SPECIAL Jurymen of England! who admire your country's laws,
And proclaim a British Jury worthy of the realm's applause;
Gaily compliment each other at the issue of a cause
Which was tried at Guildford 'sizes, this day week as ever was.

Unto that august tribunal comes a gentleman in grief,
(Special was the British Jury, and the Judge, the Baron Chief,)
Comes a British man and husband—asking of the law relief,
For his wife was stolen from him—he 'd have vengeance on the thief.

Yes, his wife, the blessed treasure with the which his life was crowned,
Wickedly was ravished from him by a hypocrite profound.
And he comes before twelve Britons, men for sense and truth renowned,
To award him for his damage, twenty hundred sterling pound.

He by counsel and attorney there at Guildford does appear,
Asking damage of the villain who seduced his lady dear:
But I can't help asking, though the lady's guilt was all too clear,
And though guilty the defendant, wasn't the plaintiff rather queer?

First the lady's mother spoke, and said she 'd seen her daughter cry
But a fortnight after marriage: early times for piping eye.
Six months after, things were worse, and the piping eye was black,
And this gallant British husband caned his wife upon the back.

Three months after they were married, husband pushed her to the door,
Told her to be off and leave him, for he wanted her no more;
As she would not go, why *he* went: thrice he left his lady dear,
Left her, too, without a penny, for more than a quarter of a year.

MRS. FRANCES DUNCAN knew the parties very well indeed,
She had seen him pull his lady's nose and make her lip to bleed;
If he chanced to sit at home not a single word he said;
Once she saw him throw the cover of a dish at his lady's head.

SARAH GREEN, another witness, clear did to the Jury note
How she saw this honest fellow seize his lady by the throat,
How he cursed her and abused her, beating her into a fit,
Till the pitying next-door neighbours crossed the wall and witnessed it.

Next door to this injured Briton MR. OWERS, a butcher, dwelt;
MRS. OWERS's foolish heart towards this erring dame did melt;
(Not that she had erred as yet, crime was not developed in her)
But being left without a penny, MRS. OWERS supplied her dinner—
God be merciful to MRS. OWERS, who was merciful to this sinner!

CAROLINE NAYLOR was their servant, said they led a wretched life,
Saw this most distinguished Briton fling a teacup at his wife;
He went out to balls and pleasures, and never once, in ten months' space,
Sate with his wife, or spoke her kindly. This was the defendant's case.

POLLOCK, C. B., charged the Jury; said the woman's guilt was clear;
That was not the point, however, which the Jury came to hear,
But the damage to determine which, as it should true appear,
This most tender-hearted husband, who so used his lady dear,

Beat her, kicked her, caned her, cursed her, left her starving, year by year,
Flung her from him, parted from her, wrung her neck, and boxed her ear,
What the reasonable damage this afflicted man could claim,
By the loss of the affections of this guilty graceless dame?

Then the honest British Twelve, to each other turning round,
Laid their clever heads together with a wisdom most profound:
And towards his Lordship looking, spoke the foreman wise and sound;
"My Lord, we find for this here plaintiff damages two hundred pound."

So, God bless the Special Jury! pride and joy of English ground,
And the happy land of England, where true justice does abound!
British Jurymen and husbands; let us hail this verdict proper;
If a British wife offends you, Britons, you 've a right to whop her.

Though you promised to protect her, though you promised to defend her,
You are welcome to neglect her: to the devil you may send her:
You may strike her, curse, abuse her; so declares our law renowned;
And if after this you lose her,—why you 're paid two hundred pound.

THE BULL-FIGHTS IN PARIS.

IT is said that Spanish Bull-fights are about to be introduced into Paris from Spain, and the journals are talking of the project as one likely to be very attractive from its novelty. Bull-fights may be novel enough on the other side of the water, but they are no novelty here, which may account for their being so unattractive, for Smithfield and its avenues, where our London Bull-fights take place twice a-week, are avoided by nearly all who are not compelled to resort to them. If the Parisians really want to have a specimen of Bull-fighting, let some of the French excursionists—whom we rejoice to see among us—take a walk some Monday morning to Smithfield market, and there they will witness quite enough to initiate them in the sport, which it is said Paris is prepared to patronise. We have occasionally found ourselves obliged to take suddenly the part of a *picadore* with the point of our umbrella, and once or twice we have thought it prudent to resort to the *banderillos*, by brandishing our pocket-handkerchief in a mischievous-looking animal's eyes, in order to divert his attention from some more precious object. If Bull-fighting is to be turned into a public amusement, let it be done in the regular way by the conversion of Smithfield into an arena, but a state of things which compels a quiet passenger to become every now and then a *matadore malgré lui* is rather disagreeable.

WHY are the "Parliamentary Trains" so called?
From the extreme slowness with which everything moves upon them.

FLUNKEYISM IN EBONY.

CERTAINLY it must be gratifying to the Savages' Friend Society—if there is one—and to all the Philanthropophagi and Negro-Fanciers of Exeter Hall, to learn that European taste and refinement are beginning to be emulated on the coast of Africa. The *United Service Journal* thus describes an exhibition of the splendour of sable Royalty as displayed on board one of HER MAJESTY'S ships cruising in the river Cammaroon—

"KING BELL was the first to come on board, accompanied by his favourite wife and twelve of his chiefs; he was dressed in the full dress of a mail-coach-guard, with a petticoat instead of trousers; next was the eldest son of old AQUA, wearing an English General's full-dress coat and epaulettes, no breeches, nor any substitute for them; last came TIM AQUA, the younger brother; he wore the full dress of a general officer, and was decently clad in a pair of white duck trousers and ankle boots, also a white beaver hat, and on it, in letters of gold, 'KING AQUA.'"

"My Stars and Garters!" must be the exclamation of BRITANNIA on contemplating the above picture of the pomps and vanities of the African portion of this world. The Ethiopian Monarch had "KING AQUA" emblazoned in letters of gold upon his hatband—very well—*Honi soit qui mal y pense!* Those who smile at KING BELL'S combination of mail-coach-guard's habiliments with female finery, should remember the androgynous GEORGE THE FOURTH at MADAME TUSSAUD'S, in his coronation robes, designed by himself, quite in the taste of BELL. In bedizening his person in the full-dress coat of a British General, the elder of the brothers AQUA evidently made a stride in civilisation; and although he might have stridden in a costume more befitting the movement, his resemblance to BRIAN O'LINN as to the lower extremities was probably involuntary. It may seem strange that notions of ornament so similar to those exhibited at an English Levee or Drawing-room should co-exist with the puerility—not to say idiocy—betrayed in the following incident. Divers presents, inclusive of a general officer's uniform, having been made to the Royal brothers:—

"The PRINCE ROYAL proposed to divide the coat by cutting it down from the centre of the back, and the King to have one epaulette, and himself the other."

The intelligence of his ROYAL HIGHNESS might be thought proportionate to his taste, if our own courtly wigs, and cocked hats, and gold lace, and shoulder-knots, did not indicate a feeling for decoration pretty much on a par with that evinced by these blackamoors. Are they not flunkies and brothers?

ENGLISH GRATITUDE.

MR. G. WALKER was the first to attract public attention to the evils arising from Intramural Interment. He spent several years in the investigation of the question, and large sums of money in the accumulation of evidence. Mostly owing to his exertions, the new Interment Bill has been passed. Appointments have been given away under that measure; but not one to poor MR. WALKER. His existence is ignored by Government. Services like his, deserving of some high acknowledgment, are passed over in the coldest contempt.

We often think that England is a most ungrateful nation. France, and other nations, are not so tardy in rewarding their benefactors. MR. ROWLAND HILL received nothing but the "cold shoulder" from ministers, for several years. MR. WAGHORN was allowed to die almost in want; and numerous other examples could be cited, in proof of the little encouragement given in this country to men of science and enterprise. And yet we prove our gratitude in the most liberal manner, whenever a prince of the royal blood is to be the happy recipient of it. We do not begrudge £12,000 a-year to a young Duke of Cambridge, whose only public claim is, that he is the son of his father; but we have not a farthing to give to a man whose claims are based upon the strong ground of an universal good. It is a pity MR. WALKER had not been a member of the Royal Family; for then, instead of receiving nothing for doing something, he would have come in for something like £10,000 for doing nothing. For the future, when we are told of Government patronage of men of talent and energy, we shall very politely exclaim, "Walker!"

"NOW, BY ST. PAUL'S, THE WORK GOES BRAVELY ON."

THE naves of St. Paul's are happily exempted henceforth from the truly "knavish trick" of extracting two-pence from the pocket of the visitor; and we only hope that the Deans and Chapters of other cathedrals will take a chapter out of the Dean of St. Paul's Book. Westminster Abbey is still one of the show-shops of the Metropolis, and there are several cathedrals throughout the country which might place over their portals the words—"Pay here."

At Canterbury, in particular, the old extortionate principle prevails of "making no charge, but leaving it to your generosity;" and if your generosity is not quite up to the notion of her own value entertained by the *Abigail* in attendance, you are treated with a description of yourselves, in rather more forcible language than is employed in the very brief allusions to the objects of interest in the cathedral. This mode of converting those visitors who have not come down handsomely with a gratuity into a portion of the exhibition is very ingenious, if not altogether agreeable; and we think the authorities of the cathedral would do well either to abolish all fees or fix the amount, so that the visitors would not run the chance of being apostrophised as a "beggarly set," if they chanced to err on the side of economy.

THE LION HUNTRESS OF BELGRAVIA.

Being LADY NIMROD'S *Journal of the past Season.*

WHEN my husband's father, SIR JOHN NIMROD, died, after sixteen years' ill-health which ought to have killed a dozen ordinary baronets, and which I bore, for my part, with angelic patience, we came at length into the property which ought, by rights, to have been ours so long before (otherwise I am sure I would never have married NIMROD, or gone through eighteen years of dullness and comparative poverty in second-rate furnished houses, at home and abroad), and at length *monted* my *maison* in London. I married NIMROD an artless and beautiful young woman, as I may now say without vanity, for I have given up all claims to youth or to personal appearance; and am now at the *mezzo* of the path of *nostra vita*, as DANTE says: having no pretensions to flirt at all, and leaving that frivolous amusement to the young girls. I made great sacrifices to marry NIMROD: I gave up for him CAPTAIN (now GENERAL) FLATHER, the handsomest man of his time, who was ardently attached to me; MR. PYX, then tutor to the EARL OF NOODLEBURY, but now LORD BISHOP OF BULLOCKSMITHY; and many more whom I need not name, and some of whom I dare say have never forgiven me for jilting them, as they call it. But how could I do otherwise? Mamma's means were small. Who could suppose that a captain of dragoons at Brighton, or a nobleman's tutor and chaplain (who both of them adored me certainly), would ever rise to their present eminent positions? And I therefore sacrificed myself and my inclinations, as every well-nurtured and highly principled girl will, and became MRS. NIMROD—remaining MRS. NIMROD—plain MRS. NIMROD as MR. GRIMSTONE said—for eighteen years. What I suffered no one can tell. NIMROD has no powers of conversation and I am all soul and genius. NIMROD cares neither for poetry, nor for company, nor for science, and without geology, without poesy, without society, life is a blank to me. Provided he could snooze at home with the children, poor N. was (and is) happy. But ah! could their innocent and often foolish conversation suffice to a woman of my powers? I was wretchedly deceived, it must be owned, in my marriage, but what mortal among us has not his or her *tracasseries* and *désillusionnements?* Had I any idea that the old SIR JOHN NIMROD would have clung to life with such uncommon tenacity, I might now have been the occupant of the Palace of Bullocksmithy (in place of poor MRS. PYX, who is a vulgar creature), and not the mistress of my house in Eaton Crescent, and of Hornby Hall, Cumberland, where poor SIR CHARLES NIMROD generally lives shut up with his gout and his children.

He does not come up to London, nor is he *fait pour y briller*. My eldest daughter is amiable, but she has such frightful red hair that I really could not bring her into the world; the boys are with their tutor and at Eton; and as I was born for society, I am bound to seek for it, alone. I pass eight months in London, and the remainder at Baden, or at Brighton, or at Paris. We receive company at Hornby for a fortnight when I go. SIR C—. N—. does not trouble himself much with London or *mon monde*. He moves about my saloons without a word to say for himself; he asked me whether DR. BUCKLAND was a poet, and whether SIR SIDNEY SMITH was not an Admiral: he generally overeats and drinks himself at the house-dinners of his clubs, being a member of both SNOOKER'S and TOODLE'S, and returns home after six weeks to his stupid Cumberland solitudes. Thus it will be seen that my lot in life as a domestic character is not a happy one. Born to *briller* in society, I had the honour of singing on the table at Brighton before the epicure GEORGE THE FOURTH at six years of age.* What was the use of shining under such a bushel as poor dear SIR C—. N—.? There are

* It was not before GEORGE THE FOURTH, but before the PRINCE OF WALES, that LADY NIMROD, then MISS BELLAIRS, performed at the Pavilion.

some of us, gifted but unfortunate beings, whose lot is the world. We are like the *Wanderer* in my dear friend EUGENE SUE's elegant novel, to whom Fate says, "*Marche, Marche:*" for us pilgrims of society there is *no* rest. The BELLAIRS have been a fated race: dearest Mamma dropped down in the tea-rooms at Almack's and was carried home paralysed: I have heard that Papa (before our misfortunes, and when he lived at Castle Bellairs, and in Rutland Square) never dined alone for twenty-seven years and three quarters, and rather than be without company he would sit and laugh and quaff with the horrid bailiffs who often arrested him.

I am a creature of the world then, I cannot help my nature. The Eagle (the crest of the BELLAIRS) flies to the dazzling sun, while the "moping owl" prefers the stupid darkness of the thicket.

They call me the Lion Huntress. I own that I love the society of the distinguished and the great. A mere cultivator of frivolous fashion, a mere toady of the great, I despise; but genius, but poetry, but talent, but scientific reputation, but humour, but eccentricity above all, I adore. I have opened my *Salons* now for several seasons. Everybody of note who has been in our metropolis I have received,—the great painters, the great poets and sculptors (dear, dear sculptures, I adore them!), the great musicians and artists, the great statesmen of all the great countries; the great envoys, the great missionaries, the great Generals, the great *every* bodies have honoured the *réunions* of CLEMENTINA NIMROD. I have had at the same dinner, the wise and famous MONSIEUR DOCTRINAIRE (and was in hopes he would have come to me in the footman's suit in which he escaped from Paris, but he only came with his Golden Fleece, his broad ribbon of the Legion of Honour and eighteen orders), SIGNOR BOMBARDI, the Roman tribune, GENERAL PRINCE RUBADUBSTI, the Russian General, and dear TARBOOSH PASHA, who was converted to Islamism after his heroic conduct in Hungary. I have had MONSIEUR SANSGÊNE, the eminent socialist refugee; RABBI JEHOSHAPHAT, from Jerusalem; the ARCHBISHOP OF MEALYPOTATOES, *in partibus infidelium*, and in purple stockings; BROTHER HIGGS, the Mormon Prophet; and my own dear BISHOP OF BULLOCKSMITHY, who has one of the prettiest ankles and the softest hands in England, seated round my *lowly* board. I have had that darling COLONEL MILSTONE REID, the decypherer of the Babylonish inscriptions; the eminent PROFESSOR HÖDWINCK, of Halle, author of those extraordinary "*Horæ Antediluvianæ*," and "*The History of the Three Hundred First Sovereigns of the Fourth Preadamite Period;*" and PROFESSOR BLENKINHORN (who reads your hand-writing in that wonderful way, you know, for thirteen stamps) round one tea-table in one room in my house. I have had the hero of Acre, the hero of Long Acre, and a near relation of GREENACRE at the same *soirée*,—and I am not ashamed to own, that when during his trial the late atrocious MR. RAWHEAD, confiding in his acquittal, wrote to order a rump and dozen at the inn, I was so much deceived by the barefaced wretch's protestations of innocence, that I sent him a little note, requesting the honour of his company at an evening party at my house. He was found justly guilty of the murder of MRS. TRIPES, was hanged, and of course, could not come to my party. But had he been innocent, what shame would there have been in my receiving a man so certainly remarkable, and whose undoubted courage (had it been exerted in a better cause) might have led him to do great things? Yes, and if I take that villa at Fulham next year, I hope to have a snug Sunday party from the Agapemone for a game at hockey; when I hope that my dear BISHOP OF BULLOCKSMITHY will come.

Indeed, what is there in life worth living for but the enjoyment of the society of men of talent and celebrity? Of the mere *monde*, you know, one person is just like another. LADY A. and LADY B. have their dresses made by the same milliner, and talk to the same pattern. LORD C.'s whiskers are exactly like MR. D.'s, and their coats are the same, and their plaited shirt-fronts are the same, and they talk about the same things. If one dines with E., or F., or G., or H., one has the same dinner at each table; the very same soup, *entrées*, sweets and ices, interspersed with the same conversation carried round in an under tone. If one goes to I. House or K. House, there is the same music—the same MARIO and LABLACHE, the same LABLACHE and MARIO. As for friends in the world, we know what *they* are, stupid frumps and family connexions, who are angry if they are not invited to all one's parties, who know and tell all one's secrets, who spread all the bad stories about one that are true, or half-true, or untrue; I make a point, for my part, to have no friends. I mean, nobody who shall be on such a confidential footing as that he or she shall presume to know too much of my affairs, or that I shall myself be so fond of, that I should miss them, were they to be estranged or to die. One is not made, or one need not be made, to be uncomfortable in life: one need have no painful sensations about anybody. And that is why I admire and am familiar with remarkable people and persons of talent only; because, if they die, or go away, or bore me, I can get other people of talent or remarkable persons in their place. For instance, this year it is the Nepaulese Princes, and MLLE. VANDERMEER, and the Hippopotamus, one is interested about; next year it may be the Chinese Ambassadors, or the POPE, or the DUKE OF BORDEAUX, or who knows who? This year it is the author of the *Memoriam* (and a most pleasing poet), or MR. CUMMING, the Lion Hunter of South Africa, or that dear PRELUDE; next year, of course, there will be somebody else, and some other poems or delightful works, which will come in; and of which there is always a bountiful and most providential and blessed natural supply with every succeeding season.

And as I now sit calmly, at the end of a well-spent season, surveying my empty apartments, and thinking of the many interesting personages who have passed through them, I cannot but think how wise my course has been, and I look over the lists of my lions with pleasure. Poor SIR C—, in the same way, keeps a game-book I know, and puts down the hares and pheasants which he has bagged in his stupid excursions, and if that strange and delightful bearded hunter, MR. CUMMING (who was off for Scotland just when I went to his charming and terrible Exhibition, close by us at Knightsbridge, and with an intimate Scotch mutual acquaintance, who would have introduced me, when I should have numbered in my Wednesday-list and my dinner-list one *noble lion* more), if MR. CUMMING, I say, keeps *his* journal of spring-boks, and elephants, and sea-cows, and lions and monsters, why should not CLEMENTINA NIMROD be permitted to recur to her little journals of the sporting season?

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them at No. 85, Fleet-Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, AUGUST 24th, 1850.

THE LION HUNTRESS OF BELGRAVIA.

Being LADY NIMROD'S *Journal of the past Season.*

CONTINUALLY have I been asked, What is a lion? A lion is a man or woman one must have at one's parties — I have no other answer but that. One has a man at one's parties because one sees him at everybody else's parties; I cannot tell you why. It is the way of the world, and when one is of the world, one must do as the world does.

Vulgar people, and persons not of the world, nevertheless, have their little parties and their little great men (the foolish, absurd, creatures!) and I have no doubt that at any little lawyer's wife's tea-table in Bloomsbury, or merchant's heavy mahogany in Portland Place, our manners are ludicrously imitated, and that these people show off their lions, just as we do. I heard MR. GRIMSTONE the other night telling of some people with whom he had been dining, a kind who are not in society, and of whom, of course, one has never heard. He said that their manners were not unlike ours, that they lived in a very comfortably furnished house: that they had *entrées* from the confectioner's, and that kind of thing; and that they had their lions, the absurd creatures, in imitation of us. Some of these people have a great respect for the Peerage, and GRIMSTONE says that at this house, which belongs to a relative of his, they never consider their grand dinners complete without poor LORD MUDDLEHEAD to take the lady of the house to dinner. LORD MUDDLEHEAD never speaks; but drinks unceasingly during dinner time, and is there, GRIMSTONE says, that the host may have the pleasure of calling out in a loud voice and the hearing of his twenty guests, "LORD MUDDLEHEAD, may I have the honour of taking wine with your Lordship?"

I am told there are several members of the aristocracy who let themselves out to be dined, as it were, in this sad way; and do not dislike the part of lion which they play in these inferior houses.

Well then?—what must we acknowledge?—that persons not in society imitate us; and that everybody has his family circle and its little lion for the time being. With us it is NELSON come home from winning the battle of Aboukir; with others it is TOM SMITH who has gained the silver skulls at the rowing match. With us it is a Foreign Minister, or a Prince in exile; with others it may be MASTER THOMAS who has just come from Cambridge, or MR. and MRS. JONES who have just been on a tour to Paris. Poor creatures! do not let us be too hard on them! People may not be in society—and yet, I dare say, mean very well. I have found in steam-boats on the Rhine, and at *tables d'hôte* on the Continent, very well informed persons, really very agreeable and well mannered, with whom one could converse very freely, and get from them much valuable information and assistance—and who, nevertheless, were not in society at all. These people one does not, of course, recognise on returning to this country (unless they happen to get into the world, as occasionally they do): but it is surprising how like us many of them are, and what good imitations of our manners they give.

For instance, this very MR. GRIMSTONE—LADY TOLLINGTON took him up, and, of course, if LADY TOLLINGTON takes up a man he goes every where—four or five years ago in Germany I met him at Wiesbaden: he gave me up his bed-room, for the inn was full, and he slept on a billiard-table, I think, and was very good-natured, amusing, and attentive. He was not then *du monde* and I lost sight of him: for, though he bowed to me one night at the Opera, I thought it was best not to encourage him, and my glass would not look his way. But when once received—difficulties of course vanished, and I was delighted to know him.

"O MR. GRIMSTONE!" I said, "how charmed I am to see you among us. How pleasant you must be, ain't you? I see you were at LADY TOLLINGTON'S and LADY TRUMPINGTON'S; and of course you will go everywhere: and will you come to my Wednesdays?"

"It is a great comfort, LADY NIMROD," GRIMSTONE said, "to be in society at last—and a great privilege. You know that my relations are low, that my father and mother are vulgar, and that until I came into the *monde*, I had no idea what decent manners were, and had never met a gentleman or a lady before?"

Poor young man! Considering his disadvantages, he really pronounces his h's very decently; and I watched him all through dinner-time, and he behaved quite well. LADY BLINKER says he is satirical: but he seems to me simple and quiet.

MR. GRIMSTONE is a lion now. His speech in Parliament made him talked about. Directly one is talked about, one is a lion. He is a radical; and his principles are, I believe, horrid. But one must have him to one's parties, as he goes to LADY TOLLINGTON'S.

There is nothing which I dislike so much as the illiberality of some narrow-minded English people, who want to judge everything by their own standard of morals, and are squeamish with distinguished foreigners whose manners do not exactly correspond with their own. Have we any right to quarrel with a Turkish gentleman because he has three or four wives? With an officer of Austrian hussars, because, in the course of his painful duties, he has had to inflict personal punishment on one or two rebellious Italian or Hungarian ladies, and whip a few little boys? Does anybody cut DR. HAWTREY, at Eton, for correcting the boys?—*my* sons, I'm sure, would be the better for a little more. When the Emperor's aide-de-camp, COUNT KNOUTOFF, was in this country, was he not perfectly well received at Court and in the very first circles? It gives one a sort of thrill, and imparts a piquancy and flavour to a whole party when one has a lion in it, who has hanged twenty-five Polish colonels, like COUNT KNOUTOFF; or shot a couple of hundred Carlist officers before breakfast, like GENERAL GARBANZOS, than whom I never met a more mild, accomplished, and elegant man. I should say he is a man of the most sensitive organisation, that he would shrink from giving pain—he has the prettiest white hand I ever saw, except my dear Bishop's; and, besides, in those countries an officer must do his duty. These extreme measures, of course, are not what one would like officers of one's own country to do: but consider the difference of the education of foreigners!—and also, it must be remembered, that if poor dear GENERAL GARBANZOS *did* shoot the Carlists, those horrid Carlists, if they had caught him, would certainly have shot *him*.

In the same way about remarkable women who come among us—their standard of propriety, it must be remembered, is not ours, and it is not for us to judge them. When that delightful MADAME ANDRIA came amongst us (whom GRIMSTONE calls POLYANDRIA, though her name is ALPHONSINE), who ever thought of refusing to receive her? COUNT ANDRIA and her first husband, the BARON DE FRUMP, are the best friends imaginable; and I have heard that the Baron was present at his wife's second marriage, wished her new husband joy with all his heart, and danced with a Royal Princess at the wedding. It is well known that the PRINCE GREGORY RAGAMOFFSKI, who comes out of Prussian Poland—(where I hope MISS HULKER, of Lombard Street, leads a happy life, and finds a *couronne fermée* a consolation for a bad, odious husband, an uncomfortable, hide-and-seek barn of a palace as it is called, and a hideous part of the country)—I say it is well known that RAGAMOFFSKI was married before he came to England, and that he made a separation from his Princess *à l'amiable;* and came hither expressly for an heiress. Who minds these things? RAGAMOFFSKI was everywhere in London; and there were Dukes at St. George's to sign the register; and at the breakfast, in Hyde Park Gardens, which old HULKER gave, without inviting *me*, by the way. Thence, I say, it ought to be clear to us that foreigners are to be judged by their own ways and habits, and not ours—and that idle cry which people make against some of them for not conforming to our practices ought to be put down! Cry out against them, indeed! MR. GRIMSTONE says, that if the EMPEROR NERO, having slaughtered half Christendom the week before, could come to England with plenty of money in his pocket, all London would welcome him, and he would be pressed at the very first houses to play the fiddle—and that if QUEEN CATHERINE OF MEDICIS, though she had roasted all the Huguenots in France, had come over afterwards to Mivart's, on a visit to QUEEN ELIZABETH, the very best nobility in the country would have come to put their names down in her visiting-book.

A GROAN FROM THE COUNTER.

A TRADESMAN writes us a letter, in which he expresses the wish that all gentlemen and noblemen leaving town, would follow the noble example set by the Royal Italian Opera management, at the end of the season. He says he should like uncommonly to have seen from many of his customers, and he sends us their names, an advertisement set forth in a style somewhat similar to the one published by the above establishment, and he forwards us the sort of thing he means:—

PREVIOUS TO GOING ABROAD.—All Tradesmen having Claims on LORD LEVANT, 302, Belgrave Square, for long out-standing accounts, are requested to send in their accounts immediately, and to call on Saturday next, at 2 o'clock for payment; as it is his Lordship's intention to leave town on the following Monday, and it is quite uncertain when his Lordship will return.

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS IN A NEW CHARACTER.

UR fat friend" at the Zoological Gardens, is certainly not beautiful. He may be odd. He is grotesque. He is certainly rare. He is as certainly, stout. He appears good-humoured. He swims with singular facility. He has an excellent appetite.

But he certainly is *not* beautiful.

We are, therefore, the more surprised to see him figure as a work of art, in silver, in a shop in the Strand. What his effigy is meant for—whether as an ornament for the dinner-table, or a toy for the boudoir—we have no conception. We are aware he has already figured as the head of a breast-pin. A young friend (in the Guards) came to us the other day, with his coat mysteriously buttoned.

"What do think I have got?" he asked, in a voice tremulous with pleasure. We avowed our ignorance. "Look here!" he exclaimed, opening his coat, and displaying the novel bijou. "A hippopotamus breast-pin! Isn't it stunning?" And he *had!* The infatuated young man (who has £200 a-year besides his pay, and spends £800 to our knowledge), had gone to a great expense to have modelled for him a correct likeness in little of this singularly ugly animal, and was wearing it, with the pride of a discoverer, in his cravat.

Of all characters in the world that can be assumed by the india-rubber-coloured mammal, which is now attracting the public to the Zoological Gardens, we can conceive none that he has less pretensions to figure in than as a work of art. If ladies wear him in their hearts, infatuated guardsmen may carry him in their bosoms. But as an independent statuette we must protest against him. No doubt the modeller may plead the horse on which the DUKE OF WELLINGTON is mounted on Grosvenor Gate. We admit that is ugly; perhaps as ugly as the Hippopotamus; but one error in taste cannot be pleaded as an excuse for another; and the abundance of ugly statuettes of horses in the Metropolis is no justification of a novel ugliness in sculpture in the shape of the Hippopotamus. Much as we respect that animal in his pen, or in his bath, we cannot admit him as an inmate of the *atélier*, or an intruder into the *salon*.

"Knocking up done here at 2d. a-week"

WE are told by our agreeable friend "*Household Words*," that a new kind of business exists at Manchester, called "knocking up." This consists in "knocking up" factory people at an early hour in the morning, in order that they may be in time for their work. One woman earns as much as four-and-twenty shillings a-week by "knocking up" persons,—which since a lady is concerned, is much better than knocking them down. Couldn't this "knocking up" business be applied to Parliament? It would be quite a relief to MR. BROTHERTON. Instead of his rising always to adjourn the House, and getting laughed at for his pains, some old woman, "for 2*d.* a-week," might, punctually as the clock struck twelve, knock at the door of the House of Commons, and cry out, "Come, get up;" and the House accordingly would rise, and go about its business. At all events, the plan would be so far good, that it would have the effect of waking up the members, for it must be confessed that occasionally—as, for instance, this last session—the House is excessively sleepy, and sadly wants stirring up. One thing is very certain,—that if the House is ever "knocked up," it will never be from the quantity of work it has done.

THE QUEEN AT OSTEND.

THE reception of the QUEEN at Ostend is described as dull. We might have expected the people of Ostend to have been a little more *Ostend-tatious* in their demonstrations.

THE PUFFING SYSTEM AT ST. PAUL'S.

IT would seem, from a letter in the *Times*, that the taking off of the twopenny poll-tax in St. Paul's Cathedral is a piece of news "too good to be true," and that the old principle of "Walk up, you are now in time, only twopence," is still practically in force at the door of the sacred edifice. The correspondent of the *Times* asserts, that having been attracted by the report of the abolition of the charge, he went to St. Paul's, and found the doors beset by persons claiming free ingress, and being met by the old demand of twopence from the doorkeepers. If this is really the cause, it is positively disgraceful that a false rumour should be put into circulation, which would naturally have the effect of causing an unusual attraction, and securing an additional influx of the "filthy lucre" from those who having come all the way to St. Paul's, would rather pay the twopence than go all the way home again for nothing. If the twopenny charge is still in force, let it be well understood, so that the unholy harvest may not be augmented by an unworthy artifice.

THE POST-OFFICE PET.

THE MARQUESS OF CLANRICARDE is one of the best-natured of men. To be sure, it is difficult to withstand the instrumentality of a bishop; and the more especially, so oleaginous a pastor as the Bishop of Oxford. Great, indeed, is his secretion of the oil of gladness; an oil with which he has softened the already soft heart of the Postmaster-General. One Z. W. DAVIS, illuminating 25, Princes Street, Mile End, writes thus joyfully to the rejoicing *Morning Herald*:—

"SIR,—You will be glad to hear, that through the kind instrumentality of the Lord Bishop of Oxford, R. G. HOWLETT, the letter-carrier, who was dismissed from the General Post-Office in November last, for distributing hand-bills against Sunday labour therein, has been re-appointed to a situation in that branch of the public service by the Postmaster-General, the MARQUESS OF CLANRICARDE."

Very kind, very forgiving, this, of the Marquess; the more so, inasmuch as the discontent and conspiracy of the tribe of HOWLETTS were mainly instrumental to the manufacture of the petitions with which LORD ASHLEY, armed in the innocence of sheep parchment, attacked the Sabbath-breakers in the House of Commons. It is notorious, that the treasonous practices of the country Post-Office servants were of fatal influence against the idleness and indifference of the mass of the people; idle and indifferent, because the Sunday closing of the country Post was considered no other than an unmeaning rant of a party, who "think they're pious when they're only bilious." Every ten years at most, some phosphoric prophet foretells the end of the world, giving the day and the hour; nevertheless, folks do not go into sackcloth, and powder their heads with ashes: and tradesmen are no whit less indifferent to the tender of a bad shilling. And thus it was with the bray of the Sabbatarians. The world received it as only an evidence of length of ears, taking no heed of its menaced heels. And the Derby-day came, and—in the House of Commons—the bray became a note of triumph.

But all is to be forgiven and forgotten. The hundreds of people who have suffered the piety of LORD ASHLEY; the sick, with the survivors of the dead; the anxious and the harassed, all pardon his Lordship the tyranny of his saintly goodness; for which no doubt his Lordship, in the bigness of his heart, is very properly penitent, and abundantly grateful. ASHLEY shall be forgiven, and HOWLETT restored.

Nevertheless, the MARQUESS OF CLANRICARDE, by his re-appointment of the treasonous HOWLETT, has taken a large trump card from the hands of the Sabbatarians. It was the misfortune of *Punch* to censure HOWLETT into the receipt of £50, indignantly laid down for him by some well-meaning soul, shocked and outraged by the harmless lenity that *Punch*—according to his wont—poured upon the head of the discharged postman. HOWLETT, blistered by *Punch's* ink, was salved and comforted by a sanative bit of bank paper. But *Punch* required further and better treatment of HOWLETT; when, lo! the merciful, kind-hearted Marquess steps in—or is rather pulled into the rescue by a Bishop—and HOWLETT, the martyr, is restored to his original condition. Is there no abiding reward in this world for the lowly champion of truth? We had hoped to see HOWLETT maintained in Sabbatarian clover, the pet example of Post-Office piety.

"For he on honey-dew has fed,
And drank the milk of Paradise."

This should have been the amended condition of the victim ex-postman, had the Postmaster-General been less yielding to a bishop. HOWLETT would have been the stall-fed martyr of Exeter Hall. And, as in Catholic countries, certain relics are on certain days exhibited to the populace; so, on certain gatherings, would our HOWLETT, with a ruddier tint upon his cheek, a sleeker texture of skin, and a growing dignity of abdomen, been presented to the elect of the Hall, as a lovely and flourishing example of well-rewarded piety, carefully taken in and abundantly done for by LORD ASHLEY and his cinder-loving followers. Vauxhall has its Flower-Show; why not Exeter Hall its Martyr-Show?

Even with HOWLETT restored to the Post-Office, he is a daily, hourly example to his fellow-labourers of the impunity that may attend official treason and revolt: but with HOWLETT, kept at Sabbatarian expense—HOWLETT, grown sleek as a bishop's beaver—he would have been a twofold example of the prosperity of the conscientious lowly, and the generosity of the Sabbatarian rich. HOWLETT, fat, and thriving, would have afforded a delightful gloss to the pious text of our ASHLEY preaching.

Again, the Bishop of Oxford, in his all unworldly way, has missed a chance. Why did not he comfort and harbour HOWLETT? Could he not have clothed him in episcopal purple, and suspended him at the back of his coach, showing a stiff-necked generation what glory was vouchsafed a Post-Office martyr, whom a bishop delighted to honour. This OXFORD might have done; and this, with his characteristic meekness, he has foregone and missed.

We must, therefore, be content to leave HOWLETT at the Post-Office. We trust, however, that he will have an extra bit of gold lace to mark his worth and past suffering. Possibly the MARQUESS OF CLANRICARDE has already provided for this, saying with *Bassanio* when he engages *Lancelot Gobbo*,

"—— Give him a livery
More guarded than his fellows: see it done."

[*Exit* HOWLETT, *into Post-Office.*

THE SMILE AND THE FROWN.

TO SEA-SIDE LODGERS.—IMPORTANT.

MR. PUNCH,

MINE is a hard case. I am a sofa—a mahogany and horse-hair sofa—at a watering-place, on the coast of Kent, for I won't be too particular. As a sofa, I expect to be put upon; but even sofas may have more than they can or ought to bear. I come of honest mahogany, and the first horse-hair. My mahogany, in its green state, grew in Honduras, where (as I heard a party sing one of your songs last Christmas, four of 'em sitting on me at the same time)—where, *Mr. Punch*—

"Oft in my boughs birds of rare plume
Sang in my bloom;"

and for my horse-hair, that is from the manes and tails of more than one racer, who, although long since gone to the dogs himself, has still left silver-cups to posterity. And this much, *Mr. Punch*, for my respectability. Now comes my grievance, which I make known to you as a warning to every body—'specially unprotected females—coming to the sea-side.

MRS. FINGERCADDY, of Seagull Cottage, lets, what she calls, furnished lodgings. Last week our parlours were to go out on Wednesday morning; and two elderly maiden ladies to come with their trunks at night. No sooner had the first lodgers left than I—the mahogany and horse-hair—was bundled out of the parlour into the kitchen; where at about seven at night I heard the following talk between the new lodgers just come and my mistress above.

"Gracious goodness, MRS. FINGERCADDY, where's the sofa?"

"What sofa, ma'am?" says MRS. F., soft and innocent as milk.

"Why, that mahogany and horse-hair sofa," says the other lady, her voice rising, "that stood there—yes, in that place, there."

"Oh, that sofa," said MRS. F., and I trembled with shame when I heard her, "That sofa, ladies, was only hired."

"Hired!" screeched the two ladies.

"Hired and gone home; but for only half-a-crown a week, you can have it here and welcome. Half-a-crown a week."

But, I'm glad to say it, the ladies saw the cheat; and wouldn't pay—and not paying, I remain still in the kitchen.

Mr. Punch, let me be broken up and ripped to pieces; take out my horse-hair, and spin it into tackle to catch fishes—turn it into springes to catch woodcocks; but, so far as you can help me, don't let me be made a trap and a line to catch the unsuspecting lodgers at Seagull Cottage.

Yours, A SOFA.

The Kitchen.

"NO SUCH LUCK."

(*As Sung with great Applause at the St. Paul's Dean and Chapter Concerts.*)

SOME one wrote we 'd our twopence abolished—
And, Lord, what a crowd o' folks came,
As thinking our north door demolished,
With its showman and twopenny claim—
But, bless you, they found out their blunder;
That day we 'd a capital haul,
Twenty pounds, Sir, and not a rap under,
We took at the Church of St. Paul—
Tol—de—rol!

They 'd a notion we 'd had some misgivings,
That at last we 'd agreed it was low,
With our thousands and lots of rich livings
To be keeping a twopenny show;
But, bless you—it 's very well talking,
But a brown is a brown the world over—
Vergers' pay why should we out be forking,
When the twopences keep 'em in clover?
Tol—de—rol!

So, ladies and gentlemen, walk up—
As usual, pay at the door—
Let objectors at once give their talk up,
We 'll astonish the browns as before;
We 'll still take our stand on our copper—
First-rate is our show, as you 'll see—
And like other first-rates it 's quite proper,
That it copper-bottomed should be.
Tol—de—rol!

MY STARS AND GARTERS!

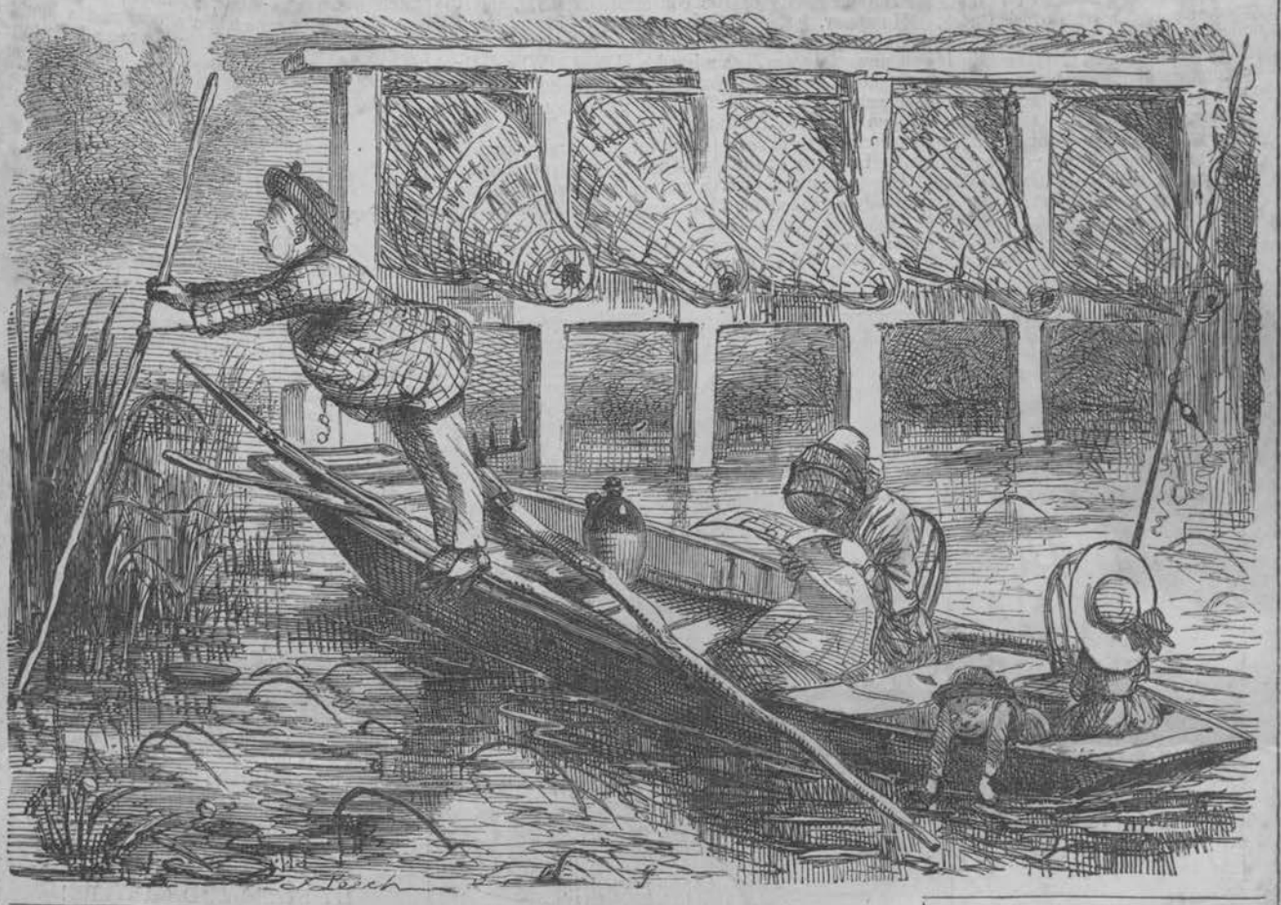
THE Star and Garter, at Richmond, has lately given rise to a scene of a very singular character. The waiters have grown sentimental over their chief, and have been giving a piece of plate to him at the Dysart Arms, Petersham. Several speeches were made, in which "old associations" were feelingly alluded to, and the head waiter's health having been drunk, the air of "*Those Evening Bells*" was played, as being appropriate to the immense number of bells which may be heard, all ringing at once, in the hall of the Star and Garter on a summer Sunday's evening. The head waiter, in returning thanks, so affected his fellow-waiters, that they were compelled to absorb their tears in their napkins.

The piece of plate was a salver with an inscription, in which the head waiter was salved over with compliments to an immense extent, and there was inscribed in the centre, as a motto, the words "Coming, coming," in allusion to which the recipient was frequently spoken of as "the Coming Man."

We regret it is not in our power to give any of the speeches that were spoken on the occasion, but in the course of the evening a great deal was said on the subject of the virtues of the head waiter, who, it was stated, had been known to hand five hundred breads in forty minutes, wipe three hundred glasses in half an hour, pour out eighty glasses of champagne, and exclaim, "Coming directly, Sir," to eighty applicants at once, without going near one, or giving offence to any.

THE MOST DESIRABLE SETTLEMENT FOR EMIGRANTS.—The Pecuniary Settlement.

MR. BRIGGS STARTS ON HIS FISHING EXCURSION.



THE QUEEN AT SEA.

We could not have a more appropriate Sovereign for the British Isles than her present Majesty, who is perfectly at home at sea, and who furnishes an excellent representative of Britannia, of wave-ruling celebrity. Among the luggage put on board the royal yacht for the contemplated cruise to Ostend, were a cow and a piano; a couple of articles showing that the Queen apprehended nothing from the roughness of the weather, to disturb her ordinary arrangements, but that she would be able to enjoy her tea and music as usual. The wind being somewhat boisterous, it might have been feared that the piano would have been raised a good deal higher than concert pitch by the pitching of the vessel. As to the cow, its notions of a toss up would have been a little extended by the freaks of Neptune, but there would be no immediate danger to the animal, unless any unskilful hand on board should have got to the piano, and struck up the tune the cow died of, in an unguarded moment.

Mr. B. won't have a man with him, as he thinks he can manage a punt by himself; and the consequence is, he is obliged to go to bed while his things are dried, having upset himself, as a matter of course.

THE IMPERIAL BAGMAN.

It strikes us that the "President's Tour" is very much in the style of a commercial traveller, travelling about the country, visiting the different towns, for imperial orders. Whether Louis Napoleon will return with the crown and sceptre, which he has started (according to that popular informant, Rumour, who is the Editor of the poor man's *Moniteur*,) with the object of bringing back with him, appears very doubtful. The returns which the *Maison Napoléon et Cie* have received at Paris from Besançon, and the different parts of Alsatia, are: "Very flat—nothing doing."

LORD TORRINGTON'S ARMS.

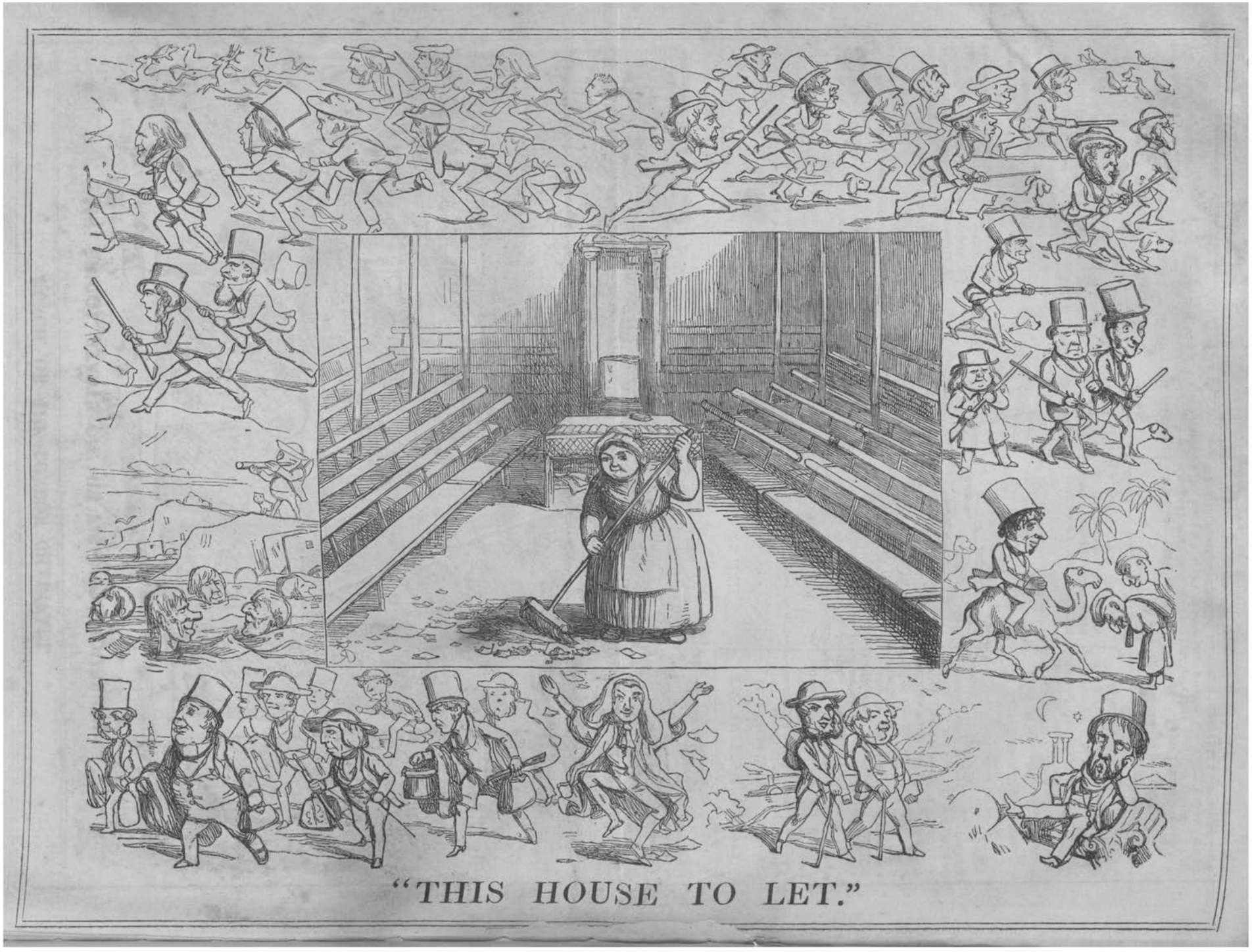
The Whigs are about to grant new honours to the governor of Ceylon. In memory of his administration of that island he is henceforth to quarter a Shot Buddhist Priest, and a Taxed Dog Proper. Motto—"Ceylon *les règles*."

Railway Intelligence.

Mr. Punch is authorised to contradict, in his strongest manner, a malicious report that Lord Brougham had been engaged to work *all* the trains, up and down, on the Eastern Railway, *vice* all the late hands, discharged.

A Return in Kind.

We have often chronicled the visits of King Leopold to Queen Victoria. At last Queen Victoria has paid her return visit to King Leopold. Let us hope that Flemish hospitality, unlike Flemish book-publishing, may produce something better than a *contrefaçon Belge*.



"THIS HOUSE TO LET."

CONSTANTINOPLE REMOVED TO REGENT STREET.

Y at least two miles less of water in it, Constantinople differs from all other Panoramas. We have been overrun with so many rivers lately, that it is quite a relief, after having had nothing but cataracts in our eye, to see the land again. The cockney, who has been eight hours on board a steamer, could not behold Margate jetty with greater delight, than we hailed the minarets of Constantinople, after being tossed about for months and months on the broad waters of the Nile and the Mississippi. We have been in the water so long—swimming and floating over half the globe—that a little walking has done us an immensity of good.

It must be confessed that the walking is very different to a stroll up Regent Street, or a lounge in the Park. The walk is invested with all the interest which the first walk in a new city always affords a stranger. Two eyes are scarcely sufficient to notice all the strange sights that meet you at the corner of every street; and one mouth is at a loss to find exclamations—much less words—to express the wonder upon wonder that fills you at the discovery of each new beauty. There is nothing so delightful as this kind of walking. You choose some dark corner of the room, and there unseen by everyone, and seeing no one, you leave England, and all thoughts of duns and debtors and household cares, far behind you. The next minute you open your eyes, and find yourself wandering about in the streets of some foreign capital. You have no necessity to leave your seat; only give yourself up to the pictorial influence of the scene, and let your eyes walk instead of your legs. It is more amusing, less fatiguing, and does not wear out shoe-leather.

You are in the Polytechnic Institution—at least you were a minute ago—for now you are in the Cemetery of Eyoub—unlike the cemeteries in London, for it is outside the town; but then you must not be surprised, for you should recollect that we, English, are the most civilised nation in the world, and that Turkey is only as yet in a half barbarous state. This leads you into the Street of Tombs. Make haste, bend yourself double, for that fine gentleman on the white horse like *Timour the Tartar* is the Sultan, and, if you fail to give the passing salaam, a gentleman may come behind you and whisk your head off as cleanly as if he were playing at knock-'em-downs, and your head was the wooden pincushion. The Sultan is followed by a long escort of dogs, who are fighting away, "like regular Turks." These animals lead a perfect cat-and-dog-life, for they are always quarrelling, and if an unhappy dog becomes a pauper and is thrown on the parish, it is unfortunate for him if it does not happen to be his own parish, for all the other dogs set upon him and hunt him to death. In this way is he passed from parish to parish, so that he is a very lucky dog, if he reaches his own parish with a whole skin. The traveller should not snarl, like a cynic, over these misguided creatures, for he should recollect that but a short time ago paupers in England were treated very little better than dogs.

That building opposite, which reminds you of the Clifton Baths at Gravesend, is a mosque. You need not wait to look at it, for you will see plenty more in your day's ramble—Constantinople is full of such mosques. They are somewhat like the Pavilion at Brighton, only highly gilt. They have beautiful domes, to which the domes we see in Park Terrace, Regent's Park, are mere thimbles. No stranger is admitted into them, not even upon payment of money, which is rather astonishing, for considering the late Sultan introduced into Turkey many European usages, we wonder that he overlooked the admirable two-penny-halfpenny systems of St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, which rank, with justice, amongst the highest proofs of our superior civilisation.

The next object, you are told, is the Golden Horn, only it is as much like a horn as Battersea is like a Sea of Batter. Fountains, which, we are reluctantly compelled to confess, surpass in elegance our pumps, invite you to drink in every direction, and from the fountain we are led by a natural spring to the Bath.

These Baths are very different to our Baths and Washhouses, and seem to be much funnier. The figures are very amusing, and we regret there are no Turkish baths in London, for we have long disbelieved in the Mahommedan origin of MAHOMMED, ever since he last answered us in an unmistakeable Irish accent. The regulations of these baths seem to be on the dinner principle, of three courses and a dessert, the latter consisting of a cup of coffee and a pipe. In appearance, the establishments look like immense Dyers' and Calenderers', and we noticed a big fat Alderman of a Turk, who, in the first course, was of a dark chocolate colour, come out at last an elegant rosy-pink complexion, not unlike a prawn. These dyeing baths would be of high value to many of our young men, who, from a long curriculum of study at the Casino and Vauxhall, have lost all their colour.

A visit to Constantinople without going to a Bazaar would be like visiting London and not going to see the Exeter Change Arcade. The idea that there is any similarity between the two will be dispelled after one moment's stay, for in a Turkish bazaar there is activity, and life, and business, and shops not only with goods but with customers, and no Beadle to parade quickly up and down, as a make-believe that the place is an immense thoroughfare.

A Turkish Bazaar, again, is different to the Soho Bazaar, or the Pantheon, for the stalls are served by huge men, who look so big that you cannot help believing they have been stall-fed. There are no pretty girls, with pretty caps, in them, to tempt you to buy useless things you do not want. It is also different to the Lowther Bazaar, and the Marine Bazaars you meet at watering-places, for it has no raffles, or comic songs sung in character, nor even a wheel of fortune. It struck us as being more like the Lowther Arcade than anything else—for all the goods are thrown out of window, and run all over the pavement, giving you the notion that they had been shot out of a cart, like coals, preparatory to being stowed away in a cellar. There is this difference, however, that the shopkeepers of the Lowther Arcade do not sit, like tailors on their boards, in the midst of their goods; for as most of the Lowther works of art consist of tea-cups, and tumblers, and Bohemian glasses from Birmingham, this Turkish method of keeping a shop would be attended with no little danger.

The time is wearing on, and we have not half finished our walk. There is the Grand Mosque of St. Sophia, which reminds us once more most painfully of the barbarism of the Turks, for it has not a single pew, and, greater blessing still! not a single pew opener. We have not yet visited the Slave-market, where, we are told, the slaves are so fond of being sold, that they actually pray, and cry, and go down upon their knees, to be bought, which reminds us of the equally probable story of the eels not at all disliking the process they undergo previous to being cooked—nor have we been into a coffee-house, and smoked a chibouk,—nor penetrated into the interior of any of the mosques,—but, as you are not allowed to enter without taking off your boots, it may be as well to remain outside, for, upon our asking for a boot-jack, we were told there was not one upon the premises. There are also the Burnt Column, which has been the hero that has stood a hundred fires, and never flinched once,—and the Hippodrome—and the Sublime Porte, which is more the colour of Sherry, or Bucellas, than the sublime liquid it has drawn its name from—and the beautiful view of Constantinople from the Bosphorus, with its thousand minarets, which look like a forest of MORDAN'S ever-pointed pencils, or more like many silver cases of caustic,—the black points exactly resembling the protruding bits of that very lunar compound. We have all these to see, besides the Seraglio—the veil of which is lifted, and its mysteries shown to the inquisitive eye of every haren-scarem youth. Our time is precious—so must we bring our promenade to an abrupt termination—and take leave of MR. ALLOM, after thanking him for having guided us so agreeably through the parlours, and shops, and palaces, and cellars, and secret cupboards of Constantinople. He has shown us what no other Panorama has done before him—he has thrown open the doors of a whole city, and allowed us to peep inside. The Panorama of Constantinople has one great advantage—you not only visit Turkey, but you also see the Turks at home.

ALBERT SMITH, in his "*Two Months at Constantinople*," gives us the list of all his expenses, down to a lucifer match, which are not only very useful, but highly amusing. Suppose that we, in our "*Two Hours at Constantinople*," follow the same useful plan, for the benefit of future travellers to the Polyorama.

	s.	*d.*
Expenses to Constantinople	1	0
Cab there and back (say two miles)	2	0
Bath Bun at adjoining pastry-cook's	0	2
Letter to apprize family of our safe return, and that we should be home to dinner	0	1
Catalogue	0	6
Total of Journey to Constantinople	3	9

Leaving, over the sum which ALBERT SMITH spent in the same journey, a balance in our favour of £59 16*s.* 3*d.*

In Medio (Non) Tutissimus.

THE Correspondent of a morning paper, describing the street preparations prepared for the QUEEN'S reception at Ostend, speaks of "the Prussian Eagle that seems trying to fly both ways at once;" a happy emblem, surely, for a kingdom that dare not be despotic, and can't be liberal; that halts in a half-and-half flight from the absolutism of a Prussian Court, to the anarchy of a Frankfort Assembly.

THE GENTLEMEN OF LYONS.

LOUIS NAPOLEON, on his recent visit to Lyons, recalled the words of the Emperor, and requested the City of Lyons to love him. He did his best to clothe himself in the second-hand habits of his illustrious uncle, and LOUIS NAPOLEON in Lyons must have reminded many of the fable of the ignobler animal in the Lion's skin.

MONEY NO OBJECT.

REALLY we never recollect reading a matrimonial advertisement—(and we always read matrimonial advertisements in the same way that we always read the second column of the first page of the *Times*, and LORD BROUGHAM'S and SIBTHORP'S speeches, and F. M. the DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S letters, because they are sure to contain something to amuse us)—without some such line as the following:—

"PROPERTY IS NOT SO MUCH LOOKED FOR AS AN AGREEABLE COMPANION."

What volumes the above line says for the disinterestedness of the present day! and what a proud refutation it is to that grumbling herd of sceptics who are always railing against the cupidity of man, and the universal influence of Mammon! Besides we always smile with inward satisfaction, when we find that matrimony is still an affection of the heart and not of the pocket; and that after all, woman herself is the great object, and not her fortune.

BEGINNING AT THE PROPER END.

As all the business of Parliament seems to be transacted in the last month of its sittings; as all the previous part of the Session is taken up in talking, and party-fighting; as it is very clear that five months out of its time are wasted, in no kind of benefit to the nation; would it not be better for Parliament to dispense, for the future, with those five months, and to assemble in that month during which the business is really transacted? We are sure if the Houses of Parliament were to be opened on the 1st of July, or the 1st of August, instead of in February, that a great deal of time and worry would be spared to all parties, and that the affairs of the nation, instead of being retarded, would be materially advanced by this wise alteration. It would look like beginning at the wrong end, but we are confident that the wrong end, in this instance, would prove the right one; so much so, that even LORD JOHN RUSSELL, with his interminable notions of Finality, could not possibly object to it.

NEAT AND APPROPRIATE.

THEY presented JENNY LIND with a tea-kettle at Liverpool,—probably from the well-known proficiency of that utensil in singing.

VULGAR AMENDMENT OF AN OLD PROVERB.

"IN VINO VERITABLE-ASS"—Because, when a man is drunk, he is sure to make an ass of himself.

THE PIMLICO 'BUSSES.

WHEN we were at school, we used in our themes to select FABIUS as our great standing example of delay, but if we now required a standing example of delay, we should select a Pimlico 'Bus as our staple commodity. The manner in which these vehicles "drag their slow length along" is something quite *unique* in its way, and we frequently make the mental observation, that as speech is often used to conceal thought, so a Pimlico 'bus is resorted to in order to retard a journey. We have heard arithmeticians talk of a fixed quantity, but we never saw the idea so thoroughly carried out as we did the other day, when we noticed a quantity of passengers fixed at Hyde Park Corner in a Pimlico omnibus.

SHAKSPEARE talks about somebody having been "fixed as great Atlas' self," but we must say for the Atlas omnibuses, that we never saw one of them "fixed" for any considerable time; and if the Bard of Avon had said, "fixed as great Royal Blue's self," he would have approached much nearer to our modern notions of a fixture.

It is true that the public has its remedy—as well as its threepences—in its own hand, and it would do well to discourage the stagnant omnibuses by declining to ride in them. We can only say, that

> If we saw an omnibus what wouldn't go,
> Do you think we'd enter it? No, no, no,
> We'd take out a summons, and cry, "So, so,
> You're pulled up, Jarvey!"

It seems that the officers of the Blues—that is to say, the conductors—are not remarkable for knowing how to conduct themselves, however expert they may be in conducting their vehicles. It is a pity there is no academy for a cad in want of a stock of good manners. It is true we cannot expect much civility to be thrown into the bargain, when the fare is only threepence, but we had rather ride a shorter distance for our money than go further and fare worse at the hands, or rather at the tongue, of the conductor.

Fairy Land.

MANY persons have a curious notion of Fairy Land. For instance, the bills of the Terrace Gardens at Gravesend tell us that "the magnificent hall is illuminated by 10,000 brilliant lamps, presenting such a magnificent *coup d'œil, as to remind one instinctively of Fairy Land.*" We are sorry to contradict a play-bill, but on the faith of the above announcement we were allured to the Terrace Gardens, and must say that we were anything but reminded of the beautiful country alluded to, for the very first person we met was MR. TOM MATTHEWS, the celebrated clown, who is, we believe, a very deserving personage, but scarcely the kind of ethereal creature you would expect to meet in Fairy Land!

HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?

LITERARY JONATHAN made a piratical war on Literary JOHN BULL. An English book was an American book—in all but the profit it brought in to its author. New York and Boston boasted of their civilisation, as measured by the enormous sale of popular English books in the United States. From the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, the Union was a-blaze with the British new-lights of literature, only JONATHAN never paid for his candles.

International copy-right was occasionally talked of; but JONATHAN knew better. Like the man who stole the wood for his besom handles and the broom for the besoms, he carried on a roaring trade and undersold the Britisher who had to pay for his materials. Meanwhile, an American copy-right was respected in Great Britain. WASHINGTON IRVING received his well-earned £10,000 from MR. MURRAY. MR. MELVILLE pocketted the (equally well-earned) price of his *Typee* and *Omoo* and *White Jacket*. So MR. COOPER made his honest market with MR. BENTLEY, and touched the proceeds, but *nous avons changé tout cela!*

The recent decision of the Chief Baron has decided, that a foreigner can have no copyright in England; and as Americans are foreigners, English copyrights in American works are good for nothing,—and MESSRS. MURRAY, BENTLEY, and others, who have published American works, are open to the pirates of this side the water.

How will the WASHINGTON IRVINGS, the PRESCOTTS, the COOPERS, the MELVILLES of America like this? Will they agitate for an International Copyright, now that their brains are exposed to the same gratis picking, as our poor English ones have been so long subjected to?

The French Republican Caws.

A SHORT time ago an enormous number of crows alighted on the trees of the Tuileries and on the roof of the Palace, when it was found necessary to call out some of the chasseurs of Vincennes, who killed about five hundred of the feathered visitors. We do not exactly see what harm these birds could have done, but perhaps the inhabitants of the Tuileries objected to being crowed over.

THE CAMBRIDGE MONUMENT.

HOUGH almost everybody is out of town, it is still a comfort to know that London banking-houses are still open, with clerks to match at their desks. It is further delightful to contemplate the fact, as given in an authorised paragraph crawling the rounds, that the London bankers "are evincing a deep interest" in the visionary Cambridge Monument. With the present tremendous glut of gold, London bankers are doubtless ready to take an interest in anything. The monument could not have been chatted about at a better time. And, as we have said, Metropolitan banking-houses continue open, willing victims may still forward cheques from Homburg or the heather. A great and abiding comfort, to be assured of this.

It would seem, however, that a certain faintness of heart came over the committee self-interested with the duty of raising a cairn to the memory of CAMBRIDGE. The money has not poured in: indeed it has hardly drizzled. Whereupon, some great moral genius, some Magician of the Heart in Connexion with the Pocket, has caused it to be blown at all ends of the kingdom, that it will be proposed at the next meeting, to be held on the 5th of November:

"THAT THE NAMES OF ALL SUCH CHAIRMEN AND SECRETARIES, AS WELL AS THE INSTITUTION WITH WHICH THEY ARE CONNECTED, SHALL BE INSCRIBED ON THE PEDESTAL OF THE MONUMENT."

This is deep and admirable as profound. MUGGINS is a chairman and BUGGINS is a secretary. MUGGIN'S heart now melts and overflows in admiration of the dead Duke, and he sees himself going down the tide of posterity—(how the apples swim! the golden pippin CAMBRIDGE and the crab MUGGINS!)—on the same wave with a royal philanthropist! From this moment, MUGGINS gives all the energies of his soul to the pedestal of the monument; the Monument to the Good DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, and the Pedestal to the Active Chairman MUGGINS.

And now, considering the case in its natural expansion, must we not feel for the friends and acquaintance, and deeply compassionate the dependents of MUGGINS? Is there friend or workman to be spared by MUGGINS? By turns he begs, smiles, and bullies. "Your money for the good DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE!" whilst his soul runs a whispering accompaniment, "*and the excellent Chairman*, MUGGINS." The key varying, the words are the same—"Money for CAMBRIDGE AND MUGGINS." From this time forth, MUGGINS will haunt the sleep of many a victim. He will be the nightmare MUGGINS, squat upon the breast of his dreaming acquaintance, with a plate in his hands, with shining eyes changed into ghastly five-shilling pieces, with under jaw mowing and inarticulately mumping—"Good CAMBRIDGE—excellent MUGGINS!"

We honour, we reverence in a fashion, the Committeeman who has so adroitly forced the goodness of a CAMBRIDGE into common cause with the conceit of a Chairman, the vanity of a Secretary. It was a beautiful trunk of brain that has thus set loose upon hundreds of unprotected pockets a band of marauders, who, with masks of royal purple, will present a plate and roar "CAMBRIDGE!" with the sweet, recurring under note of "MUGGINS!"

And yet, large and beautiful as is the original idea, its magnitude may be increased, its beauty deepened. Wherefore should the Chairman and the Secretaries have alone a nominal record? Why should not MUGGINS, Chairman, and BUGGINS, Sec., be further companioned with WIGGINS, contributor? Why should it not be in the power of WIGGINS to purchase, price one guinea, a square one-eighth of an inch for his descendant of the Fortieth century to glow and swell at, and to point out to his children—"That was your ancestor; that was the WIGGINS of 1850?" Why, we repeat it, should not WIGGINS, contributor, have his guinea's worth of posterity, alike with MUGGINS, Chairman—with BUGGINS, Sec.? It will not satisfy us to assert that no pedestal tablet can be of sufficient magnitude to admit all names. For it is only to reduce the names to the dimensions of the man who originated the thought of the inscription, and so wondrously small must they become, that a common card will hold any number of thousands. So many animalculæ in a cheese would require far wider space.

Again, as we would do rightful honour to all subscribers without distinction, so would we correspondingly punish the lukewarm and the backsliding. We would have a tablet of infamy, an ignominious black slab upon which, for the abhorrence of posterity, we would brand all the names of those Englishmen proved capable of the Income Tax, who should be found unwilling to make subscription to the Monument of Cambridge. Upon that black slab of shame we would offer up, or down, to posterity the name of every defaulter of £150 per annum. For whilst it is made open to a man to buy the approving smile of posterity, let him also, failing in his duty, be punished with its frown.

And finally, we have to make another suggestion rewardful of all Chairmen and Secretaries. It is this. That they should have upon the Cambridge Monument not only their names, but—in *alto relievo*—their busts. The expense, as we consider it, would be trifling, and the material common and easy.

Has not the reader beheld, stamped with wooden stamp upon a pat of butter, the figure of a bird, intended for a swan, but looking more of the goose? In this fashion, and on this material, would we have the medallions of the Chairmen and Secretaries. Their faces cut in wood, and stamped on butter—yes, Cambridge butter.

LAY OF THE IMPRISONED LONDONER.

(By a Foreign-Office Clerk, who had his holiday early.)

MY eyes are tired of street and square,
My constitution lacks sea air:
My ear is sick of Opera squalls,
My legs are quite knocked up with balls;
I would that I were once again
Boxed in a first-class Dover train,
Bound somewhere 'tother side the sea—
That were the time of day for me!

As to Whitehall I sadly hie,
The Railway cabs they rattle by;
I mark the luggage piled outside,
The happy looks of those that ride;
I know they 're going far away,
To scenes of no work and all play,
And sigh to think, while they are free,
'Tis all work and no play with me!

No more at eight they 'll have to rise,
Though hot and heavy be their eyes;
Of office work to face the bore,
Although they polked last night till four.
No more *précis* they 'll have to write,
No more draft letters to indite;
As idle as they like they 'll be—
And that 's the life that pleaseth me!

A FEW WORDS ABOUT OURSELVES.

IT is not often we speak about ourselves. Though, perhaps, forming, as we do, one of the chief subjects of the day, we might be excused for talking occasionally of that which is in the mouth of every one. Perhaps the most common thing that is said about us is, the every day observation, that "it is really marvellous how, week after week, such a magnificent collection of wit and wisdom as our publication comprises, can be continually got together." We are ourselves often thrown into fits of surprise and admiration at our own splendid achievements.

It is indeed marvellous that, now for a space of more than nine years, *Punch* has come forth with punctuality and brilliancy, as regular—we were going to say as clock-work—but clock-work is fickleness itself in comparison to the certainty and precision with which we have come before an appreciating world every Saturday. How *Punch* is got together, nay, indeed, form a puzzle to ingenious curiosity, or curious ingenuity. With the brilliant corps of contributors and artists, sometimes scattered in all corners of the earth, the prodigy still appears, rendered only more prodigious by the apparent difficulties with which the production of a number of *Punch*, every week, is surrounded. Yes; the *vox populi* is, in this instance, quite right. We are a miracle. We know it; and we are glad to find the public sensible of the fact, of which we thus offer an acknowledgment.

A Dispensary Indispensable.

THE Dispensary for the Diseases of the Ear has been holding its anniversary meeting. We wonder if the new House of Commons is amongst its patients,—for its hearing is extremely bad—infinitely worse even than the old House—in which the people universally complained that they could never get the members to hear a single thing that they wanted. If the New House is no better, we can tell the Commons that they will have the House brought about their ears in a way that they would not like.

IF TOM BROWN, WHO WENT UP IN A BALLOON ABOUT SEVEN years ago, and has not since been heard of, does not return within ten days to his disconsolate wife, she will consider herself to all intents and purposes a widow, and perfectly at liberty to sell off the business TOM BROWN left behind him, and marry whom she pleases.

DOMESTIC BLISS.

Mistress. "WELL I'M SURE; AND PRAY WHO IS THAT?"

Cook. "OH, IF YOU PLEASE 'M. IT'S ONLY MY COUSIN WHO HAS CALLED JUST TO SHOW ME HOW TO BOIL A POTATO."

LIGHTS, LIGHTS, I SAY!

COMPLAINTS have been made, through the papers, of its being customary at the Bank of England for one clerk to pay sovereigns which another clerk rejects as light, and when remonstrances are made, they are answered in words as they have been in gold—with levity. It is rather too bad, when the sovereigns of recent date are required in payment at the Bank, the old half-worn-out coin—"the light of other days"—should be thrown on the hands of the public, who may well begin to declare that the Bank will lose weight with the country, if such a practice should become general. These deficient sovereigns, when they have once had a light thrown upon them by the imputation of lightness being alleged against them, should no longer be palmed off as of full value,—a proceeding which partakes of a light-fingered character.

Rods in Pickle.

AMONG the principal members of the University Commission are DR. TAIT, late Master of Rugby School; DR. LIDDELL, Master of Westminster School; and DR. JEUNE, Master of Birmingham School. We trust that these schoolmasters will not forget the scholastic maxim, that "he who spares the rod spoileth the child;" and that in dealing with the University they will not forget that there are strong *à priori* reasons for the same *à posteriori* treatment of Oxford Dons, which they are called on to administer to Westminster, Rugby, and Birmingham boys respectively.

CATCHES IN THE NEW WORLD.

(Important to Illustrious Persons about to Marry.)

PUNCH, MY OLD FELLER,—So it seems you Britishers are riled acause that are little great man o' yourn, the Fust Minister to the Crown, QUEEN VICTORIA'S Upper Help, LORD JOHN RUSSELL, like an onthrifty loafer, have bin and palavered Parliament into voatin' away £12,000 starlin' a year o' the public money to PRINCE GEORGE o' CAMBRIDGE, to pay his Royal Highness for to do nothin', and to keep the bear away from his clearins, and set him up in a small way with four equerries and three parsons, besides other helps, in livery and out.

"I've got a feller feelin' for you; I have. I shouldn't like my dollars voted away on them tarms, I shouldn't, nohow. But don't you see, you gonies, that you ain't got no right to cry out agin this here kinder extravagance so long—as that 'cute old 'coon HENRY BROUGHAM AND VAUX pinted out to you—so long as you wun't chuse to 'low your Princes and Dukes Ryal, and their gals, to go and marry accordin' to their likins, and speckilate in High Menials like the rest on you, for to better theirselves?

"Seein' your Princes and Princesses can't marry none but foreigners, and them Protestants; instead of havin' the run of Europe for a match, they are staked off from all the families of the Continent a'most, exceptin' a few in Jarmany; and your Monarchs as is to be, hes or shes, is foced for to send out to Saxy Cobug and Gothy or some one or t'other o' their Saxies for this or that Serene Highness, with all their fortins on their backs, to come and take pity on 'em, poor critturs!

"Now what a tarnation set of blind old owls you must be. You don't see no furder afore your noses than a benighted nigger—that 's a fact. How was it, in looking out for husbands and wives for your Ryal Family, you never thought of castin' a look at our glorious Republic, a-blazin' and a-glarin', in tarnal beauty and brightness, only t'other side o' the Atlantic, right slick in your blinkin' old eyes? There 's stores of our free and enlightened citizens as has realised dollars enough to keep any Princess as ever wore feathers; and I may say the same of our gals, *vicey varsey*. If you 've got any Ryalty to swop, I dessay there 's lots on 'em as would be willin' to deal with you, jist to please their fancy. We could play at sojers to divart you, no ways slow, and spend as much time in gunnin' and huntin' as you thought our wages was wuth. And I estimate, the name of an American citizen flogs all the Highnesses in creation, and stumps Saxy Cobug or Saxy Highlow aither into fits.

"I am rayther thinkin' of lookin' out for a wife myself, I don't mind tellin' on you; and if so be as you've got any Princess on hand, I am open to take her off, without a cent, provided she 's a good gal, and ain't got no objection to turn to and make herself useful. We've rayther a kinder respect for the sooperstitions o' the old country arter all; and I calculate that bein' know'd for nevvy-in-law to VICTORIA would bring custom enough to my store to make the notion pay, partickler if I writ my name as sitch up over the door, and got the Lion and Unicorn painted on my trucks; as to my pretensions, if they ain't good enough, that 's a pity. In pint of Highness, I am six foot three; and, 'cept when my dander is riz, give me only my bit o' weed. I guess I 'm as serene as Lake Ontario in a dead calm. Maybe you will forrad this here letter to Buckin'ham Pallis, and any answer tu it will be attended to as airly as convenes, by

"Yours, considerably,

"*New York, Aug.* 7, 1850. "GOAHEAD SPAY."

THE HEIGHT OF EXTRAVAGANCE.—MR. GORDON CUMMING paying a shilling to see the Hippopotamus.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them at No. 85 Fleet Street in the Parish of St. Bride's in the City of London.—SATURDAY AUGUST 31st, 1850.

OUR LITTLE BIRD.

A WORD FOR THE NIGHTINGALE.

CERTAIN of our friends in print take it in dudgeon that JENNY LIND should have so gathered about her all the hearts of Liverpool; should have been so attended to her ship by the "aves vehement" of affectionate thousands; for there was real heart in the shoutings that were sent to her across the Mersey. Good friends, think again; reconsider your discontent. When there is so much lip-homage—so much eager voluntary self-debasement—so much licking of the shoe-leather of absurd pomp, that has no more in it or upon it, to justify the idolatry, than may be found in the barren letters that spell a title—in the imagined heap that piles a banker's account,—when there is so much nauseous worship of the Capitolian geese, that only cackle, and do not protect—of the golden calves, that, save to themselves, are not of the worth of shambles' veal—when, in this age, so precipitant in adulation of prosperity, so that it be prosperity, when no questions shall be asked—at a time when the devoted breeches-pocket loyalty to a railway king has foamed itself into virtuous wrath, the said king's toppled crown being sent to the old iron shop—at a time so full of sad, humiliating examples of the human tendency to crawl to the mere images of position and success; at such a time we take comfort and rejoice in the manifestation of esteem, even though deemed extravagant and in superflux, when paid to a genius—to a genius so often shown the handmaiden of good.

We have the hardihood to confess the preference. Yes, we mightily prefer the applausive shout sent from the throats of a Liverpool crowd, a shout of happy wishes to a JENNY LIND, to the stupid, thundering bluster of a Portsmouth salute, stunning, in the name of senseless ceremony, a quiet elderly gentlewoman. The cannon, with their "adamantine lips," bellow—"You 're a duchess;" and not a word, a syllable more. Human thousands shout to the somewhat more than Duchess of song; and in that shout, so brief and sudden, there is acknowledgment, thankfulness for sweet, ennobling emotions; as for enduring good. How many of the sick, with the thought, the knowledge of that shout, might add their prayers, and grateful blessings to sanctify the acclaim!

Good friends in print, anxious for the stiff sobriety of the English mind—friends and guardians of propriety, fearful of unprofitable and unseemly enthusiasm when lavished only upon genius and virtue—take heart, be confident. There are still wooden idols enough, and more than enough, to keep alive and rank the old religion. Goose-worship and calf-worship will not so soon pass away. There is yet enough of the national heart left untouched to pulsate at the ring of current coin—there are yet thousands and tens of thousands of ham-strings, to work, obediently as the threads of painted, paper toys, at the look, the word of those earthly gods, for whose Pantheon see DEBRETT's "*Peerage*."

Is there any lack of idols? Any backsliding in idol-worship? A young Duke has successfully made off from the House of Commons—(composed of hustings lynxes, that, after the election, are prone to sleep like hearth-rug spaniels)—made off with a booty of £12,000 per annum; the yielding Whigs all guiltless of a blush. HUME's arithmetic might off-hand calculate the number of household chattels, at a given price, that, sold by the tax-gatherer's warrant, would make a monetary year of that self-same Duke; a monstrous young Duke so considered, with more legs and arms about him than a Hindoo God; with this difference—they are the legs and arms of tables and chairs confiscated to the Exchequer. It is pregnant of thoughts salutary, if not blitheful, to consider how every unjust shilling, voted by way of pension or expense, may become a visible, working tyrant at the hearths of the poor, seized upon for taxes. If we may trace the dust of CÆSAR to a bung-hole, so may we follow the last blanket of the shivering poor into the pocket of the pensioner.

Is it not monstrous, a crying wrong, that this new DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE should sit so heavily upon the backs of the people; and yet, let his Royal Pursiness appear as visitor in any town, or city, and fair ladies would flutter their handkerchiefs, and the crowd shout hurrahs at the Illustrious Pensioner. Now, when we are so ready to huzzah human packages, because labelled with a high figure, why should we stint our breath at leave-taking of human genius exercised for human happiness, and made so often nobly ministrant to human suffering? Will all the "Contents" and "Non-Contents" that a Cambridge may utter value one trill of JENNY LIND? Or rather, may they not cost the country a hundred times the amount that JENNY, in her goodness, has thrown about her.

We rejoice in the enthusiasm of Liverpool. And our contemporaries, reconsidering the matter, may rejoice too. It is surely no ill sign when a vast commercial community acknowledges something beyond the ledger. Who knows, some day, the painter may personally have more honour for his pictures, than the mere noble for his heraldic bearings—the sculptor for his statues, than the commercial owner of vast granite quarries—the writer of one immortal little book, more even than the possessor of a paper-mill who turns his weekly thousands? And if this should come to pass—(and the homage to JENNY is only a homage to art and goodness, not an indirect reverence to her banker)—why should our friends of the press sneer and repine? Ought they not rather to applaud the feeling—to foster it, and rejoice in its fullness? Shall it be said that the porcupine, with all its upright, independent quills, has, in its present condition, somewhat too much of the toad-eater?

To return to JENNY. It seems she is to give a concert on board the ship for the benefit of the sailors. Very good. As, in the course of the voyage, it is certain she would be called upon for music—it is well she should sing for the profit of poor Jack. And she will sing:

> "Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
> That the rude sea grows civil with her song."

The worst, however, awaits JENNY upon her landing in New York. There, showman BARNUM lies in wait for her, it is said, with a procession! We are truly sorry that JENNY should have fallen into such mercantile hands. BARNUM's commodities should still be dwarfs and manufactured mermaids. He should have had no dealings with JENNY LIND. Poor soul! We wish her safe back again; even though, to the amazement of our friends, Liverpool should give her welcome worthy of their farewell. For Liverpool applauded the woman as well as the singer. It is not every Nightingale that makes to herself wings of hospitals.

A LITTLE BIRD.

PUNCH'S HAND-BOOKS FOR TRAVELLERS.

MR. PUNCH, envious of the reputation of MR. MURRAY and his celebrated Handbooks, announces his intention of publishing a new series of Handbooks, which he is sure will soon be met with in every railway, auberge, *bierbrauerei*, *gasthof*, hotel, palazzo, and mountain top throughout the travelling world. The following are the titles of a few to which he has already affixed the passport of his name.

PUNCH'S HANDBOOK OF THE LOWTHER ARCADE.

PUNCH'S HANDBOOK OF CARDINAL WOLSEY'S PALACE IN FLEET STREET, with a lock of his hair which he had cut there.

PUNCH'S HAND-BOOK OF THE INSOLVENT DEBTOR'S COURT.

PUNCH'S HANDBOOK TO THE CHEAP RESTAURATEURS OF PARIS, where (*see the affiche in the window*) "One spikes English here."

PUNCH'S HANDBOOK OF THE DIFFERENT COINS OF SWITZERLAND, with rules how not to lose more than twopence out of every shilling in every Canton you pass through.

PUNCH'S HANDBOOK OF BOULOGNE, with prices of lodgings, provisions, and brandy, for the use of English residents.

PUNCH'S HANDBOOK OF THE CHOP HOUSES OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

PUNCH'S HANDBOOK OF THE BEER HOUSES OF BAVARIA.

PUNCH'S HANDBOOK OF THE GERMAN CONSTITUTION (with a view of the celebrated maze).

PUNCH'S *Handbook of the* LOAN SOCIETIES OF LONDON, with complete directions how to receive £10 out of a Loan for £50.

PUNCH'S HANDBOOK OF THE DUKE OF YORK'S COLUMN, with a Panorama of the Bird-cage Walk from the Summit.

PUNCH'S HANDBOOK OF RAILWAY TRAVELLING, with conversations for second and third Class, and rules how to hold your tongue with becoming dignity in the first Class.

PUNCH'S HANDBOOK OF CONTINENTAL REVOLUTIONS, including those of France, Italy, Prussia, Austria, and Rome, with a map of the splendid prospects which each country has derived from them.

PUNCH'S HANDBOOK OF THE INTERIOR OF VESUVIUS, with a profound inquiry into its "Crater Comforts."

PUNCH'S HANDBOOK OF THE NORTH POLE.

Also, in a few days,

PUNCH'S HANDBOOK OF THE MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON,

with elevations taken in a new point of sight, to which the finger of science has never been directed before; and geological specimens and large cuts of the green cheese which is supposed to grow there.

WHAT 'S IN A NAME?

THE reporter of the *Times*, in giving an account of the Peace Congress at Frankfort, says that he heard one of the door-keepers pointing out to a visitor the person of COBDEN, with the words, "*Das ist* COBY." This is not worse than our English janitors, who invariably make a fearful hash of the names of foreigners. The Nepaulese Ambassador (who has just left us for Paris, which is so crowded that RUM JUGGUR could hardly find a bed, and SHERE MUTTY—*ce chere* MUTTY, as the French call him—was compelled to sleep in a cockloft)—the Nepaulese, we were about to say, was always known by the humbler class of Londoners as the New Police Ambassador, there being a vague notion about town that his mission was in some way connected with the establishment of a police force in the East, for the detection of the light-fingered portion of the dark-faced population. The "*Das ist* COBY," of the Frankfort doorkeeper is no worse than the "there goes ABRAHAM PARKER!" with which IBRAHIM PACHA used to be saluted by the *gaminerie* of London.

126522

MR. BRIGGS TRIES (FOR MANY HOURS) A LIKELY PLACE FOR A PERCH; BUT, UPON THIS OCCASION, THE WIND IS NOT IN A FAVOURABLE QUARTER.

A very Simple Inquiry Made "in the Name of Conscience."

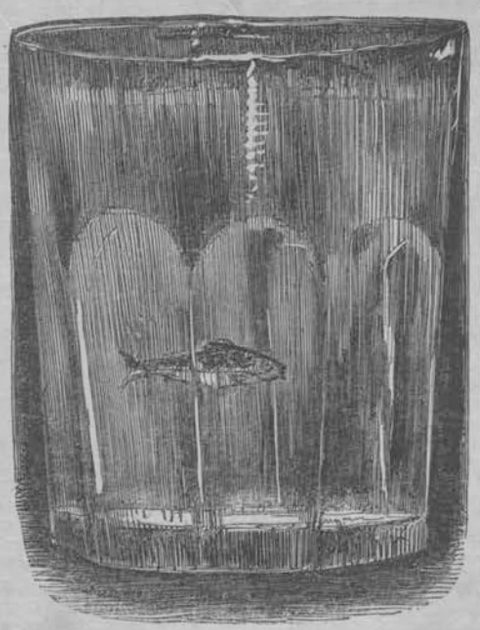
"The Secretary of the South-Eastern Railway acknowledges the receipt of Conscience Money," &c.

THE above was the commencement of an advertisement in the *Times* last week. We put it on the file of immortality, as being the first instance on record of Conscience having anything to do with a railway. But at present the conscience is all upon one side. We wonder if any of our railways will be attacked with similar fits of conscience? If shareholders return conscience money to railways they may have defrauded, why should not railways also make the same conscientious offerings to the innumerable shareholders they have helped to defraud all over the kingdom?

But this proposed system, however just, would be attended, unfortunately, with one great difficulty—the want of means; for if our railways were once to begin returning "conscience monies," how many solvent lines would there be to-morrow in England?

INSCRIPTION FOR THE PROPOSED MONUMENT TO THE "GOOD DUKE."

"Gracious Goodness!"



MINNOW CAUGHT BY MR. BRIGGS, AUGUST 23RD, 1850.—EXACT SIZE OF LIFE.

CALIFORNIAN COSTUMES.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Daily News* gives us particulars of the Californian costume at the mines. They are very interesting, but we doubt if they are as accurate as the following:—

MORNING DRESS.—Nothing very new in morning dresses. Blouse with slashed sides, and a black belt, trimmed with *couteaux de chasse*, and revolvers *à l'Américaine*. Shoes, the strongest Bluchers, with iron heels and hobnails as big as fists. The only ornament, a powder-flask, or a butcher's steel; the only walking-stick a light carbine. No gloves.

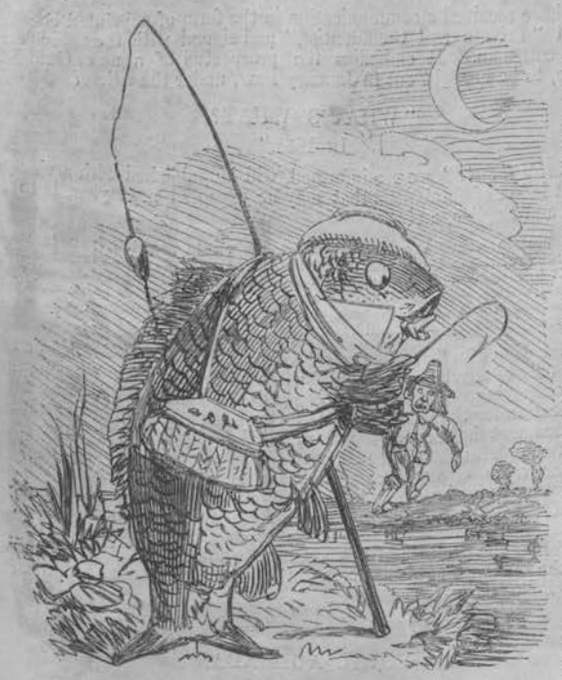
It is generally the fashion, for a party exceeding six, to travel about the country with a small eight-pounder, which affords capital amusement in the evening amongst the natives.

EVENING DRESS, FOR THE BALL-ROOM OR THE GAMBLING-HOUSE.—Waistcoats of shot silk. Handkerchiefs a light Robespierre red. Coats a pale moonlight colour, padded with horsehair, and made of a thick, galvanised substance, almost impenetrable. Under-waistcoat an elegant bull's hide. Pistols *de rigueur*. Court sword. Light cane, with a spring-blade; or a life-preserver, filled with lead, and gold tassels. Opera-hat of light sheet-iron.

LITERARY DISCOVERY.—Many books have been written to prove the identity of the *Man in the Iron Mask!* That man is now fully believed—at least by the railway world—to be no other than GEORGE HUDSON.

THE FIRST LAW OF NATURE—Has been called Self-preservation which clearly means that the first law of nature is to take care of Number One.

A RACE FOR AN EMPIRE.



CONSIDERING the extreme smallness of the qualification necessary to constitute a candidate for the head of the State in France, we are surprised that others have not rushed into the field to take an equal chance with the COUNT DE CHAMBORD (HENRY THE FIFTH) and LOUIS NAPOLEON. We are sure that every English heart will ask, at this eventful moment, where is GOMERSAL? The accounts of the proceedings of the other individuals aspiring to give a dynasty to France are sufficient to show that everything lately done by them is of a purely theatrical kind, and therefore it could all be done much more effectually by our old friend GOMERSAL. He has been familiar all his life with the *Coulisses*, while the performers that have recently been acting their parts—the one at Wiesbaden, the other at Besançon, Lyons, &c., &c.,—are evidently new to the sort of thing, and consequently fail in giving due effect to the numerous dramatic points they are intent upon making.

For instance, who can read the report of the scene enacted by the COUNT DE CHAMBORD, when he called the *ouvriers* round him and insisted on their drawing close enough to him to enable him to hear their hearts beat? Who, we ask, can read this without seeing the figure of GOMERSAL, with the foot-lights before it, and feeling that the situation was just the kind of thing for him to have done justice to? Amateurs are always awkward, and the COUNT DE CHAMBORD cannot have been as much at home in this part of the performance as a man like GOMERSAL would have been, who has been accustomed all his life to beat his own bosom, rush into all sorts of arms, cling round all kinds of necks, and turn back the hair from all sorts of foreheads, with every species of shriek, from the high *soprano* of joy to the double-bass of the deepest misery.

Where then, we again ask, is GOMERSAL? There seems to be an empire awaiting him, if he will only pack up his carpet-bag, pay his fare by the boat, and take with him, as an old adherent to the Empire (at ASTLEY'S), the evergreen WIDDICOMB. The latter will only be required to place his hand on his heart, and illustrate *les doux souvenirs*, while GOMERSAL has only to run his eye over the prompt-book of the Amphitheatre; refresh his recollection about the different cues; look at his dictionary of dates with reference to Austerlitz, and all that sort of thing; get his nose into good snuff-taking order; borrow a pair of imperial eagles from ASTLEY'S property-man; take a few lessons in French pronunciation; stuff his pockets with a few of the old crosses of the Legion of Honour which he used to distribute among the supernumeraries; and, thus prepared, we will back him against anyone for creating a favourable impression among Frenchmen at the present moment.

WIDDICOMB must, of course, equip himself as a French Field-Marshal; but as there is, no doubt, a pair of NEY'S breeches, a coat of KELLERMAN'S, and a cocked-hat of MORTIER'S, in the wardrobe of the Theatre, there will be no difficulty in rigging out the veteran according to the traditions *si touchantes* of *la grande armée*. If WIDDICOMB'S cocked-hat and feather should not go directly home to every Frenchman's heart, and if GOMERSAL'S *redingote* does not appear *rampante* in every Frenchman's eye, we are no judges of the Gallic character.

THE CAMBRIDGE BUBBLE.

WHAT is the true gauge of "feelings?" Is it, in the case before us, the breeches'-pocket? The Committee for the Cambridge Monument in smoke (for it will be of no more enduring material than that which puffs and rolls from the kitchen chimney of the London Tavern)—the Committee, speaking through E. F. LEEKS (name of congenial greenness), Hon. Sec., assure the placid public that they "are anxious to collect" money enough "to raise *that* description of monument which will do equal justice to their *own feelings*, and," &c. &c. Does not this leave the style of monument a matter of profound mystery? Who is to judge of the architectural order best illustrative of the feelings of a Committee? Why do they not at once publish specimens that we might judge of, and, if possible, sympathise with the architectural symbol of human emotions as living in the breasts of Committee men, many of whose "names," it is elsewhere promised as a pleasant bribe, "will be inscribed upon the pedestal."

The plate will serve as an ample tablet for the names of the Chairmen and Secretaries of the Committees, whilst at the same time it will illustrate the persevering means employed to collect subscriptions. The knife and fork will stand keenly and pointedly epigrammatic of not a few of the unwearied services of the late DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE in the cause of charity. Poor, good Duke! What a shame it is, that a man—because a Duke—cannot have passed decently and good-naturedly through life, eating the fattest thereof, and drinking of the richest and rarest—without being monstered into a philanthropist, hardly second to PROMETHEUS! If these matters are known in the shades, the Duke—with all his sublimated good-temper, can hardly take it as a compliment that his proposed monument is to be little other than a sort of card-tray to hold "the names of the Chairmen and the Secretaries" of money-begging Committees.

Reader, you may have seen a busy fellow intent upon a statue—the figure of Fame, Hope, or Charity. Was he rapt by the beauty of the statue in the abstract—was he touched by reverence for the quality it figured? And now he has walked away, and you walk, and then, close to the statue, pause in his footsteps; when, looking, you behold scrawled on the garment hem of Charity—"JOHN GUBBINS, GENT." Now, GUBBINS is the chairman or secretary to a CAMBRIDGE Monument Committee.

THE RENOVATION OF THE THAMES.

THAMES, King of Streams—at last, it seems—
Thy bosom 's to be drained of
That perilous stuff of dingy buff
Which we 've so long complained of;
And putrid loam and filthy foam
No more shall clog the river,
Where darts shall not be longer shot
From fell Miasma's quiver.
Its waves no more shall, reeking, pour,
Too thick almost to ripple,
With what, right sure, makes good manure,
But very nasty tipple.
Vivacious all, the eels shall crawl
The fresh and wholesome sludge on,
Whose present stench would e'en kill tench,
And has destroyed the gudgeon.
The swans shall glide upon a tide
Sweet as a nut—or sweeter—
Swan-hoppers, too, shall swans pursue,
'Mid fragrance 'stead of fetor.
In pleasure-bark, the gladsome lark
The pure stream will admit on,
Off Rotherhithe, as fresh and blithe
As opposite Thames Ditton.
Off Puddledock—the early cock
His sprightly clarion blowing—
Shall bathers dive, like fun alive,
'Mid waters crystal-flowing;
Which, now too queer for making beer
At Chelsea Reach, by Jingo!
Shall, at Blackwall, brew strong or small;
The best of swipes, or stingo.
And tea to make shall housewives take
The stream as low as Deptford,
Now running there, corrupt as e'er
Was Stockbridge, or East Retford.
The town first named for trout is famed,
Good three or four pound lumpers;
The trout there sell almost as well
As whilom sold the plumpers;
And London trout—the Thames cleaned out—
As hard shall strain our tackle;
And Bridge below the angler throw
Deftly the killing hackle.
Nay, as for fish—exclaim not "Pish!"
Reply not "Stuff!" or "Gammon!"
Just caught, hard by, yourself and I
At Greenwich shall eat salmon.

HOB AND NOB.

"THE Hebrew mind," said HOB, in his short hammer-upon-nail way, "as developed with us, has no notion of wit, no regard for humour."

"Nevertheless," said the good-natured NOB, "you must allow this much—the Jew has a wonderful sense of interest."

THE PARLIAMENTARY JOE MILLER.

ATELY we spoke of an amusing little book bearing the above title, and the following are some choice extracts therefrom. They will be found to be the best bon-mots uttered during the late Session.

"MR. BRIGHT said that the eloquence of the Hon. Member for Tiverton was very much like travelling through a railway tunnel. It was some two or three miles long—and profoundly dark from one end to another. The House had listened in perfect silence—in the hopes of hearing or seeing something—but it was only when the Hon. Member had reached the extreme end of his long tunnel, that the House began to perceive a little daylight. He must say, that no engine in the present Ministry had the talent of the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, for dragging people with such extraordinary rapidity through the dark." (*Laughter, and cries of "Order."*)

"MR. REYNOLDS took the liberty to remark that certain Members were in the habit of making speeches, in the same way that PENELOPE did her Berlin wool-work (*laughter*); that is to say, they spun a long yarn in the morning, and picked it to pieces again in the evening, or the next day. The monster yarn about the Sunday Post-Office was a yarn of this description—and much as he complimented the Hon. Member for the City of London for the ingenuity with which he had spun it together, still, it was nothing to the admiration he felt for the cleverness his Lordship had afterwards displayed in picking his own handiwork to pieces." (*Roars of laughter, in which* LORD JOHN *heartily joined.*)

"MR. DISRAELI said, that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER had such a wonderful talent for persuading people, that, if he went in search of the North Pole, he would only have, on his return, to flourish his walking-stick in the eyes of half a dozen Members, and say, 'Gentlemen, this is the North Pole,' and the House, in the boundlessness of its faith, would believe it." (*General laughter.*)

"SERJEANT MURPHY boldly told the Hon. Member for Limerick that there was this difference between him and his father—that, whereas DANIEL O'CONNELL was the Ophicleide of agitation, he (JOHN O'CONNELL) was merely the penny whistle." (*Long-continued laughter.*)

"MR. OSBORNE said MR. URQUHART'S speeches seemed always to be copied after one model,—'*A Railway Guide.*' They were always full of the closest figures,—and were quite as interesting—and they had this further resemblance, that it was utterly impossible in either to find out a single thing you wanted." (*A laugh.*)

"COLONEL SIBTHORP always trembled when the Hon. Member for Manchester rose to speak. He could only compare his sensations to the alarm he felt when he first saw BARON NATHAN dance the hornpipe amongst the tea things—he made sure that every minute the Hon. Member would put his foot in it." (*Loud Laughter.*)

"MR. DRUMMOND called the Colonial Secretary the 'lightning conductor of Downing Street' He was continually bringing down the lightning that played over Ministers' heads, but then, he saved their lives. His position in the Ministry, he was confident, was merely to draw off the thunder that had accumulated in the overcharged political atmosphere."

"LORD JOHN reminded him" (said MR. COBDEN) "of the celebrated little mouse in the nursery-legend of 'Dickory, Dickory, Dock,' which, with the permission of the House, he would now recite:—

'Dickory, Dickory, Dock,
The mouse ran up the clock;
The clock struck one,
And down he run,
Dickory, Dickory, Dock.' (*Laughter.*)

"Now, what had LORD JOHN done all this Session? He had merely run up the Parliamentary clock, and what for? why, for no other purpose, it could not fail to strike one, than to run down again." (*Long-continued laughter.*)

We might give many more bright examples of the Collective Wit of the country, for they are as numerous as the paving stones of London, but we are sure the reader will cry with us, "Hold! Enough."

HOW WILL GLASS AFFECT THE HUMAN FRAME?

"DEAR SIR,

"I cannot tell you how glad I am that the glass dome of the grand building for the Exhibition of Industry is not to be erected, for it would have been my duty to stand under that monster dome ten hours every day. I do not know whether glass cases have the same effect upon the human frame as they do upon cucumbers. At all events, I should have dreaded the experiment, for I am already six feet two, and I have no doubt that before the Exhibition had been over, I should have grown to that extent that it would have been requisite to cut a hole in the roof to enable me to put my head through—unless I had laid down upon my back, in which case it would have been dreadful to contemplate where my legs might not have stretched to! As it is, I am half afraid of MR. PAXTON'S plan, as that is to consist mostly of glass—and the result will be for those inside, I suspect, anything but 'as cool as a cucumber.' However, I shall keep an accurate register of my height, and if I find it to become a growing evil, I shall make an application to the Committee that my salary shall rise every week in proportion to myself, as I am not going to stand (ten hours a day) having the 'rise taken' out of me 'by inches,' without being paid for it.

"Will you be kind enough, Sir, to put my fears before the eye of the public, for the experiment of shutting a man in a large glass case has never been tried before, and I happen, I am sorry to say, to be

"ONE OF THE IN-DOOR GUARDIANS ENGAGED FOR NEXT YEAR'S EXHIBITION."

THE TRUSTWORTHY GUIDE TO LONDON.

WE have received a communication in the form of a printed circular, marked "Private and Confidential," and signed with the name of an Irish gentleman. It embodies the prospectus of a new Guide to London, to be brought out in January next, under the title of

"WHAT'S WHAT?
IN 1851."

"*What's What?*" we are informed, will be published with a view to the vast influx of foreigners that may be expected next year, both in French and English, and

"Will contain a guide to every place worth visiting, and EVERY TRADING ESTABLISHMENT WHERE PURCHASES CAN BE MOST REASONABLY AND SATISFACTORILY MADE. It will recommend readers where to seek every article connected with his (*sic*) wants and requisitions—of taste, luxury, and utility. *These recommendations will be printed in both languages;* and, of course, only those gentlemen with whom *Private* arrangements are made, will be mentioned."

The mention of a "gentleman's" name in "*What's What?*" or the "name only of any Establishment" will cost 5*s*; and for "recommendation occupying one page," the charge is five guineas. A blank form of application for the insertion of advertisements, which, in the individual document before us, has been filled up by a gentleman named GREEN, completes the money-trap.

As the value of any recommendation is a matter of some little importance, it may be as well for purchasers to know that the good word of "*What's What?*" is worth from a crown to £5 5*s*. Such tradesmen as are disposed to think the commodity worth the price, had better follow the example of MR. GREEN; who has kindly permitted us to use the influence of his name in putting both customers and dealers up to "*What's What?*"

ROYAL ADDENDA.

WE have a statue in London to the DUKE of KENT.

We have, as every Englishman knows to his shame, a statue to the DUKE OF YORK.

We have a beautiful statue of GEORGE THE FOURTH.

We have a pig-tailed statue of GEORGE THE THIRD.

We have a pale plum-pudding looking statue of WILLIAM THE FOURTH.

We are promised a statue of the "Good DUKE" OF CAMBRIDGE.

Why not complete the list, and have statues erected to every member of the Royal Family? Two members at present are sadly missing. Accordingly, we propose that subscriptions be instantly made for the following laudable objects:—

A STATUE TO THE DUKE OF SUSSEX.—We are sure he deserves it as much as the DUKE OF KENT, and a great deal more than the "First gentleman in Europe," who sits in Trafalgar Square without any trousers on.

AND A STATUE TO THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.—We are positive he is as deserving of it quite as much as the DUKE OF YORK, and that his statue could not fail to give pleasure to all classes.

A Vacancy for a Public Man.

VICTOR HUGO, in a beautiful speech, recently delivered in Paris, said, "Great men make their own pedestals: Posterity places their statues upon them." This is precisely the case with the pedestal in Trafalgar Square. We have made the pedestal, and we leave it to Posterity to place the statue upon it.

THERE'S NO PRESERVE LIKE IT.

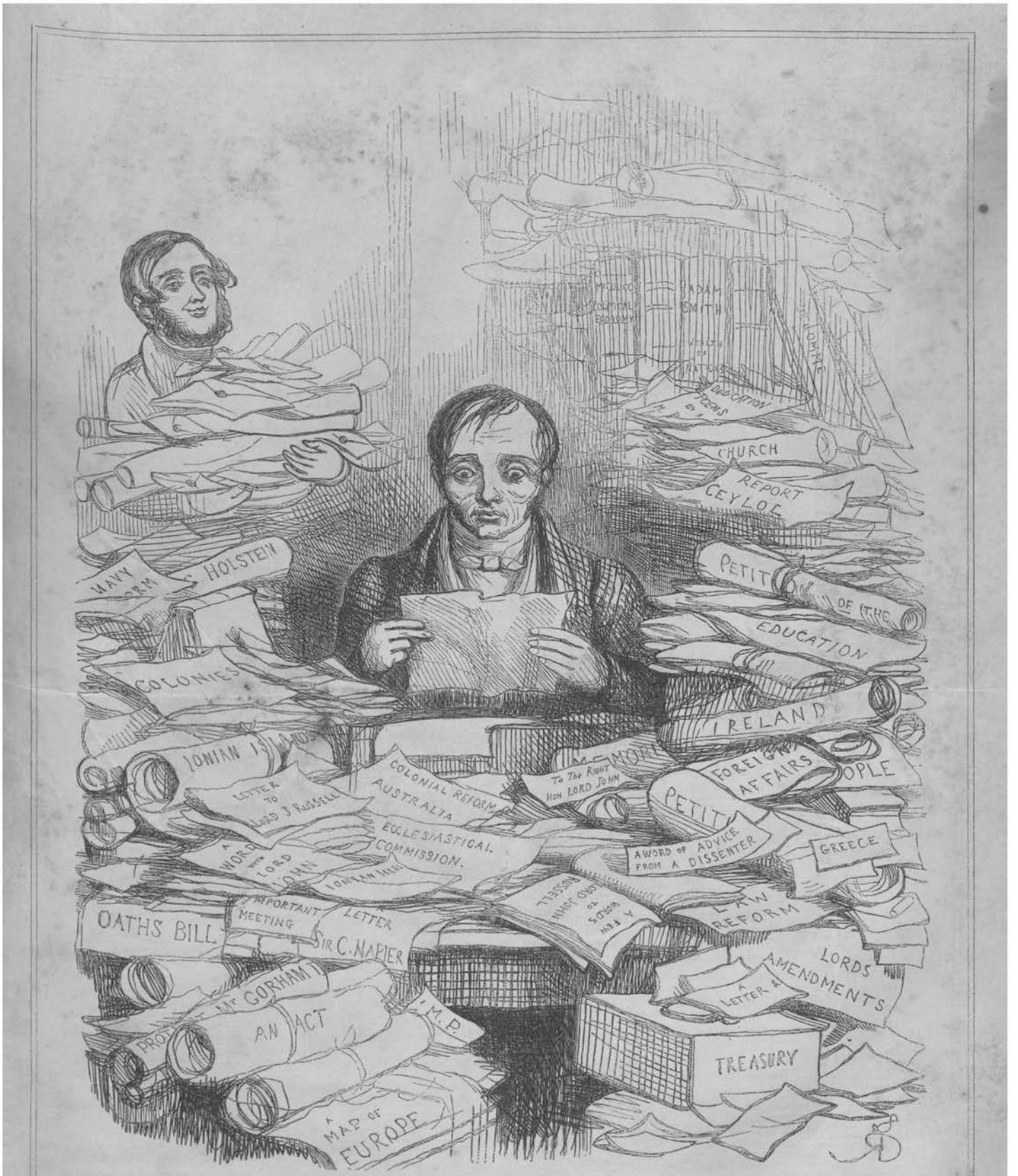
SALT is more frequently used in pickles than preserves. In fact, there is only one kind of preserve, as far as we know, in which it is used at all,—and that is, in sea-bathing—which, we are all aware, is recommended at this time of the year, as the very best way of preserving one's health.

Sabbatarian Penance.

THE domestic misery occasioned by the closing of the Sunday post has been acknowledged even to the avowed shame of some of the Sabbatarians themselves. It must have been a feeling of this kind that gave rise to a rumour, very generally circulated, that on Sunday last, being the day on which the post was re-opened, LORD ASHLEY would do penance in St. George's Church in a huge white sheet of letter paper, manufactured for the occasion. An enormous crowd collected, in the expectation of seeing his lordship, who, however, did not appear.

"A PRIME MINISTER'S HOLIDAYS."

AS THEY ARE SUPPOSED TO BE;



"A PRIME MINISTER'S HOLIDAYS."

AS THEY ARE.

PUNCH'S ROYAL PROGRESSES.

THE PROGRESS TO OSTEND.

Being an Epistle from the HONOURABLE CONSTANCE BLANK, *Maid-of-Honour, to the* LADY BLANCHE FOUR STARS.

THANK NEPTUNE, dear BLANCHE, we are once more at Osborne!
How little your CONSTANCE e'er fancied she *was* born
To be lady-in-waiting on board the steam-yacht—
But at last *my* turn came, and I fairly was caught—
Entre nous, though HER MAJESTY 'scapes the commotion,
To which most of her subjects are subject on ocean,
She might just consider the suff'rings which *we* women
Feel aboard ship, who are not such great sea-women—
And one knows ere one starts—which is *very* consoling,
The *Victoria and Albert*'s a sad boat for rolling.
Well—*this* time, they made a mere run to Ostend of it—
But, short though the voyage, how I longed for the end of it!
My state-room is fitted up *couleur de rose*,
But what 's *that*, when one 's heaving in sea-sickness's throes?
What 's the use of gilt mouldings and maple-wood panel,
While one's life is a mere toss up in the Channel?
With the engine throb—throbbing in tune with one's head,
And the waves keeping up a swish—swish by one's bed.
Of course, my love, eating was out of the question,
One shuddered, you know, at the simple suggestion—
So for twelve hours, as wretched as wretched could be,
Your CONSTANCE lay tossing—and so did the sea.
Till on Thursday at nine, to the joy of your friend,
I was told we were heaving in sight of Ostend;
And heaving *in* sight on't (you won't feel a doubt of it)
Was good news to one who 'd been long heaving out of it.
So I huddled my things on, abom'nably fast,
And managed to scramble on deck, love, the last!
Where I found all the party (of course *not* the QUEEN),
Looking what dear LORD GADABOUT called a sea-green.
And we saw, as we gazed tow'rds the land from the poop,
About half-a-mile of what looked like pea-soup;
And then the low line of the Dykes, as they call 'em,
With which from the sea these low country folks wall 'em;
With *such* little soldiers, their gallant defenders,
And clustered behind 'em the worthy Ostenders.
For every house, up from area to attic,
Was set full of faces so fixed and phlegmatic,
You 'd have fancied these staid Flemish cits and their wives
Had seen a Queen land every day of their lives;
And no wonder, for when we steamed up to the jetty, (new
Scoured down for the day), without any retinue,
KING LEOPOLD, walked in plain olive surtout,
And welcomed the Queen with a "How d' ye do?"
And then the Prince Consort, and then the Princesses;
Then the Princes, (so neat in their man-o'-war dresses)
And then turned about, quite *sans façon*, to greet
With a welcome to Flanders poor us of the suite.
In short, my dear creature, you never *did* see
A royal *rencontre* so *sans cérémonie*;
And had it not been for the little artillery,
Who stood up in their stocks, like small boys in the pillory—
And rather more crowd in the town than you 're wont in it
To find, when you land here, *en route* for the Continent—
And the flags and the gay *carillons* from each steeple,
You 'd have thought it a meeting of every day people.
And then we drove off, in a brace of landaus,
To the funniest palace that ever you saw;
A plain yellow house, in a plain yellow street,
With an ugly square door and square windows *en suite*;
And, sole sign of royalty, each side the entry,
A small sentry-box, with a still smaller sentry.
And then, love, to think for a moment that *we* uphold
That beautiful Claremont for poor dear KING LEOPOLD,
At some twenty thousand a year, while at home
They 're quartered in this style—no wonder they roam,
And one sees, when one has the *Court Circular* handed,
How the King and the Queen of the Belgians have landed
At Woolwich, or Folkstone or Ramsgate, or Dover,
Poor things! When in England they must feel in clover!
But I must do the dear King the justice to say
He did all he could for our party that day.
We walked on the ramparts, went back, dined, and then?
Let 's see—yes—we walked on the ramparts again;
For unless you go into the sea, love, you know,
The rampart 's the only place left you to go;
But, conceive, after dinner, on counting the heads,
His Majesty found he could not give us beds;
Only think, love, a king whom his subjects adore,
And not six spare bed-rooms for friends come ashore—
They *did* talk of putting LORD GLUMP in the stable,
Thought GADABOUT *might* rough it under the table—
And, for my part, I 'd rather have slept on the floor,
Than have gone to that horrible steamer once more,
But HER MAJESTY quite pooh-poohed all our demurrings,
Though we offered to pack ourselves close as red-herrings;
And declared, since the palace room couldn't afford,
We must all of us put up with beds, love, on board.
Of what that night was I won't try a description—
But one thing I *will* say—that never in fiction,
Not the horriblest picture that dear EUGENE SUE,
Or that darling DUMAS, in his wildest, e'er drew,
(And on uncooked pork-chops I 'd allow you to sup, too,)
That horrible night of ours ever came up to;
LORD GLUMP, poor wretch, retching, and heaving, and sighing—
LORD GADABOUT firmly convinced he was dying—
LADY MELLON confessing her small peccadilloes—
And I giving up my whole soul to the billows.
They say in a cottage bliss may be your lot;
In a cottage it *may* be, but ne'er in a cot;
And how oft through the night as I struggled for breath,
I fancied that berth, love, would sure be my death.
Yes, I felt, I believe, dissolution at hand,
When, at last, to the comfort of all, we made land!
And HER MAJESTY tripped ashore, fresh as a rose—
But how *we* all looked I leave *you* to suppose.
May you ne'er know what 'tis, love, at sea to be ill—
But if they continue these voyages still—
I'll resign—I'm resolved—let Pa say what he will!
So, a thousand adieus—and write soon, dear, to thank,
For her long lucubration, your own CONSTANCE BLANK!

"HOUSEKEEPER WANTED."

THE following advertisement is so deliciously cool—cool as the weather—that we give it in its entirety to our readers. It is taken from the *Essex Standard* of the 23rd ult.:—

HOUSEKEEPER WANTED.—The Advertiser (without any family) wishes to meet with a respectable Female, of limited income, who would be willing to act as Housekeeper, and *pay him Ten Pounds a year* towards the expenses of a comfortable home.—Apply, by letter, ——, *Essex Standard* Office, Colchester.

Times are changed, indeed! Servants are now called upon to pay their masters. We were painfully aware that governesses were often made by cruel necessity to give their time, trouble, and talents for nothing, but that a housekeeper should be publicly solicited to give ten pounds a-year to her master surpasses everything we have ever heard in this brazen age of impudence. We wonder this Colchester native, who seems to be dreadfully close in "shelling out," did not ask for a suit of clothes as well, by way of a livery,—for it is but right, since he is ready to accept wages, that he should don the proper costume of a servant. He talks of a "comfortable home." Delicious comforts they must be, when purchased with the means of his poor dependents! Why, he must be at the mercy of his housekeeper; and if he said anything harsh—and, judging from what we already know of his character, we should say that he would be very capable of the greatest harshness—she would be turning round and giving him warning, or threatening—if he did not hold his tongue—to reduce his wages! Nice "home" it must be, if all his servants are hired upon the same terms! If his cook gives him five pounds a-year, and his housemaid three, and his scullery-maid finds him his tea and sugar, this shabby bachelor must make a good thing of it—only we do not envy him his "comfortable home!"

WHISPERINGS IN THE GALLERY OF ST. PAUL'S.

WHICH is the noblest Chapter of St. PAUL?

The Chapter that asks Two-pence.

Have you seen St. Paul's Library? If so, state what you think to be the Dean and Chapter's notion of the dignity of letters.

The dignity in letters *L. S. D.*

Why does it appear that the Dean and Chapter never went to Brazenose?

Because they have the face to stick to coppers.

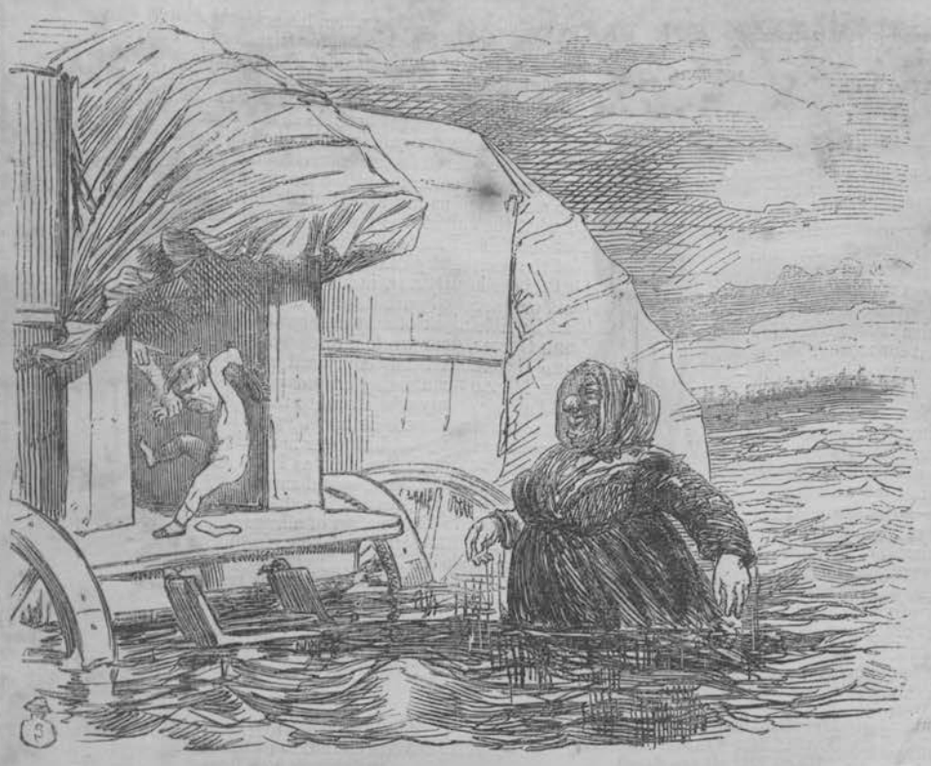
What may the money-takers do with the bad half-pence?

Indignantly refuse 'em.

What do you consider to be the oldest, most vital, and most revered institution connected with the established Church?

TWO-PENCE.

THE MOST UNPLEASANT MORNING CALL.—A Railway Call.



Bathing Woman. "MASTER FRANKY WOULDN'T CRY! NO! NOT HE!—HE 'LL COME TO HIS MARTHA, AND BATHE LIKE A MAN!"

ANOTHER PUNCH AT PUNCH'S RAILWAY.

THE shareholders of our own dear little railway at Kensington are again indulging some wild and fantastic ideas of getting their line "worked," as if we had not worked it pretty well for them to all intents and purposes. Their present hopes are founded upon the vague idea that some sort of traffic may possibly be developed by the Exhibition of 1851; but we regret to say that we must once more smash the expectations of this small suburban concern, for we are bound to declare that a railway between Wormwood Scrubs and Warwick Square—the one a barren waste, the other a *cul de sac* of private houses—cannot be made available for Exhibitional purposes. Supposing, even, that the Wormwoodites were to endeavour to furnish specimens of the industry of the Scrubs—by the manufacture of scrubbing-brushes, for example — their transfer to Warwick Square would not bring them much nearer to Hyde Park than they were before, and the intervention of papal power—the cart of POPE, the local carrier—would still be required to complete the transit. With reference to passenger traffic, the public coming from town would have to go a mile and a half beyond the Exhibition before they got to the Railway by which it is proposed to carry them, and when carried, they would still be a mile and a half from where they wish to go to.

DANGERS OF OMNIBUS TRAVELLING.

"DEAR SIR,

"I AM a great Omnibus Traveller—not by necessity but by choice. Omnibuses are crowded, and probably always will be crowded, with nuisances; but of all nuisances none are so sharp, or being so continually thrust in gentlemen's faces, as *ladies' parasols*. I have noticed that every lady who enters an omnibus is sure to bring in a parasol with her. She may not carry a bundle, either dead or alive, in the shape of a baby,—she may, perhaps, be without a bird-cage,—she may, by some curious chance, be free from everything in the shape of luggage, beyond a small reticule no bigger than a gentleman's carpet-bag,—but I have never yet seen the phenomenon of a lady invading an omnibus without her being duly armed with a parasol!

"Now the parasol, Sir, is the most formidable weapon of defence (and offence too, as I am prepared to prove) drawn from the female arsenal of warfare. A woman without her parasol would be defenceless indeed! If a lady is annoyed by a dog or a beggar, or pursued by a mad bull, or insulted by any one in the street, the first implement brought into action is invariably the parasol. There are other means of female protection, I am aware, which are not unfrequently had recourse to by the female hand, but I maintain that it is invariably '*The Parasol first; Nails afterwards.*'

"But in an omnibus, this 'Female Life Preserver,' for so I call the parasol, is only used as a weapon of offence (unless a lady has more than the usual share of pride, and hides her face with her parasol, for fear of being seen by any of her Belgravian acquaintances inside an omnibus!) and a most offensive weapon it is too!

"Why, the nuisance obtrudes itself every where; you cannot sit down, but a lady is sure to exclaim, 'Oh! Please, Sir, take care of my parasol!' You cannot arrange your legs, any how, without an overgrown umbrella (but which, by courtesy, is promoted to the rank of a parasol) finding itself between them; and you are asked by the lady opposite 'if you are aware that is her parasol?' You cannot turn to the right or to the left, but there is certain to be at either turn the point of a parasol ready to dot your eye. If you are sitting at the end seat it is fifty times worse. You are then sitting in a prickly bush of parasols; or, to come nearer the mark, your head seems to be revolving inside a large wheel, of which the ladies' parasols are the spokes, and your nose the axle.

"The trouble, also, of getting inside an omnibus carrying fourteen ladies! The narrow avenue is screened by a bristling palisade of parasols, piled together like the elephants' tusks, only much more formidable, you see at the entrance of anatomical museums; or all touching at the top, like the points of bayonets on a stand of musketry. Unless you have the courage of ARNOLD VON WINKELRIED, and allow them all to meet in your breast, as that patriotic martyr did with the Austrian lances, you may depend upon it an opening never will be made in the enemy's ranks. Really it is not unlike carrying an omnibus at the point of the bayonet.

"The difficulty of coming out is no less great! You have the same thicket to traverse, and you are lucky if you escape without a single wound; scratches innumerable you must expect to have, for no lady ever dreams that her parasol is in the way, or that it is unpleasant for a gentleman to have it sticking in his whisker. I would not complain so bitterly on this head—I mean my own—but latterly the ferules of ladies' parasols have become considerably sharper, and now they have arrived at a point of perfection that is really unendurable. They are made of ivory, which is sharpened finer than any Whitechapel needle, and I must say, for one, that it gives me a violent turn, and quite runs through me, whenever I am made to give an eye, not to one needle, but to a whole packet of such needles in the course of a day. My eyes are filled at the mere thoughts of it!

"Sir, I am the last man who would attempt to interfere with the amusements of any one, more especially the ladies; but I would propose that a notice be affixed to all omnibuses, delicately intimating that 'NO BABIES OR PARASOLS WILL BE ADMITTED AT ANY PRICE;' or, if this law be too severe to be ever enforced, that the conductor be empowered to take away a lady's parasol upon her entering the omnibus, and putting it out of the reach of danger in a parasol stand, similar to the one they have at the National Gallery, which should be kept at the door of every omnibus. I would advise that the charge of one penny be made for every parasol so detained, and by these strong means, the nuisance, I am confident, would soon be abated; for I have observed that ladies are infinitely more sensitive in their pockets than gentlemen. It requires a much stronger muscular power in the arm of a woman to open her purse than in that of a man. Levy, then, this tax of a penny upon every parasol, and I live in the hope that ladies' parasols will be effectually put down in every omnibus, without SIR PETER LAURIE being called in, a remedy which might be almost as bad as the evil.

"Yours, dear Sir, in daily peril,

"A GREAT OMNIBUS TRAVELLER."

THE LAST MAN OF THE SEASON. (After Campbell.)

All London's sights shall close in gloom,
The Opera season die;
Kensington Gardens shall assume
A dull placidity!
I met with no one in my ride,
In solitude I seem'd to guide
My horse down Rotten Row.
I heard the last of fashion's throng
Saying, "I've stopped in town too long,
To-morrow off I go."

Regent Street had a sickly glare,
Repairs of Clubs began;
The skeletons of scaffolds were
Around that lonely man!
The instruments of Opera bands
Were mute in their professors' hands,
Flute, flageolet, and drum;

The stage had neither sound nor tread,
Sontag and Viardot are fled,
Grisi and all are dumb.

E'en *Le Prophète*, that lately stood,
With music loud and high,
Where Mario was so wondrous good,
Has, like a storm, passed by.
Les Huguenots their work have done,
Finished is *La Tempesta's* run,
Still'd is Carlotta's toe;
For the last time Lablache appears,
No longer through a thousand ears
His wondrous notes shall flow.

Come! let the curtain quickly fall,
Procrastination's vain;
Before the lights we will not call
The vocalists again.

On Covent Garden's well-known track,
I sorrowfully turn my back;
No *bouquets* now I need.
Pinks, roses, jonquils, are abhorred,
They lie unsold on shopman's board,
Or run—uncut—to seed.

About the Park I cast my eyes,
The sight they meet is dire;
A dismal row of shabby flys,
Let—by the job—on hire:
The cab that speaks a dearth of cash,
Striving in vain to cut a dash,
With broken-winded nag.
I can't remain—adieu, Pall Mall;
The Boulogne boat to-morrow shall
Receive my carpet bag.

SINGULAR FORCE OF HABIT.

The editor of the *Court Circular* (who always writes, we are told, in a court dress—cocked hat, silk stockings, sword, and everything complete), is so much in the habit of writing one certain interesting paragraph about Her Majesty, that his hand mechanically traces it upon every possible occasion. The paragraph we allude to is the memorable one which we have read now daily for the last ten years, and runs, if we recollect right, nearly as follows:—

"This morning Her Majesty, accompanied by Prince Albert, took her customary walk upon the slopes."

Wherever Her Majesty goes, the above paragraph is sure to follow her. It must annoy her almost as much as those salutes which they will fire after her, as if the only way of catching the royal ear was by firing gunpowder into it. The last time we had the pleasure of meeting the above ubiquitous paragraph was at Castle Howard, and if Her Majesty ascended Ben Nevis, or visited the Giant's Causeway, or took a trip to the Hebrides, we almost believe that the next morning's account would inform us that

"The Queen and Prince Albert, after breakfast, took their usual morning walk upon the slopes."

To do justice, however, to the much-abused editor of the *Court Circular*, we must say that he does sometimes neglect to record the valuable fact. For instance, very recently, when the Queen went to Ostend, no mention whatever was made of the historical incident. For two, nay three consecutive days, neither the Queen nor Prince Albert "walked upon the slopes." Accuracy like this is its own praise, when we remember that the Royal personages were on board the Royal Yacht.

THE VOICE OF THE CHARMER.

The Comte de Chambord is all but given up by the Legitimist party in France. They pay a pilgrimage to a desired Henry Cinq, and they find the poorest creature: a mere fussy thing of recollections and traditions, about as fit for the world in its progress, as the memory of Louis the Fourteenth—could it be reproduced—to dance a saraband. Nevertheless, though Legitimist France despair of her king of bran and tiffany, our own *Morning Post* has great confidence in the full-sized male doll of St. Louis's, and pays due homage to "that charm of voice and manner, the peculiar and inestimable quality of his race."

Now, if the voice and manner of Henri Cinq be so potent for fascination, why does he keep in idleness the miraculous gifts? Why does he not begin in earnest to charm the serpents of the Republic, making no more of them than our Mussulman friend in the Zoological Gardens makes of *his* snakes, hooded and rattle? But the days of miracles are gone; especially of miracles courtly. Once, indeed, it was believed that legitimate kings could touch away evil; but now, and even in their own case, somehow—despite voice and manner—the evil will stick.

A TIMELY COINAGE.

The people of Sheffield have voted an address to Lord John Russell praying him to cause an increased issue of copper: more farthings, halfpence, and penny-pieces. The premier should look to this; especially if—as in the case of Mrs. Waghorn—it may be found necessary to give pensions to the widows of men of genius. Farthings may be wanted.

THE PEACE CONGRESS.

ow the world would stagnate, were it not for the follies of the hair-brained and enthusiastic! Happily, they now and then make the sides of the grave and wise to shake with wholesome laughter; even though the aforesaid gravity and wisdom quick subside into compassion—profoundest pity of the Utopians. How many laughs has wisdom enjoyed at the cost of speculative folly!

There was one HERVEY, who avouched a discovery of the circulation of the blood. And the world laughed, and then rebuked him; and finally—for his outrageous nonsense—punished him by depriving him of his practice.

There was one JENNER, who—having speculated upon the hands of certain dairy-maids, theorised upon vaccine virus—and declared that in the cow he had found a remedy for small-pox. And the world shouted; and the wags were especially droll—foretelling, in their excess of witty fancies, the growth of cow's horns from the heads of vaccinated babies.

When it was declared that our streets should be illuminated by ignited coal-gas—the gas to flow under our feet—the world laughed; and then, checked in its merriment, stoutly maintained that some night London, from end to end, would be blown up. WINSOR—the gas-man—was only a more tremendous GUY FAWKES.

When the experimental steam-boat was first essayed at Blackwall, and went stern foremost, the river rang with laughter. There never was such a waterman's holiday.

When STEPHENSON was examined by the Parliamentary sages upon a railway project by which desperate people were to travel at the rate of, aye, fifteen miles an hour, the *Quarterly Review* laughed a sardonic laugh, asking, with killing irony, "Would not men as soon be shot out of a gun, as travel by such means?"

And when, last week, the Peace Congress met at Frankfort, did not the wise ones laugh at the tinkering pacificators—the simple ones in broad-brim and drab? They met in St. Paul's Church (did they pay twopence?) and tiger HAYNAU listened to them, and was not there and then changed to a lamb; neither was a single piece of cannon turned, by the eloquence of the talkers, into honey.

The wise world has laughed at the circulation of the blood—at gas—at steamboats—at railways. Why should not the world enjoy its horse-collar grin at the preachers of peace? Why should not arbitration (until an accepted principle) be quite as ridiculous (until triumphant) as vaccination? If JENNER was a quack, why should not the dove—the symbol of peace—be pronounced a most fabulous goose?

Meanwhile, and only a few hours after the departure of the Peace Congress from Frankfort, England and France are tied together by the electric wire, and the lightning carries messages between the nations—the natural enemies! An electric wire from Dover to Cape Grisnez! What a line of comment on the laughers!

Childish Cries.

IT is very strange that the cry which gives the most offence in a Republic, should be "*Vive la Republique.*" Yet the popularity of the President of a Republic has been tested, during a recent trip, by the prevalence, or absence, of that cry. LOUIS-NAPOLEON himself would not shake hands with a man, because he shouted it in his ear. His followers actually kicked a man out of the room because he dared to raise that republican cry in the presence of their republican chief—and so on, through theatres, balls, fields, reviews, and Préfectures. France lately has been doing nothing but cry, cry, cry, from morning to night, and, like a pet child, rather too much attention has been paid to its crying. We cannot help thinking that a nation has arrived to a strange childish state when it is always crying; and, really, like a child, does not know what it is crying for.

Widow Waghorn's Pension.

THE Government has recently added £15 to the previous £25 pension to the widow of the man who first brought India within a few weeks of England. £25 and *then* £15! "The quality of mercy is not strained," says SHAKSPEARE. The quality of government reward is not strained either. "No," says the Minister, tapping his red-box, "it is not strained—it is filtered."

A NOVELTY IN THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER.

SEPTEMBER is not generally the month of novelties. It is a month of unbroken London dullness, when a Singing Mouse would be welcomed with the delight almost of a JENNY LIND. We were astonished, therefore, at being told of a novelty in Regent Street, that was surprising the one or two loungers that are still left in town. Scarcely believing this rumour, which we feared was too good to be true, we wended our way to that highly-deserted locality, editing in our minds the choice little dinner, which we determined upon having, by way of consolation, at VEREY'S, in case we should be disappointed.

We reached the Cosmorama Rooms, and, to our delight, really did find a novelty. We bounded upstairs, and rushed madly into a room, when a wild African, flourishing a spear over his head, suddenly checked our exuberance. We were about to leave the place, half-disappointed, and more than half-terrified, when a black lady, about the height of MR. ROBERT KEELEY, stalked majestically into the room, carrying a big pitcher on her head. A glance at her dress, which consisted of an immense buffalo's hide ornamented with large brass nails, induced us to remain. Another glance at her ears convinced us we had really discovered a novelty—so great a novelty, indeed, that it would make the fortune of the proprietor, if everybody but ourselves had not unfortunately left town.

This black lady carries her snuff-box in her ears, and wipes her eyes with an egg-spoon. Isn't this a novelty? and yet it is perfectly true. The snuff is put into a tube exactly like a needle-case, and this needle-case, no broader than a lady's little finger, is thrust through the fleshy part of her ear, where it hangs as a sort of car-ring. She never sneezes, but cries profusely, collecting her tears in a sort of bone spoon, which she rubs up and down her eyelids for the purpose. This young lady is very interesting, notwithstanding the habit she has contracted of taking snuff, and might be called pretty, if it were not for her hair, which she rubs over with a kind of red paint,—for it seems that red hair is considered in South Africa very beautiful, and is all the fashion with the natives. This hair hangs in little red worsted curls, and does not add, we think, to the lady's beauty. She is sixteen years of age—sweet sixteen—and dances with bare feet, singing as she stamps the floor. We are sorry we cannot say much either for her singing or her dancing.

Her husband is the wild African gentleman who frightened us so much on our entrance. He comes from the Cape, and has brought a very peculiar one with him, in the shape of foxes' tails, which hang round his neck like so many ladies' cast-off boas, not two of the same length, and give him the appearance of the most eccentric fur-reigner we ever saw. He is very good-natured, and wears large brass bed-curtain rings on both his naked arms.

His great pride, however, is his hair. Hair-dressing at the Cape must be a profitable business, for every native seems to devote his head to nothing else. We never saw such hair. It is worked and stitched, and beeswaxed up most elaborately into a perfect bowl on the top of his head—and you imagine that it must have been arranged to catch balls, such as you see conjurors do in the street. It must be very inconvenient in rainy weather, for the bowl must get full of water, and the Zuloo (for he comes from that "hair" tribe) must stand on his head, if he wishes to empty it.

There is another native, still more good-natured than the other two. He wears a regal mantle of Kangaroo-skins, and carries a bundle of spears in his hand, as a beadle carries his staff. He is very good-looking, has a faultless figure, worthy of a copper Apollo, but we are ashamed to say, he paints—and the painting is not done with a very artistic hand either, for it is smeared all over his nose, his eyebrows, and his forehead, in a style that does not say much for the delicacy of his touch. The colour, too, which is used, is a vulgar brick-dust, and the effect of carrots on the top of chocolate (for such is the colour of his complexion) is not very charming. His hair is likewise discoloured by this anchovy-coloured tincture. We are told that he lived "in the bush." We are sure, then, from the colour he has brought away all over him, that it must have been a red-currant bush. No Republican can be more *Rouge* than he is.

The exhibition, however, is a most interesting one. You are brought in contact, hand-in-hand, with these simple-hearted natives, and they laugh with you in the most familiar manner, without waiting for the absurd formality of an introduction. You may pull them about as you like—they only grin, and show their beautiful white teeth. Their tractability is most wonderful, for they obey the proprietor in the most willing, loving manner, when they might transfix him in a moment with one of their spears, if they chose.

Altogether we have not seen so great a novelty for a long time—and it is extraordinary how it can have come to light in this dark, empty, month of September. Out of sympathy with those poor unfortunate creatures, who are detained in town like ourselves, we publish the fact, and advise them to pass a dreary hour in laughing with the handsome Kaffir, and taking snuff with the good-natured Zuloo, and his Amaponda-ry wife, who are at present lodging on a first-floor in Regent Street.

TO PERSONS ABOUT TO MARRY.

A CARD.

IN the present occasion, *Mr. Punch* offers his felicitating compliments,—

Mr. Punch feeling that the interests of the blissful rite of marriage are best honoured and advanced by a serious and faithful report thereof, begs to inform the nuptial world that marriages—(when the breakfasts are satisfactorily splendid, and the cakes sufficiently tasteful)—are punctually attended.

Mr. Punch is induced to offer himself, and to throw open his journal, to wedding-parties (of the highest consideration) from a sense of impatience and dissatisfaction at the manner in which the most important moment of human life is too frequently dismissed by the unreflecting and incapable. Young ladies are really thrown away at the altar; when, with a little judicious treatment, they might be made a most attractive feature in the public newspapers. Now, it is the purpose of *Mr. Punch*, either to attend himself, or to give the necessary credentials to one of his young gentlemen, who, capable of treating the ceremony like an artist, shall take care that brides, like flowers, do not bloom to blush unseen; who shall wander from bouquet to bouquet of the bridesmaids, like a honey-bee, and who shall be further warranted to carry away in his eye every bonnet, cap, gown, jacket, visite, victorine, &c., &c., of the party.

It will be the object of *Mr. Punch* to make the weddings of private families public to the meanest capacity; and thereby carry out to the fullest a principle but poorly attempted by certain Brighton contemporaries. *Mr. Punch* subjoins a skeleton specimen.

THE ABODE OF THE BRIDE.

The morning sun glows on the climbing roses. The skylark, poised immediately over the chimney, throws a gush of notes down the fireplace. The hearth, where the infant feet of the bride, &c., &c. And still the lark sings, tira-lira, tira-lira, &c.

THE GATHERING OF THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

The meadows are dotted with all classes of persons, mostly women. The dots become lines—still women. The church-yard becomes crowded—and overflows, principally with women.

INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH.

Not less than a hundred and fifty new bonnets—white, the prevailing colour. School-children anxious and mottled in the gallery. Silence is so profound that the watch of the clerk is heard convulsively ticking. Moment of intense excitement. The Church-door opens. It is the Bride! No—the Beadle. Has on a new pair of shoes that creak despite of the aisle.

CONSIDERABLE SENSATION. THE BRIDEGROOM AND HIS BROTHER.

The bridegroom wears the mustachios of the Royal Sanguinary Buffs, and the jingling of his spurs brings the colour to more than one fair cheek. It is remarked that the bridegroom has bright buttons on his coat; and his brother, vindicating his fraternity on so interesting an occasion, *also has his buttons bright!*

THE BRIDESMAIDS!

The fourteen bridesmaids (the MISSES ETCETERA) descend upon the church floor, thereby disproving the old poetic error that Birds of Paradise do *not* touch the ground. They are all drest in rainbow polkas, with apple-blossom skirts of the Garden of Eden, and it is further remarked by the casual spectator, that each of them has, in the words of the lamented BAYLEY, "Grace in her steps, heaven in her eye, and in every gesture dignity and love."

ARRIVAL OF THE BRIDE!

The Bride appears, and the organist in the loft is about to play *God save the Queen*, he is so struck with the wonderful likeness of the interesting *fiancée* to HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY; the bride being a sparkling brunette. She is drest in a mist of orient silver, flounced with aphrodite lace. She wears the veil of the morning, and is crowned with the apples of the Hesperides.

THE GROUP.

Looking at the gorgeous group of distinguished friends that adorn this eventful moment, we rejoice to observe the noble (*here parties will of course supply the proper names*) and the excellent ——, and the gallant ——, and the much-respected ——,&c., &c.

THE CEREMONY.

The bride, whose colour comes and goes, but stops when the ceremony is completed, behaves with a fortitude that must, could it be possible, still further endear her to her now gallant lord. The ceremony is performed by DOCTOR TYE, assisted by the REV. MR. KNOTT, and we were delighted to hear that a relay of three more clergymen was ready at a minute's summons, had such assistance been deemed necessary.

EGRESS FROM THE CHURCH.

THE bride is led radiant from the altar, when the spectators can no longer control their natural anxiety, but mob the happy pair; bidding defiance to the efforts of the blooming bridesmaids to rejoin their beauteous charge. At the hour we go to press, three bridesmaids are missing; which fact will, we trust, illustrate the quietude and decorum with which fashionable marriages are at present acted before HER MAJESTY'S subjects.

THE WEDDING CAKE

Is carved with the sabre of F. M. THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON; the Duke himself not being able to give the bride away.

THE HOMŒOPATHIC SYSTEM OF REWARDS.

A KNIGHTHOOD has been offered to MR. STEPHENSON, and the honour courteously declined. We have a singular scale of rewards in England. Lord Mayors are made baronets by the dozen. Generals, who carry off victories in India, are made lords and marquesses. A peerage is given to a banker, from the overpowering merit which a million sterling was supposed to confer upon him. And yet to an Engineer, who occupies the first rank in his noble profession in England, perhaps in the world; to a man who has fought with Earth, Air, and Water, and left a beautiful work upon each as a monument of his victory; to one who has enriched his country with gifts of genius, such as the Tubular Bridge, the High Level Bridge, and the Border Bridge; the offer of a Knighthood is made! If MR. STEPHENSON had been a tallow-chandler, and had had the honour of opening the Temple Bar to HER MAJESTY during one of her visits to the city; if he had been a Lord Mayor, and had eaten a public dinner with PRINCE ALBERT; if he had been the *Attaché* for years to some Hanway-Yard of a German Principality, or the Complete Letter-Writer of some grateful minister, a smaller compliment could not have been paid to him! We are glad that he sent back the insulting offer, for we should have considered it a national disgrace, and have grieved for it as a national sorrow, if a man, like MR. STEPHENSON, whose works, from their magnitude and noble grandeur, are looked up to all over the world, should have done anything petty and mean to have caused their author, and the science he honours, to be looked down upon!

Britannia ruling the Waves.

THIS extraordinary feat may be witnessed any day by repairing to either of the Telegraph offices at Dover or Calais, when the whole process of ruling will be shown to the stranger. At present BRITANNIA only rules the waves with one line—but in a short time it is expected she will become so perfect as to rule it with twenty or thirty lines. In fact, it is considered that the ocean eventually will be nothing but an immense copy-book, which BRITANNIA will be continually ruling, the better to enable historians to write her proud achievements upon it as well as assist her in corresponding with other nations in all the gentle terms of peace and good-fellowship. May Science, as in this instance, always guide BRITANNIA'S hand in ruling the waves!

A "PERFECT" JOKE.

"WHAT is the reason of a blow leaving a blue mark after it?" asked an inquiring young gentleman.

"It's easily accounted for," answered a medical student, who was reading *Bell's Life*; "for you know that *Blow* in the perfect makes *Blew*."

HAYNAU'S TASTE OF BARCLAY AND PERKINS'S ENTIRE.

By this time the reader is aware of the brewing extraordinary which took place the other day at Barclay and Perkins's—the storm brewed at that establishment by General Haynau.

Haynau, in the public eye, stands branded with deeds of the basest atrocity—the merciless hanging of brave men, and the dastardly flogging of noble women. He is a slandered man, of course. No demon, even, but the meanest as well as most malignant in devildom, would have perpetrated cruelties so execrable and infamous. This gallant officer and amiable gentleman goes about, the object of universal hatred, through (doubtless) a mere deception, which has been unaccountably practised on the newspapers, and disseminated by their means.

With his detestable character pinned to his back—albeit bold as brass in conscious innocence—did Baron Haynau, according to the *Times* and other journals—go on Wednesday last week to visit Barclay and Perkins's brewery. Armed with the breastplate of an untainted heart, he wrote his name—little thinking what a name it was—in the visitors' book. The pen might as well have been a lighted match, and the page a train leading to a powder-barrel. What was the consequence? "His presence," says the *Times*—

"Became known all over the brewery in less than two minutes, and before the general and his companions had crossed the yard, nearly all the labourers and draymen were out with brooms and dirt, shouting out, 'Down with the Austrian butcher,' and other epithets of rather an alarming nature to the general. He was soon covered with dirt, and perceiving some of the men about to attack him, ran into the street to Bank-side, followed by a large mob, consisting of the brewer's men, coal-heavers, and others, armed with all sorts of weapons, with which they belaboured the general."

The Baron fondly imagined himself a simple lion; and had no idea that he would be received as a Tiger—the beast with which he is confounded by a vulgar error. But had he really been the unmanly miscreant he was mistaken for, how poetically beautiful would have been the termination of his adventure!—

"He ran in a frantic manner—"

Frantically as a women-whipper might be expected to run:—

"He ran in a frantic manner along Bankside, until he came to the George public-house, when, forcing the doors open, he rushed in and proceeded upstairs into one of the bed-rooms, to the utter astonishment of Mrs. Benfield, the landlady, who soon discovered his name, and the reason of his entering her house. The furious mob rushed in after him, threatening to do for the 'Austrian butcher,' but fortunately for him the house is very old fashioned, and contains a vast number of doors, which were all forced open, except that of the room in which the General was concealed."

If—only if, mind—Baron Haynau were indeed the Haynau of the journals—how delicious to behold the brave General that whipped the fair sex, taking shelter from chastisement beneath a woman's petticoat! What a sight for the shade of Batthyani to see him lie there, "covered with dirt," but more thickly bedaubed with ignominy!

Happily the injured innocent escaped with his life. The police came timeously to the rescue, and—as above, see the *Times*:—

"A police galley was at the wharf at the time, into which he was taken and rowed towards Somerset House, amidst the shouts and execrations of the mob."

The *Morning Post* states that

"He was conveyed over the water in a most deplorable state, the clothes having been actually torn off his back, besides several very severe blows having been inflicted on him."

Every rightly feeling mind must condole with General Haynau on the treatment which he has experienced from being so very unmeritedly regarded as a diabolical savage and a disgrace to human nature.

Messrs. Barclay and Perkins, it is stated, have been investigating the matter, with a view to discover the ringleaders in the attack on the gallant General—who was misunderstood to have hanged heroes and flogged ladies. Even had there been no misunderstanding in the case, the conduct of the draymen would certainly have been illegal. Nor would it have been exactly justifiable morally; for, as we all know, it is a duty not to let our blood boil over under any provocation, and we ought to preserve a philosophical calmness even in the presence of Herod fresh from the slaughter of the Innocents, or of Nero red-handed from his mother's murder.

Here's to your speedy amendment, Baron Haynau! and lest new acquaintance should be forgot, perhaps you will pledge us in Barclay, Perkins and Co.'s Entire.

Contracting Bad Habits.

Unless you wish to contract bad habits, we should advise you not to purchase your clothes at a cheap tailor's, for, as the cloth is invariably bad, and the way of making it up generally too small, the chances are, that with every coat, waistcoat, or pair of trousers you purchase, you will be contracting a deplorable bad habit. The only consolation is, that you will have no difficulty in breaking yourself of the habit, for it is sure to break of its own accord.

HEALTH OF THE HIGH COURT OF PARLIAMENT.

There is not a reproach to the Government and the Legislature more scandalous than their neglect of the medical profession. Among the officers, whether of the Lords or the Commons, there is neither physician nor surgeon; a fact, which shows how little either of the Houses of Parliament care for the Constitution. These remarks are suggested by a return lately published of the sittings of the House of Commons during the last session. The number of days on which the House sat, was 129 altogether, and in July amounted to as many as 23; the sittings, on the whole, occupying 1,104 hours, 14 minutes; and averaging 8 hours, 33 minutes, and 35 seconds a day: now, of course, all this sedentary occupation must be highly injurious. Of the time thus spent, no less than 108 hours and a quarter were after midnight: and the pernicious effect of keeping such late hours must be obvious. Sedentary habits, it is well known, are particularly productive of liver complaints and indigestion; and nothing is more likely than that such votes as the Sabbatarian resolution are come to under the influence of bile, and that bodily dyspepsia—which is known to affect the mind—is the cause of ill-digested measures.

The Commons, at any rate, ought to have a medical officer to regulate the habits of the House; to feel its pulse previously to its entering on exciting questions, and to examine the tongues of honourable members before they are allowed to speak. But it is not probable that any such wise appointment will be made. Even if Parliament were aroused to anxiety about its health, it would never call in a regular practitioner, but would quack itself with the patent pills, and other poisons of which it encourages the sale.

FIRST APPEARANCE THIS SEASON OF THE AMERICAN SERPENT.

The American Sea Serpent has come up again. We made sure he would as soon as Parliament was closed. His season then begins. He commences his summer circuit. This year he has been favouring Ireland with a round of his favourite characters. In addition to his former representations, he has been trying a number of feats in the style of the celebrated American Jumper,—with this difference, that he has been jumping up to a certain height, instead of from one. One correspondent informs us that the Serpent, when fired at, leapt up in the air 40 fathoms. This extraordinary feat appears to us so incredible, so profoundly mysterious, that with all our faith, knowing that the statement is made by an Irish correspondent, we cannot fathom it. But the Serpent's trip to Ireland seems curious. We thought that St. Patrick drove all the reptiles and serpents so effectually from Ireland, that they were never to return to it. Perhaps the American Serpent has heard of the Irishman's love of the marvellous, and has paid him a visit purposely, in order to see how he can enlarge upon his dimensions. Nothing will be too wonderful for the American Sea Serpent in the hands of "our Irish Correspondent," and we have no doubt it will last him long enough to run through the winter till Parliament opens again.

Punch's advice to General Haynau.—Shave, and change your name.

PUNCH'S ROYAL PROGRESSES.

THE PROGRESS TO THE NORTH.

Being a letter from BILL JONES, *Stoker, North Western Line, to* JEM BRILE, *Ex-fireman, Eastern Counties Line, on strike.*

DEAR JEM—This comes hoping you 've blowed off your quarrel
With your guv'nors, whereby, d 'ye see, hangs a moral;
You, perhaps, might a' stoked for your QUEEN, if you 'd not
Been and gone, JEM, and struck when yer iron was hot.
'Owsumever 't'aint no use a-rippin' old plates;
So I gets up my steam, goes ahead, and relates
What I 'eared with my ears, what I seen with my eyes,
Of the QUEEN and PRINCE ALBERT, and fam'ly likewise,
And also the sweet, wich last Toosday as were,
Set off for the North, all from Euston Skevare;
MC'CONNEL the engine to drive had the honour,
And I was chose out, JEM, for fireman upon her.
My eyes! warn't I proud, as I 'andled my poker?
If that train didn't go—'taint no fault o' the stoker!
For I felt myself almost too big for my station,
To think I was stokin' the 'ead of the nation!
Well, at last to the Euston, the QUEEN she comed down,
But bless you, she hadn't no robes, and no crown—
But looked like any lady you 'd see in the street,
Wich the PRINCE was the same, and the rest of the sweet;
But Lord, JEM, that MARCHIONESS DOURO's a beuty,
(Wich Princesses and Princes to nuss it 's her dooty,)
And sez I to myself—"Bless your sweet face," sez I, "ma'am,
If I goes off the line with *you*, blow me sky high, ma'am?"
So with that, when the young PRINCE OF WALES and his brothers
And sisters was settled 'long-side of each others,
Off we goes! QUEEN and PRINCE they bows out of the winders,
And, Lord, didn't *we* just astonish the cinders.
Though I say it that should'nt, there ne'er was a hingine
Behaved herself better—the pace it was swingein';
Soon we sighted the Wolverton Station, and in it
We stopped her, just under the hour, by a minute.
There they 'd lunch—wich we broke through the Wolverton rule,
And actilly took time for the soup to get cool!
Wich, as all will admit as has stopped there to dine,
Was the loyalest thing could be done on the line.
Well—we started again, and was bilin' a pace,
When, what should I see, just outside o' the place,
But the boys and the girls out o' Wolverton School,
Drawed up by the line, JEM, as straight as a rule;
I thought I 'd ha' snivelled to see, 'mongst the rest on 'em,
My little MARIA as neat as the best on 'em.
I don't think the QUEEN got a werry good sight on 'em,
Nor they one o' her—but still, JEM, it wer right on 'em:
'Twas the same all along o' the line, dash my buttins!
A top o' the bridges, and over the cuttins,
Each side of embankments, and round about stations,
It was people in heaps—all a'waitin with patience,
And hoorain' like mad, as we slapped past in style—
For we did it all through, JEM, a minute a mile,
Wich ain't a bad pace, if you take in the stopping;
Wich so sure as we stopped down them Lord Mares was droppin
With their maces and swords, and their big corporations,
All a fizzin and blowin off congratylations.
Once, I thought I'd a' laffed till I busted my biler—
We 'd pulled up permiscus to water and ile her,
When down comes a Mare and a train of them aldermen
(I don't think I ever see fatter or balder men)
Well, just then I wistled, and turned on the steam—

You ought to a' seen 'em, so broad in the beam,
How they scuttled and panted alongside the train,
A tryin to shove their address through the pane.
The short-windeder on 'em, they soon dropped behind,
But the Mare he kept on till he run isself blind,
His address in the winder a tryin to thrust—
He 'll be a long time gettin' over that bust!
But Mares and such like ain't no good in our day,
It 's Directors that now has it all their own way;
It 's them meets the QUEEN both at startin and stoppin',
With refreshments upon her keeps always a poppin',
Has the honour to hand the young Princesses down,
And the Prince, wich they tell me is hair to the crown—
In short, wen you cipher it up you 'll agree
That the rail is the *one* thing HER MAJESTY see.
Ony look at Newcastle, now—vere vas the town?
From the High Level Bridge on the Tyne she looked down—
She never saw nothin' of coal-pits and stuff,
But she *did* see the station—and that was enuff.
As a stoker—you see, JEM—I 'm natrally proud,
We ort for to 'old up our heads in the crowd;
For railways, depend on't, is wonderful things,
And they don't care a fig if it 's Queens or it 's Kings
That they tosses from England's one end to the other,
In their long iron arms, with a scream and a smother;
And I could'nt but think though I be's but a stoker,
With the QUEEN in the carriage, and me at the poker,
How with royalty goin' at this sort o' pace,
Old loyalty must, somehow, show a new face;
When HER MAJESTY'S carriage, though fit up in style,
Goes by just the same road as the penny-a-mile—
We live in queer times—"go a-head" folks all scream,
And the one thing we seems for to vally is steam;
Which is all werry well, if the rails be well laid,
And the stoker and engineman up to their trade;
But let a train loose with steam up, you 'll agree,
That the faster the pace it 's the worser for we!
Sometimes, JEM, I think with our stirrin' and strivin'
We thinks too much of pace, and too little of drivin'.
Howsumever, you 'll say that 's no ways here nor there,
And no more it ain't, JEM—I 'm quite well aware—
But such was my thoughts, as across the High Level,
'Mid the roar of a fight, and the glee of a revel,
We steamed, and shut off at Newcastle-on-Tyne,
From wich we took on by the North British line,
And reached Edinburgh safe, after no end of speeches,
And was welcomed by folks, some of wich 'ad no breeches—
But no matter: HER MAJESTY 's not broke no bones,
Wereby for the same she may thank Yours, BILL JONES.

Rupture between England and France.

WE regret to announce a rupture between England and France, which occurred last week, by the Submarine Telegraph suddenly breaking. All friendly communications between the two countries were instantly suspended, and though it was evident that there was a "screw loose" somewhere, it was only after a deal of fishing and sounding, that it was discovered that the rupture was owing to the softness of one of the "leaden conductors." This is not the first time that a "leaden conductor" has, by his softness, created a distance between the two countries, and plunged them head over heels in difficulties. The mischief, however, was soon patched up, and communications from Dover to Calais have been since forwarded by the same line of communication as before. We only wish that all ruptures between England and France were as easily mended!

The President's Hornpipe.

LOUIS NAPOLEON has outdone the doings of the renowned BARON NATHAN. The Baron—it is matter of undying history—dances through a hornpipe in a circle of eggs, and though blindfolded, never touches one of them. LOUIS NAPOLEON has danced through his progress, seeing no further before him than the Baron; and though he has shuffled through at least fifty speeches, he has never touched the word —Republic.

THE NEW CAB REGULATION.

"MR. PUNCH,—I knows the proverb, 'Give a dog a bad name, and 'ang him,' and cabmen *as* a bad name, but am I not a man and a brother, if redooced to drive a cab, and don't ort to be made a black slave of, and druv to distrackshun by the noo regylashuns of the pelice, wich one on 'em is wile a cabman is on wurk, he mussnt leve is cab not neither in charge of the waterman or in charge of anybody else, or he will find hisself in charge of a crusher and afore the beak in no time, and fined from ten to twenty shillin with costs, wich the consekence is I am a cabman and avin a 'ard master and a small famly, I am kep at wurk to arn my day's munny from 8 or 9 in the mornin often till 2 or 3 nex mornin, if lucky in regard of coves to or from Waxhall and other gardings, wich such fares pays well but is werry late. well all this here 17 ours I 'm wurkin the cab and ain't to be allowed to leve it wereby what follers? I am obliged to 'ave my wittles on my box and I must bile my drop o' coffee on the cold nites atop o' the cab and 'ave myself shaved on the same, and other necessaries of life, in the highs of the public, wich it destroys all self respeck and gits one's self laffed at, and can't so much as step down for to lite one's pipe or take one's pint o' beer sociable at the counter of the watrin 'ouse but 'verythink on the box!

"Tork o' cruelty to hanimals! Show the cab-*oss* as is used like this and I 'll pledge my woracity as a cab-*man* you cant do it wich I *did* think our persition couldn't be wuss off since the joes came in and the busses down to threepence, but it seems nothin ain't enuff but we must be made prisners for life, for a man might just as well be in Brixton or Colbath fields, and would 'av mor comfort of his life than at present wich I beg you will notice the abuv but do not giv my number, wich I enclose as a proof I 'm to be depended on, or the crushers would mark me and I remane

"Yours, to command, A CABMAN.
"(not an 'ansum one)."

THE MERMAID'S LAST NEW SONG.

THE mariners brave tidings bring
That they through Dover's Strait who steer,
If, of an understanding ear,
Thus ofttimes hear a Mermaid sing
When the blue deep is calm and clear:

"A wonder have I seen below,
A marvel new and strange to me
Who dwell beneath the rolling sea,
Amid the wrecks sunk long ago;
The wealth of Ocean's Treasury.

"There runneth an enchanted wire
O'er the sea-bed, from shore to shore,
Of nations that were foes of yore;
The conduit of a magic fire,
Lightning beneath the waters' roar.

"The skulls of ancient enemies
Around it lying, grimly frown,
There, where the slain of old went down,
Through wars of hoary centuries,
In many an action of renown.

"The flash amid those forms of Death
Flits quick as thought from land to land;
No hostile bolt, no deadly brand,
Nay: but a soft electric breath
Warm like the grasp of friendly hand.

"A kindly spirit guides its aim,
Benignant science bids it fly,
Conveying question and reply;
There 's language in that social flame,
And France and England talk thereby.

"'Mid antique arms, old gun, and sword,
Which insects of the sea o'erlay,
Of those long fallen in savage fray,
The bony fingers with the chord
That links the nations, gently play.

"And sea-sprites, as they sport along
That nerve of wire, by human skill
Between two peoples made to thrill,
Sing joyously the Mermaid's Song,
To England, Peace!—to France, Goodwill!"

EFFECT OF THE SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH; OR, PEACE AND GOOD-WILL *BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.*

BARCLAY AND PERKINS'S DRAYMEN.

NEW VERSION.

GENERAL there was on Austria's side,
A Baron who ruth did lack, man,
He hang'd brave soldiers, and—tan his hide!
He wallopp'd the female back, man.
Whether he ever did much in fight,
Is more than I'm able to say, man;
But I know that he nearly got killed outright,
By BARCLAY and PERKINS's Draymen.

Our Baron bold, who whopp'd the fair,
Of hanging who had the knack, man,
Came over here to England, where
He could have no ladies to whack, man.
For gibbet and halter in vain he sigh'd,
At hanging unable to play, man,
So in quest of amusement, a visit he tried
To BARCLAY and PERKINS's Draymen.

The British Drayman's blood boils high
On woman a whip if you crack, man;
It makes him mad—the reason why—
'Tis the act of a dastard black, man.
Accordingly his fury rose,
When the Baron came in his way, man,
And his eyes flash'd fury and "Butcher, here goes!"
Swore BARCLAY and PERKINS's Draymen.

The Baron was seized with blue despair,
And his teeth like mill did clack, man;
Cries he—"Vere shall I ron? ah vere!
To esgabe vrom deir addack, man?"
"You blood-stain'd thing! we'll make you feel,
Though you may be dead to shame, man!"
So, though in language less genteel,
Cried BARCLAY and PERKINS's Draymen.

Says they, "If truly our mind we tells,
Your skull we should like to crack, man;
For really your name so nasty smells—"
And so they went at him—smack! man.
You can't think how my heart it pains
To have such things to say, man;
They pelted the Baron with mud and grains,
Did BARCLAY and PERKINS's Draymen.

The Baron at running tried a match;
They followed him in a pack, man,
Crying, "Down with the Butcher!" and "There goes Old Scratch!
That scratched the lady's back, man!"
They tore his clothes and they punch'd his head,
Until he look'd not like the same man,
While he, like a hunted hyæna, fled
From BARCLAY and PERKINS's Draymen.

With frantic speed down-street he flew,
With the mob upon his track, man,
And a ginshop door he darted through,
And hid in a two-pair-back, man.
"This here land," cries the crowd, "is free,
We'll teach you the ladies to flay, man;"
"And don't show your face here no more among we,"
Says BARCLAY and PERKINS's Draymen.

The New Police came just in time,
('Tis said that they 're sometimes slack, man,)
And rescued him cover'd with bruises and grime,
And carried him off in their smack, man.
With rage and fear he did glare and grin,
Says they—"You are well away, man;"
"And don't let us catch you here agin,"
Says BARCLAY and PERKINS's Draymen.

British and Foreign Industry.

AMONG the various wonderful things we shall see exhibited next year at the Great Exhibition, there will of course be included a sufficiency of specimens of a certain clever continental invention, contrived for the purpose of promoting that international communication and familiarity which the Exhibition itself is meant to encourage. Conspicuous amid the marvels of foreign ingenuity, doubtless—duly illuminated, framed, and glazed—will be a numerous variety of Passports. JOHN BULL, poor creature, has nothing of the kind to show—but then, on the other hand, he has the Submarine Electric Telegraph.

THE ORIGINAL "INEFFABLE FLUNKEY."

OH, Loyalty, Loyalty, "*ou diable vas tu te nicher?*"

Art thou totally to degenerate into addresses from Mayors and Corporations, and bowing Directors, and the ineffable flunkeydom of a Royal Railway Progress?

We *had* fancied that Englishmen were the most perfect flunkeys in the world, when they take to flunkeyism. Is there anything so snobbish as a vulgar Englishman's worship of a lord? Is there anything so universal as the spice of this snobbishness that leavens our JOHN BULLISM?

But we have discovered *the* flunkey—he lives at Edinburgh and writes to *The Scotsman*. We won't mention his name for fear of ruffling his modesty, or flattering his vanity, for we are not quite sure what effect such mentioning might have.

The flunkey has *stalked* the Royal party! He has been successful in his waylaying and eavesdropping! He ran in upon them, as they started for Arthur's Seat!

He reached the top two minutes before them! He saw the Prince of Wales come up! He actually saw his "kilt, and pouch, and black velvet jacket!" He beheld him (oh, ecstasy!) mount the pinnacle and seize the flag-staff, and cry out, "I am at the top! I'm up first!" and he had the felicity of calling out, "God save the Prince of Wales!" and the Prince nodded *at him!* and he looked at him for nearly a minute! And in another minute he saw the QUEEN come, *leaning on her husband's arm!* And she was "none the worse;" and he shouted "God save the QUEEN! Welcome to ARTHUR'S Seat!" And the QUEEN saw him—the inevitable flunkey at her side—the flunkeydom that had dogged her all the way from Euston Square, was here, embodied and intensified in this Edinburgh snob of snobs, thrusting itself on her privacy—watching her every movement—drinking in her every word with the same intensity of vulgar relish with which it jostled the Nepaulese Princes, or crushes to see the Hippopotamus, and with as much of the fine flame and glow of loyalty for its QUEEN, bless its idiotic impudence, as it feels for the said Hippopotamus.

But he wasn't satisfied with "GOD save the QUEEN!" He must again cry out, "GOD save PRINCE ALBERT!" and his Highness lifted his hat and bowed politely. Then they walked about and Snob followed them, and eaves-dropped and reports their little chit-chat. And *then* "they enjoyed themselves for a quarter of an hour or so"—the PRINCE and the QUEEN, and the PRINCE ALBERT, and the Snob, and by this time there were assembled about thirty other Snobs, but THE SNOB still was paramount. There was no *Snob* so pushing as THE SNOB! He assisted in handing the PRINCE OF WALES off the grass to the attendants, and he shook hands with him! and he assisted the other little Princes, and he shook hands with them! And he hopes the worthy Provost won't think him intrusive, for "he believes the Royal Party wouldn't have got up to the top so easy, had he not shown them the way," and he is "happy to say, not another visitor intruded on the top but himself and one eavesdropper—and he (eavesdropper) only remained one minute, but he (Snob) remained all the time! and he thinks he did nothing more than his duty."

Oh Snob, Snob, triple Snob! Thou hadst some misgivings, but flunkeyism was too strong for thee, and thou couldst not see that the QUEEN and the PRINCE are a lady and a gentleman, and that they have a right to their privacy; and that thou hadst been rightly served had some one been by to have boxed thy long ears for an intrusive, eaves-dropping, under-bred flunkey, and Snob-Royal as thou art!

"All Soldiers are Gentlemen."

THE *Englishman* (Indian paper) gives a letter of the Commander-in-Chief, in which SIR CHARLES NAPIER writing of one SERGEANT ROWE, lays it down as an unquestionable truth, that "he who wears an uniform is of higher rank than he who makes it." The soldier before the tailor—the eagles of war before the geese of the shop-board. Further, says SIR CHARLES, "all soldiers are gentlemen, and tailors are *only* tailors." Very good. Yet the self-same file of Indian papers detail a terrible flogging inflicted upon a soldier for charging his Colonel with cowardice. All soldiers are gentlemen! Wherefore, then, the triangles? How, SIR CHARLES, *can* a soldier be a gentleman when made cat's-meat?

Hob and Nob.

"HAVE you heard," asked HOB, "that the sea-serpent has appeared off the coast of Ireland, and, was moreover, seen to scratch itself against certain rocks called the Barrels?" "I have heard it," answered NOB. "Have you further heard," said HOB, "that the sea-serpent left some of its scales upon the rocks." "I have," said NOB; "and I have discovered why the sea-serpent left those very scales behind it." "Why?" asked HOB; when, quick as the electric wire, the wag NOB replied, "Seeing its appearance has been doubted, the sea-serpent left the scales, to weigh the evidence."

AS WELL BE OUT OF THE WORLD AS OUT OF THE FASHION.

Old Gentleman (*who is of course much behind his age*). "WELL, MY LITTLE DEAR, AND PRAY WHAT NICE LITTLE GIRL ARE YOU?"

Little Girl. "OH, IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, I'M A PUSEYITE, AND SO'S BETSY 'ARRIS. (*To Young Lady*) AIN'T WE, MEM?"

PUNCH'S RAILWAY TRAVELLER.

EVER anxious for the public good, we have quadrupled the salary of one of our contributors, insured his life in every office in London—as well as in the Railway Loss of Life and Accident Company—for the benefit of the most inconsolable of widows, and we have purchased for him a first-class ticket on every line, in order that he may be kept constantly travelling, with a view to the exposition of Railway grievances. He has undertaken the task with a thorough appreciation of what he may have to encounter in the shape of irregular trains running against each other, as well as what he may have to go through, in the way of brick walls, which an engine occasionally perforates. His purpose is to travel on every line, and make himself so familiar with the eccentricity of every engine, that, like *Hamlet* and his flute, he will learn "every stop of it." He intends moving with all classes—first, second, and third—as well as that lowest class, which in no very complimentary spirit to the legislature is called the Parliamentary. He will cultivate a familiarity with every station, and run the chance of getting his days brought to a speedy end, by going to every terminus. He will encumber himself with every description of baggage, from the heavy trunk—only fitted for the large trunk-lines—down to the lighest *sac de nuit* that ever tempted the light-fingered fraternity in attendance on arriving and departing travellers.

We have supplied him with dogs by the pack, horses by the stud, and carriages of every kind, so that he may familiarise himself with "all the ills that (travelling) flesh"—including horse-flesh and dog-flesh —"is heir to." Our railway traveller will start upon his self-victimising expedition in the course of a few days; and his instructions are, that directly he is "troubled with a line," he is to trouble us with a line informing us of the particulars.

Any of the public desirous of having attention called to any railway grievance, has only to let us know where our Contributor is likely to get smashed to pieces, maimed, mutilated, or impeded on his journey,—has only to let us know, and we will at once dispatch our railway traveller, at the risk of his getting "dispatched" on a more fearful scale for the public benefit.

ORIGIN OF THE TERM "SHIP-SHAPE."

THE term "Ship-shape" was first used by the sailors of the mercantile marine to distinguish sailing vessels from those which had been built in the Government dockyards.

THE SABBATARIANS' LAST APPEAL.

LORD ASHLEY and friends are not discomfited. No: they will have the management of the Englishman's Sunday—they will stop his letters —they will gag the mouth of the Sabbath post. These over-zealous bright ones have put forth a new manifesto addressed to the convictions and the pockets of the pure; summing up divers causes, compulsory on Sabbatarians, urging them to a renewal of the persecution. And one of these is the relief of an exceeding large class of persons,

"Consisting unquestionably of hundreds of thousands, who, although *not possessed of firmness enough to refuse to receive or open letters on Sundays*, do nevertheless desire, as their recent petitions have shown, that the cares and business of the week should no longer be forced upon them."

Thus, it is commiseration for the weakness of erring flesh, unsuccessfully struggling with the temptations of the Sunday post, that incites LORD ASHLEY and party to endeavour to put the hands that will break seals into Sunday straight waistcoats; and to make the law a substitute for wanted firmness. Very amiable this of LORD ASHLEY and Co.; but why—in their active beneficence—stop at the non-delivery of Sabbath letters? Why not, in all social and domestic cases, stand between the tempted and the tempter?

Thousands of well-meaning people do not possess sufficient firmness to prevent them from running in debt—why does not LORD ASHLEY head a society for the putting down of the tally-man?

Multitudes of the well-meaning cannot resist the misery and destruction of intemperance—by all means let LORD ASHLEY find means to stand between the drunkard and the gin-shop.

Again, how many improvident unions are contracted because the parties want firmness to await the fitting season? Why should not his Lordship call for an Act prohibiting marriage under certain adverse conditions? If a substitute for moral firmness is to be supplied by Act of Parliament, by all means begin with the reckless, the drunken, and the improvident. When they are tied over by statute to be thrifty, temperate, and prudent, then let his Lordship—in the dearth of all other iniquity—shut up the Sunday post; an achievement he will again realise when he has put down every other social evil (which a Sunday letter is not), and not till then. For his Lordship will never jockey another Derby: never again will his winning post be the Sundays.

THE SUB-MARINE TELEGRAPH. PROTECTION FOR THE ELECTRIC EEL.

"SIR,

"I HAVE the honour to represent a numerous class in the domain of Ichthyology, inclusive of all that portion of the sub-marine population which is formed by the TORPEDOS, that important branch of the great RAY Family. We are distinguished from all other inhabitants of these dominions by the striking characteristic of procuring our subsistence by the exertion of electric power; an endowment which Nature has implanted in our tails, and of which we have enjoyed the privilege from time immemorial. I invoke the aid of your forcible pen in defence of our vested and ancient rights; in behalf of Protection to Native Electricity. The grasping spirit of Commerce perverting to its own purposes the might of unfeeling Science, has established a Submarine Electric Telegraph across the Straits of Dover. We cannot but view the introduction of foreign electricity into our element with the greatest alarm and consternation. A series of electric shocks, in constant transmission backwards and forwards across the Channel, must necessarily destroy all the fish in the neighbourhood. When Submarine Electric Telegraphs become universal—as without legislative interference it is to be feared they will be—they must and will utterly annihilate our vocation, with which the well-being of our fellow-subjects is so inseparably connected. It is ridiculous to suppose that we can compete with mercantile companies possessing, through dint of capital, the means of generating electricity to any amount. You, Sir, as a naturalist, well know that our power of production is limited by the capabilities of our nervous system; and that after a certain expenditure of electrical energy we become exhausted. I am fully prepared to prove these assertions by an array of facts and figures, which would, however, be less suitable perhaps to your pages than to some of your contemporaries. BRITANNIA is the Ruler of the Waves. Exhort her, Sir, with your accustomed eloquence to beware, lest, in withholding Protection from Native Electricity, she should allow ruin to overwhelm that class of her subjects on whom the stability of her Empire most essentially depends.

"Your obedient Servant,

"GYMNOTUS ELECTRICUS."

*** We are happy to inform the Electric Eel that the Protection he demands is abundantly secured by the coating of gutta percha, which is a non-conductor, surrounding the wire. Even were this not so, in order to receive a shock from the Electric Telegraph, a fish would have to complete the circuit, which would require a long tail. Our Protectionist friend displays strange ignorance of electrical economy.

SKULLS AT COLOGNE AND WIESBADEN.

On their way from Frankfort, certain members of the Peace Congress were caught and welcomed at Cologne; and—doubtless to the embarrassment of some of them—were introduced to the skulls of the Three Kings; of the "wise men," says Holy Writ (but the questionable flattery of tradition has crowned them) whose names were—says the legend—BALTHASAR, JASPAR, and MELCHIOR. They followed the star to Jerusalem, and did homage with offerings of myrrh, gold, and frankincense. How they afterwards arrived at Cologne, it might be deemed ill-manners to inquire too curiously. There they are, however; at least, to the believing; and their tomb, says an account in the *Daily News*, "was opened and lit with gas, and the skulls shown through the golden works to the greatest possible advantage." A beneficial result not always obtained by casting beams of light upon the rottenness of superstition. After all, however, an imaginary dialogue between the traditional BALTHASAR and the real ELIHU BURRITT,—between the legendary JASPAR and the veritable JOSEPH STURGE—would be more profound, more instructive, abounding with deeper significance, than the real talk of the skull of Legitimacy at Wiesbaden, with its professing believers and worshippers.

Take either of the three; traditional BALTHASAR, if you will; and is not the skull—in its metallic, golden works—as well fitted, as well furnished, for all human purposes, as that relic of the past, that Bourbon skull—with its halo of ST. LOUIS—on the head of the COUNT CHAMBORD; that old, old relic of divine right—that empty, charnel thing of old-world legitimacy? Compared with the Bourbon in his mediæval majesty, with the light of 1850 showing it, not like the gas upon the three nominal sovereigns, late of Bethlehem now of Cologne, to the greatest possible advantage—compared with the talking skull, the stern, grim meaning of the naked bone that was the head of legendary BALTHASAR has ponderous eloquence. HENRY CINQ is the shadow—the ghost—the outline of long defunct legitimacy, gibbering of vanities—now BALTHASAR is a real thing, silently discoursing solemn truths—giving utterance of the tomb and the judgment.

At Wiesbaden, the skull of legitimacy cries to its believers:—

"He whom you regard as your chief, as your king, and who, I may say, is your dearest friend—he will always set you the example; and should France ever be in danger, ah! tell all our friends how proud and happy *I shall be to fly with you to her defence!*"

For all the wants of the day, of even France in her progress, would not the skull of BALTHASAR serve as well as the head of CHAMBORD, filled with the reek of ST. LOUIS? For how many generations has a human blight been permitted to scourge mankind—and its name is BOURBON! If France must have a king, and the nephew of his uncle should miss the crown, we would rather have JASPAR, BALTHASAR, or MELCHIOR, in honest brainlessness selected for the royal head of France, than the head of a BOURBON. The name is a synonym for human evil.

TO THE LAUGHERS.

THE Peace Congress is a capital joke. It's so obvious a subject for fun that we haven't thought it worth while to waste a laugh on it. All manner of pens have been poking the public in the ribs about it—paper pellets of all colours and weights have been slung at it—arrows from all quivers have been emptied on its vulnerable sides.

"Preach Peace to the world!" The poor noodles! "Inculcate the supremacy of right over might!" Ineffable milk-and-water spoonies! "Hold out to nations brotherhood for warfare, the award of justice instead of the bayonet!" The white-faced, lily-livered prigs!

"Why it's the merest Utopianism," says the Economist.

"It's neither more nor less than Christianity," sneers the Statist.

"Trade is the true peace-maker," says the Doctor of the Manchester School.

"Diplomacy keeps the world quiet," oracularly declares the Red-tapist.

"Peace indeed, the designing democrat!" growls the Absolutist.

"Peace, with a bloated aristocracy still rampant!" snarls the Red Republican. And they all drown in a chorus of contemptuous laughter the pleading voices of the poor Peace Congressists in the Church of St. Paul.

But there are some, voices which refuse to join in this chorus, some thoughtful faces that look on with interest and sympathy at this strange protest in the nineteenth century against the appeal to brute force, which is the only way of settling its quarrels that the world has tried for eighteen centuries since Peace was preached on Earth, and good will to men!

And there are some, too, of the wise and the great, who can discern in this gathering of friends of peace, this little Babel of various tongues, this tiny Congress of many races, a thing in no way to be ridiculed, any more than the acorn is to be ridiculed, when science declares that its heart contains the oak.

ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT is, of all persons now living in Europe, the most experienced in men and Courts; the most deeply learned; the most comprehensively and thoroughly informed. He has traversed the domain of knowledge as widely as he has travelled the countries of the globe. ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT does not laugh at this Peace Congress. There is no sneer in well-weighed words like these:—

"The general peace which our continent has now so long enjoyed, and the praiseworthy efforts of many Governments to avert the oft-threatening dangers of a general European war, prove that the ideas which so prominently occupy your minds are in accordance with the sentiments called forth and diffused by the increased culture of humanity. It is a useful enterprise to inspire such sentiments in the commonwealth by public conferences, and at the same time to point out the way through which wise and sincere Governments may, by fostering the progressive and legitimate development and perfectibility of free institutions, weaken the long accumulated elements of animosity."

Perhaps the grey-haired philosopher is laughing in his sleeve, or drivelling, when he tells the Peace Congress that,

"The whole history of the past shows that, under the protection of a superior power, a long-nourished yearning after a noble aim in the life of nations, will at length find its consummation."

Poor HUMBOLDT! Visionary Enthusiast! At *his* time of life, too; and a man who knows courts and countries, and science, and so on! It's amazing.—perfectly amazing!

But then he's a German,—and these Germans are *such* dreamers!

THE INTERESTING STORY.

First Ticket-Porter. "AND SO, YOU KNOW, THAT'S ALL I KNOWS ABOUT IT."

Second Ticket-Porter. "WELL! I DON'T KNOW AS EVER I KNOWED A MAN AS KNOWS AS MUCH AS YOU KNOWS!"

The Abode of Moonshine.

MR. GEORGE FREDERICK YOUNG, the Protectionist, writes a letter to the *Times* which is deserving of some little notice, on account of the date; namely:—

"National Association for the Protection of Industry and Capital throughout the British Empire, South Sea-House, London, August 26."

Protection and its domicile; inmate and dwelling, are well matched. The character which the place has acquired in connexion with the Monster Bubble, will lose nothing of notoriety by its present occupant. Than the South Sea-House, what edifice in Great Britain could be fitter for a Temple of Humbug?

THE RECRUITING DEPARTMENT.

A YOUNG man asked his governor for some money, as he wanted "to go out of town to recruit his health." "Recruit your health!" exclaimed the old Captain. "Well, then, Sir, here's a shilling—that's all we pay for recruiting in the army."

ART IS EXCEEDINGLY LONG, BUT LIFE VERY SHORT.

IF MR. BARRY is no quicker in being the Architect of his fortune than he is in being the Architect of the New Palace at Westminster, we are very much afraid that he will never live to see the completion of it!

THE GREATEST CHANNEL OF COMMUNICATION.—Since the Submarine Telegraph has been laid down, we may safely predict that the greatest channel of communication will soon be, the British Channel.

BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON.—THE BALL AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

HOW MR. JONES SLEPT THE NIGHT OF THE BALL, AND WHAT A DREADFUL NIGHTMARE HE SUFFERED.

NEXT MORNING, AT BREAKFAST, HE FEELS STRONGLY THAT THE DRAGOON'S CONDUCT MUST BE NOTICED.

HE SEIZES A PEN, AND DEMANDS (ON LETTER PAPER, AND IN A TREMULOUS HAND) AN "EXPLANATION, OR ELSE THE SATISFACTION THAT ONE GENT. HAS A RIGHT TO EXPECT FROM ANOTHER."

ROBINSON, THE FRIEND OF HIS BOSOM, CONSENTS TO "ACT" FOR HIM.

ROBINSON AND THE CAPTAIN. THE CAPTAIN HAS NO EXPLANATION TO GIVE BUT IS READY WITH EVERY SATISFACTION.

BROWN, INSPIRED WITH TERROR, STEPS ASIDE, AND BRIBES A BOY TO FETCH THE POLICE.

Scene—WIMBLEDON COMMON. *Subject*—JONES (WITH WHOM ARE BROWN AND ROBINSON) ABOUT TO RECEIVE "SATISFACTION." JONES IS TAKEN A LITTLE POORLY. PROBABLY HE IS FATIGUED WITH MUCH DANCING THE PREVIOUS NIGHT.

THE DUEL. THE CAPTAIN, NOT WISHING TO HURT JONES, FIRES IN THE AIR; BUT, STRANGE TO SAY, HIS PISTOL NOTWITHSTANDING "TAKES EFFECT" UPON THAT GENTLEMAN.

HORROR OF BROWN AND ROBINSON, AND PERPLEXITY OF THE CAPTAIN AND FRIEND, OVER THE BODY OF JONES.

GRAND TABLEAU! ARRIVAL OF THE POLICE. RECOVERY OF JONES, AND SEIZURE OF THE PARTIES BY THE ARM OF THE LAW!

Printed by William Bradbury, of No13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars in the City of London, and published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14th, 1850.

Sharp (but vulgar) little Boy. "HALLO, MISSUS, WOT ARE THOSE?"
Old Woman. "TWOPENCE."
Boy. "WHAT A LIE! THEY 'RE APPLES."
[*Exit, whistling popular air.*

THE LION HUNTRESS OF BELGRAVIA.

Being LADY NIMROD'S *Journal of the past Season.*

AMONG the most considerable lions who have figured in my menagerie, I may mention BOBBACHY BAHAWDER, the Prince of Delhi, who came over on a confidential mission, from His Imperial Majesty the EMPEROR AURUNGZEBE, their august sovereign and master. No *soirée* was for some time complete without the Bobbachy. Of all the Orientals who have visited our shores, it was agreed that he was the most witty, interesting, and accomplished; he travelled with a small suite of Hookabadars, Kitmeltgars, and Lascars; and the sensation was prodigious which was occasioned by the intelligence, that the distinguished Envoy had it in command from his imperial master, to choose out from among the beauties of Britain a young lady who would not object to become EMPRESS OF DELHI in place of the late lamented wife of the sovereign, for whose loss His Majesty was inconsolable. It was only after he had been for some time in the country that this the real object of his mission transpired: for, for some time, the Bobbachy lived in the most private manner, and he was not even presented at Court, nor asked to a turtle dinner by the East India Company. In fact, some of the authorities of Leadenhall Street said that the Bobbachy was no more an Ambassador than you or I, and hinted he was an impostor; but his Excellency's friends knew better, and that there are differences of such a serious nature between the East India Company and the Delhi Emperor, that it was to the interest of the Leadenhall Street potentates to ignore the Bobbachy, and throw all the discredit which they could upon the Envoy of the great, widowed, and injured sovereign.

LADY LYNX took this line, and would not receive him; but the manner in which her ladyship is *liée* with some of those odious Directors, and the way in which she begs, borrows, and as *I* believe, sells the cadetships and writerships which she gets from them, is very well known. She did everything malice and envy could suggest, to bring this eminent Asiatic into disrepute; she said he was not a Prince, or an Envoy at all, or anything but a merchant in his own country: but as she always tries to sneer at my lions, and to pooh-pooh my parties, and as I was one of the first to welcome the distinguished Bobbachy to this country, the very ill-will and envy of LADY LYNX only made me the more confident of the quality of this remarkable person, and I do not blush to own that I was among the first to welcome him to our shores. I asked people to meet the Ambassador of the EMPEROR OF DELHI. That I own, and that he denied altogether that he was here in any such capacity; but if reasons of state prevented him from acknowledging his rank, that was no reason why we should not award it to him; and I was proud to have the chance of presenting his Excellency to society, in opposition to that stupid, uninteresting Hungarian General whom LADY LYNX brought out at the same time, and who, to the best of my belief, was an Irishman, out of Connaught, for he spoke English with a decided Connemara brogue.

When the Bobbachy first came to this country, he occupied humble lodgings in Jermyn Street, and lived at no expense, but happening to be staying at the Star and Garter at Richmond, where he one day came to dinner, I introduced myself to him in the hotel gardens; said I was the LADY NIMROD, one of the chiefs of English society, of whom perhaps he had heard, and that I should be glad to do anything in my power to make the metropolis welcome for him, and introduce him into the best company. He put both his hands before him on his breast, as if he was going to swim at me, MR. GRIMSTONE said, and made me a most elegant bow: answering in very good English that my humble name and the reputation of my parties had often formed the subject of conversation at the Court of Delhi and throughout the East, and that it was a white day in his life in which he had the delight to see the countenance of one who was so illustrious for beauty, as he was pleased to say I was. "Ah!" he often said afterwards, "why has Fate disposed so early of such a lovely creature? What a lucky individual is he (meaning NIMROD) who possesses such a pearl! It is fit to be worn in an Emperor's turban, and I must not speak about you to my master or show your portrait to him unless I can take you to him; for he will certainly, when I get back to Delhi, chop my head off from rage and disappointment at my returning home without you?

This speech, though Oriental, at least shows he was well-bred. As for my marrying the Emperor, that is out of the question, for NIMROD is alive in the country, and we have no means of pursuing your Oriental practices of bow-stringing here. I told the Bobbachy at once that the Emperor must never think of me, must never be spoken to about me, and that I must live and die an English, not an Indian lady. But this was in aftertimes, and when we grew more intimate together. Meanwhile it gave me great pleasure in introducing into the world this amiable and polite exotic.

At first, as I have said, he lived in a very humble and retired manner in Jermyn Street, when I called upon him in my carriage with my footmen. The door was opened by a maid of all-work: who told us with wonder that "the Injan gent," as she called him, lived on the second floor. I toiled up to his apartment (how different to the splendid halls and alabaster pillars and sparkling fountains of the palaces of his native East!) and there found His Excellency on a horse-hair sofa, smoking his hookah. I insisted upon taking him a drive into the park. It happened to be a fine day, and there was a throng of carriages, and most eyes were directed towards the noble stranger as he sate by my side in the carriage in a simple Oriental costume with a turban of red and gold. I would have taken the back seat, and have let him sit cross-legged, but I had MISS HIGGS, my companion, and FIDO on the back seat. I mentioned everywhere who he was, took him to the opera that night, and had him at my Wednesday, with a *petit dîner choisi* to meet him.

He had not been at Court as yet, nor with the East India Company, for the reasons I have stated; until the presents for HER MAJESTY, with which the *Burrumpooter* East Indiaman was loaded, had reached London—presents consisting of the most valuable diamonds, shawls, elephants, and other choice specimens of Oriental splendour—had arrived in the East India Docks, it was not etiquette for him to present himself before the sovereign of this country. Hence his quiet retreat in his Jermyn Street lodgings; and he laughed at the audacity of the landlord of the odious house. "Landlord," he said, "he think me rogue. Landlord he send me bill. Landlord he think BOBBACHY BAHAWDER not pay. Stop till *Burrumpooter* come, then see whether landlord not go down on his knee before the Emperor's Ambassador." Indeed His Excellency had arrived with only two attendants, by the steamer and the overland route, leaving the bulk of his suite and the invaluable baggage to follow in the *Burrumpooter*.

He was a fine judge of diamonds and shawls, of course, and very curious about the jewellers and shawl merchants of London. I took him in my carriage to one or two of our principal tradesmen; but there was very little which he admired, having seen much finer brilliants and shawls in his own romantic land.

When he saw my house he was delighted and surprised. He said he thought all houses in London like that lodging in Jermyn Street,—all sofas black, all sky black; why his dam secretary take him to that black hole? Landlord—dam secretary's uncle—charge him hundred pound month for that lodging. I represented how atrociously His Excellency had been imposed upon, and that if he intended to receive company, he should certainly transport himself to better apartments. It is wonderful how these simple foreigners are imposed upon by our grasping countrymen!

The Bobbachy took my advice, and removed to handsome rooms at Green's Hotel, where he engaged a larger suite, and began to give entertainments more befitting his rank. He brought a native cook, who prepared the most delicious curries, pillaws, and Indian dishes, which really made one cry—they were so hot with pepper. He gradually got about him a number of the most distinguished people, and, thanks to my introduction and his own elegant and captivating manners, was received at many of our best houses; and when the real object of his mission came out (which he revealed to me in confidence), that he was anxious to select a lady for the vacant throne of Delhi, it was wonderful how popular he became, and how anxious people were about him. The

portrait of his imperial master, the Emperor, seated on a gold throne, was hung up in his principal drawing-room; and though a vile daub, as most people said, especially that envious GRIMSTONE, who said he must have bought it of some Strand limner for a guinea—yet what can one expect from an Indian artist? and the picture represented a handsome young man, with a sweet black beard, a thin waist, and a necklace of diamonds worth millions and billions of rupees.

If the young ladies and mammas of London flocked to see this picture, you may imagine how eager the mammas and young ladies were to show their own beauties! Everybody read up about Delhi, and was so anxious to know about it from His Excellency! MRS. CRAMLEY, hearing that the Orientals like stout ladies, sent to Scotland for that enormous MISS CRAMLEY, who is obliged to live in seclusion on account of her size, and who really would do for a show; old LADY GLUM said if she allowed her daughter to make such a marriage, it would be with the fervent hope of converting the Emperor and all India with him; little MISS COCKSHAW was anxious to know if the widows were burned still at Delhi. I don't know how many women didn't ask His Excellency when this news was made public, and my lion was nearly torn to pieces. It was "BOBBACHY BAHAWDER and suite," "HIS EXCELLENCY BOBBACHY BAHAWDER," "HIS EXCELLENCY PRINCE BOBBACHY BAHAWDER," everywhere now, his name in all the newspapers, and who should be most eager to receive him.

The number of pictures of young ladies of rank which my friend received from all parts of the country, would have formed a series of books of beauty. There came portraits from Belgravia—portraits from Tyburnia—portraits from the country; portraits even from Bloomsbury and the city, when the news was made public of the nature of His Excellency's mission. Such wicked deceptive portraits they sent up too! Old MISS CRUICKSHANKS had herself painted like a sylph or an opera dancer; MRS. BIBB, who is five-and-forty if she 's a day old, went to a great expense, and had a fashionable painter to draw her in a crop and a pinafore, like a school-girl. Fathers brought their children to walk up and down before His Excellency's hotel, and some bribed His Excellency's secretary to be allowed to wait in the ante-room until he should pass out from breakfast. That LADY LYNX said that the only ready money which the mission got was from these bribes, and the pictures, I must confess, were sold upon the Minister's withdrawal from this country.

A sudden revolution at the Court of Delhi occurred, as is very well known, in May last, and the news of his recall was brought to my excellent friend. The demand for his return was so peremptory, that he was obliged to quit England at a moment's notice, and departed with his secretary only, and before he had even had time to take leave of me, his most attached friend.

A lamentable accident must have happened to the *Burrumpooter* Indiaman, with the diamonds and elephants on board, for the unfortunate ship has never reached England, and I daresay has sunk with all on board.

But that is no reason for the slander of ill-natured people, who want to make the world believe that there never was such a ship as the *Burrumpooter* at all; and that the Bobbachy and his secretary were a couple of rogues in league together, who never had a penny, and never would have made their way in society but for my introduction. How am I to know the pedigrees of Indian Princes, and the manners of one blackamoor from another? If I introduced the Bobbachy, I 'm sure other people have introduced other dark-complexioned people; and, as for the impudence of those tradesmen who want me to pay his bills, and of MR. GREEN, of the hotel, who says he never had a shilling of His Excellency's money, I 've no words to speak of it.

Besides, I don't believe he has defrauded anybody: and when the differences at the Court of Delhi are adjusted, I 've little doubt but that he will send the paltry few thousand pounds he owes here, and perhaps come back to renew the negotiations for the marriage of his imperial master.

An Expensive Game of Marbles.

JOHN BULL is again engaged in a ruinous game of marbles with the Great Marble Arch, by which he has already lost so much, in front of Buckingham Palace. Poor JOHN is called upon once more to "knuckle down" to a very extravagant tune, for the removal of the Arch, and, even then, the material difficulty is to know what to do with the material. The reconstruction of the Arch will cost more than it is worth, and it has been suggested by an indignant economist, that it would be better to hand over the whole concern to the Arch-fiend, as the natural patron of an arch that has been productive of so much wasteful expenditure.

Another Conscience-Money Maniac.

THE *Times* announced the other day that—

"The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has received from 'Quere the sum of £25 for income-tax."

Quere?—Quære?—Is the name spelt properly? Isn't the unfortunate individual QUEER?

EARLY CLOSING OF GLEN TILT.

MERCY on us! The DUKE OF ATHOL is still resolved to shut up Glen Tilt. His Grace, it is said, loves perfect solitude, and cares not with the French poet to exclaim—

"But grant me still a friend in my retreat,
Whom I may whisper—Solitude is sweet."

His Grace—it is so whispered over the Border—has determined to turn Highland hermit; to let his beard, and particularly his nails, grow in reverence and thankfulness of the beneficence of Providence, that has made him a Duke and carved out for him, as we opine in trust only, so fair a slice of earth as Glen Tilt. How fortunate is it, that a DUKE OF ATHOL cannot hide the sun with his bonnet or tie up the winds of heaven in his garters as Lapland witches knot fair breezes in ropes. Could his Grace achieve such potency, we are afraid he would bargain for very dear penn'orths of sunshine to the farmer; and sell fair winds to the ruinous sacrifice of the merchant and sailor. Shut up Glen Tilt! That any mere man—so much doomed worm's-meat at some uncertain date, this very day, or this day twenty years—should have the audacity to put his private mark upon so grand a piece of God's work, making the intensity of human selfishness the best human enjoyment! To such a man the glory of the heavens and the bounty of the earth should be as a reproach; softening and shaming him into justice and gentleness towards his fellow-creatures. Shut up Glen Tilt! And no doubt the man says his daily prayers, giving glib utterance to those solemn syllables that speak of forgiveness of trespasses. Shut up Glen Tilt! Spirit of a departed turnkey, thou hast transmigrated into the carcase of a Scotch Duke!

PUNCH'S NOTES AND QUERIES.

As Michaelmas Day is at hand, perhaps some of our readers will let us know whether the "goose look" mentioned in SHAKSPEARE was in the eye, or the nose, or whether it was a peculiar feature of the times. Sympathetic cures used to be much in vogue, but we cannot undertake to answer the query—though accompanied by a £10 note—of the individual who wishes to know whether he can cure a pain in his side by curing a side of bacon.

We have heard that eating snakes was formerly reputed a good method of growing young. We can recommend something that would be perhaps quite as efficacious, and a little less nauseous possibly, than eating a snake, namely, to swallow some of the Serpent-ine.

The practice of using manuscripts and unsaleable printed works for the lining of trunks doubtless had its origin in the superstition, that the excessive dryness of the matter would keep the water out. There may be something in this idea, for the substances in question are quite incapable of absorbing anybody or anything.

The Irish-American Sea Serpent.

THE Irish seem to be taking the American Sea Serpent "quite intirely" out of the hands of the Yankees. It is a difficult labour to imagine an Irish-American Sea Serpent. The only picture we can draw of him is with a short pipe in his mouth, brandishing a shillelagh with one of his fins, shouting out, "Will any jintleman just tread upon my tail?"

ENGLISH LOCUSTS.

In the East they have armies of locusts that quite darken the sun. In England, we have no locusts, but we have tax-gatherers; for it is doubtful if anything could block out the light more effectually than the Window Tax.

QUESTION FOR BARON ROTHSCHILD. To be asked at the next London election *apropos* of HAYNAU.—"Who 's your friend?"

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE'S ANNUITY.

THE *Times* calls attention to the fact—the melancholy fact to long-suffering Englishmen, with the prospect of a renewed income-tax—that "the first quarter's payment of the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE'S annuity of £12,000 will become payable on the 10th of next month." His Royal Highness will then touch £3000! There is, however, a glimmer of hope among the gold coin—it is this: "the annuity is to cease should the Duke become the sovereign of any foreign state." On these terms, should Hanover, or any newly-created kingdom, want a sovereign, we are prepared, at a minute's notice, to supply a potentate for nothing.

This first quarter's payment of £3000 should, however, be commemorated in some way. Will not the Duke's tradesmen dine together in honour of the event? They might, moreover, enlarge the mahogany on the occasion, for the accommodation of those disinterested chairmen and secretaries of the Good Cambridge Testimonial, whose charity is whetted by ambition, and whose names are to be engraved upon the monumental pillar—a Pillar of Real Smoke, we take it—erected to the memory of the late good-natured chairman and amiable diner-out.

Any way, the tradesmen *must* illuminate. And what fitter, what more significant blaze than the numerals in coloured lamps? As thus:—

G. C.

£12,000!

The notion suggests a pleasant mode of divination, by which—if we may imagine a sympathy of whale oil with ducal worth—we might arrive at the real yearly value of his Royal Highness. As thus: if every lamp burnt steadily—the whole

£12,000

going out together—we might accept the consentaneous extinction as illustrative of the fact that the Duke was worth the £12,000, to end only with his life, and not a figure less. But supposing that the £12,000 burnt as thus:

£ 2,000

Or thus— **£12,00**

Or thus— **£1 00**

Or even, yes, even thus— **£ 0**

The gradual subtraction of sum by the extinction of figure or cypher might, in the bosoms of the superstitious, patriotically tender towards our monetary institutions, indicate a probable deduction as the years of His Royal Highness waned, flickered, and went out in smoke. Be this as it may, let us by all means have the

£12,000

—exchequer cherubim in burning row, testifying to Englishmen the cost of royal cousins and the pliancy of Whigs. And, whereas, in England the human animal is only made by money, so let an appropriate motto set forth the characteristic creation of His Royal Highness. "The child is father of the man," says the poet. Very well,

"The Cash is Maker of the Duke,"

says *Punch*. Loyal and illuminating public, get ready your lamps and whale oil for the glorious 10th!

"Turn on, Old Thames."

IT has generally been considered that married couples only are capable of leading "a cat and dog life," but we know an instance of a single old gentleman in London—we mean poor old Father Thames—who leads a "cat and dog life" in the most literal sense of the term, as a walk by the side of his bed will amply testify.

SILENCE, PRAY, SILENCE FOR A PUN.

IN return for the present of a sword belonging to "the Emperor," GENERAL NARVAEZ has given LOUIS NAPOLEON a sword belonging to FERNANDO CORTEZ. The Spanish officer could not have performed towards the French President a nicer act of Cortez-y

Protectionist Pluck.

BY a Restricted Trade contemporary it is stated that MR. T. W. BOOKER, "an unflinching Protectionist," has come forward to supply the vacancy in the representation of Herefordshire. Why is a thorough-going Protectionist always called "unflinching?" Is it because he shows himself to be insensible to the most striking facts?

THE EARLY CLOSING SHOPKEEPER TO HIS CUSTOMER.

I AM a linen-draper bold,
(Please to walk this way, Ma'am.)
I don't fear being undersold:
(What next shall we say, Ma'am?)
My shopmen there—those spruce young beaux,—
Require, I know, their due repose;
And so at eight each night we close:
(Any other article to-day, Ma'am?)
I won't destroy my young men's health,
(Warranted to last, Ma'am.)
Careless of all but getting wealth,
(Colour very fast, Ma'am.)
No one in hot close air was meant
Till nearly midnight to be pent;
Nor shall in this establishment:
(That cannot be surpass'd, Ma'am.)
Consumption here we don't allow,
(Very lovely chintz, Ma'am.)
If we can help it anyhow:
(Recommend these prints, Ma'am.)
No mealy cheek, no hollow eye,
Behind my counter, Ma'am, have I;
Closing at eight 's the reason why:
(All the most fashionable tints, Ma'am.)
Thus, likewise, to improve the mind,
(Reasonable too, Ma'am.)
A little time my shopmen find:
(Not too deep a blue, Ma'am.)
I find this answer in the end;
They look upon me as a friend,
And I can on the lads depend:
(Thank you, Ma'am—I 'm much obliged to *you*, Ma'am.)
Now I know you 'll be so kind
(Wish to see that shawl, Ma'am?)
As to let me speak my mind:
(Trouble?—not at all, Ma'am.)
The good that might be done 's unknown,
Would ladies deal with those alone
Whose shops close early—like our own—
(Early closing—hope an early call, Ma'am.)

A MILITARY PLURALIST.

F. M. THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON has accepted the office of Ranger of the Parks—a post which, to our ears, smacks exceedingly of beadledom. We know that the abilities of His Grace have comprehended a very wide range, but the part of Ranger is, at his time of life, rather onerous, for if its duties are performed in person, we shall be occasionally startled by a situation something like that of the disguised Beefeater in SHERIDAN'S *Critic*, for when we are taking a quiet stroll by the Serpentine, we shall perhaps have one of the park-keepers throwing back his gold-laced collar, and standing revealed before us as the hero of Waterloo.

We should have thought that the hand so long familiar with the Field Marshal's *bâton* would have found it rather *infra dig.* to begin grasping the beadle's staff, and the voice once accustomed to command in the field, to persuade in the Senate, and advise in the Council, must be rather ingloriously occupied in exclaiming, "Hallo! come off the grass," or in murmuring, "Come, come, this is not allowed," to some idle infant, listlessly pitching pebbles into the Serpentine. There seems to us something like bathos in the "hero of a hundred fights" coming down to be the Ranger of half a hundred gravel walks, and Inspector-General of park-palings.

Fortunately, the British "Boy" is an animal that is easily alarmed at the very appearance of a park-keeper, who has only to shake his staff to create a perfect panic in the juvenile breast; and, therefore, it is not probable that any park-keeper will find himself compelled to give chase to a turbulent urchin who will cut his name upon a tree, or indulge in any other freak that it is the office of a Ranger to guard against.

The Duke, in addition to his other duties, will, of course, have to regulate the cake and apple-stalls in the various parks, and control the curds-and-whey tariff, for His Grace has the reputation of attending to small things as well as great, when it is his duty so to do, and the public may, therefore, eat its ha'p'orth of gingerbread, quaff its milky coagulated matter, and discuss its spice nut with the fullest confidence in such illustrious Rangership.

A COCKNEY'S EXCLAMATION, UPON SEEING THE CELEBRATED HEIDELBERG TON.—"Well, it is (S)ton-ning!"

MR. BRIGGS THINKS OF RUNNING DOWN THE DAY AFTER TO-MORROW TO HIS FRIEND HAYCOCK FOR A DAY'S SHOOTING, AND HAS BORROWED A DOG TO GO WITH HIM. FOR THE NINTH TIME DURING THE NIGHT HE HAS BEEN DISTURBED BY THE HOWLING OF THE ANIMAL.

War with Austria!

[*By Punch's Own* ELECTRIC *Telegraph.*]

Punch Office, at the last moment before going to Press.

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, with a gush of new affection towards GENERAL HAYNAU, has ordered his Ambassador at the Court of St. James's to demand his passports, unless ALL the draymen of BARCLAY AND PERKINS'S are sent in chains by special train to Vienna.

At this hurried minute we can scarcely conjecture what will be the result, but it is believed (by the *Morning Chronicle*) that LORD PALMERSTON will refuse to give up the draymen; but as a mark of regretful respect—half-sympathy, half-apology—will offer the effigy of a drayman, with a real whip and an unexceptionable brewer's nightcap!

MR. BRIGGS NO SOONER RETURNS TO HIS BED, THAN MRS. BRIGGS SAYS, "MY DEAR! THERE 'S THAT NASTY, TIRESOME DOG AGAIN!!"

Tale of an Emigrant Tub.

SUCH is the force of enthusiasm occasionally in the female mind, that our laundress, who has washed—but not quite done—for us during the last ten years, has packed up all her washing apparatus, including a stiffish quantity of starch, with the intention of proceeding to California, where she purposes advertising for a few families' gold-washing. She has laid out the whole of her capital in her outfit, and will arrive without a halfpenny, so that the foolish woman, when she steps on shore, in the character of a washerwoman, will not have a copper to bless herself.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

A DEAL of money sometimes; for just take a passport to the Foreign Office, and you will find that you are charged £2 7*s.* 0*d.*, merely for putting the name of LORD PALMERSTON upon it.

Mawworm Redivivus.

AN advertisement emanating from a Society conspiring against the convenience of the public at 14, Chatham Place, proclaims that "a great struggle" is about to be made "for the cessation of all postal labour" on the Sunday. This is a warning to every rational Englishman to be at his post—unless he wishes it to be seized upon again by the Sabbatarians.

A VERY DEEP TRAP.

THE opinion entertained by the more intelligent class of fishes with regard to the Submarine Telegraph is that we are laying down wires for the purpose of catching the American Sea Serpent.

A Meteorological Phenomenon.

IT is a very curious coincidence which has been observed to occur, with almost unerring accuracy, amongst meteorological phenomena—more especially that branch arising from the difficult process of "Raising the Wind"—that, if a man has accepted a bill, he is pretty sure to evaporate on the very same day that his bill becomes *dew*.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S ELOQUENCE.—It may be remarked that in all his speeches during his tours in the departments the President of the French Republic manages to bring in the name of the Emperor. This characteristic of LOUIS NAPOLEON'S eloquence is natural enough, for whenever he begins to *spout*, he, of course, thinks of his *uncle*.

THE PEACE CONGRESS AT CHERBOURG.

BARCLAY AND PERKINS'S DRAYMEN TO PUNCH.

PUNCH,—FEELING, that as one of BARCLAY AND PERKINS'S Draymen, a Firm which I always considered the brightest jewel in Her Majesty's Crown, and the strongest bit of Her Majesty's sceptre, and the best piece of the golden ball—(all of which, God bless her! I myself see her with on the day of her Crownation)—feeling that our Firm is all this, and a pot to come in, in the Constitution of England—for who knows how much of the sinews of the country is got out of pewter, and how much of its sense from the Head atop of it—I say, feeling all this, and moreover feeling that the Eyes of the World, like so many burning-glasses, is upon us—I take up my Pen to write you our sentiments, as men, as Englishmen, and as BARCLAY AND PERKINS'S Draymen, about this little brush with the Friend of BARON ROTHSCHILD, M.P., with nothing as yet to sit down upon; and after what has happened, if he goes to the Poll again, I should say, with certainly not a leg to stand upon.

And First to Begin with. We—BARCLAY AND PERKINS'S Draymen—won't hear of what is called a Testimonial. What we've done, we could no more help doing than if a steam-engine of 1000 Horse-guard power had druv us to, and we won't be silvered or gilt a bit for it. I am emboldened to say this at once, because we've heard that we're all to have a silver tankard a-piece made in the shape of a wild beast—a HYENAU on his hind legs, with precious blood-coloured stones for eyes—which we at once deny, and refuse, being content with a rewarding conscience and humble pewter.

Sir, I am chose as a humble 'dividual (you will with your 'customed liberality excuse and touch up bad spelling), to set our case before the world. Sir, we've been blamed for pelting a Gen'ral Butcher with grains. Permit me to ask, if there isn't worse pelting than what comes out of a brewery? What's grains to ink? And, Sir, there's been so much of it flung at us, that if it could only have stuck, our wives and families wouldn't have knowd us.

First, we, BARCLAY AND PERKINS'S Draymen, are rebels and damycrats. Sir, do you remember a certain 10th of April, when BARCLAY AND PERKINS'S Draymen all went and turned themselves into specials, and had the thanks of the Government, with LORD JOHN RUSSELL ready—(only we wouldn't trouble him)—to come down on the 11th, to the Brewery, and shake hands with every one of us? We wasn't rebels then—but reg'lar bricks!

Second.—It was a plan brewed, and bottled to attack the red-coat butcher. I repeat, what we did, we couldn't help doing. Afore we knowd that HAYNAU was in the Brewery, we knowd that something was wrong. *Mr. Punch*, we felt it about us, just as you feel there's thunder and lightning at hand—we felt, just as my poor old grandmother couldn't abide a cat, and was all in a fume and a fidget, with her blood simmering, if even so much as a blind kitten was shut up in a cupboard, though she didn't see it. I can't account for it, no more than I can tell why the 'lectric fluid carries a message through the bottom of the sea, without being put out. All I knowed, is, there was a kind of 'lectric fluid went through every drayman's heart—(and he ought to be ashamed to look a honest horse in the face again, if it hadn't been so)—and what we did, we couldn't help.

Mind you, if it was to be put to us in cold blood to plan a licking of the sort, we wouldn't do it. No; we should have time to think of the matter—time to get up contempt—but contempt, Sir, though I'm no scholar, as you see, is a thing not at hand on a sudden notice. No, Sir, contempt, I take it, is red-hot passion grown cold. Bless your heart! *Mr. Punch*, if HAYNAU could only come among us once more, he'd find we'd now contempt as cold—yes, cold as the corpses made by his own bullets.

And then, as for trying to kill the Man-Cat that clawed poor naked women, we never dreamed of it. All we wanted was to disgrace him. There he was in the eyes of all of us one bit of muddy blood—and we flung dirt at him. He had burnt houses by hundreds, with the poor souls in 'em,—and what did we do? Why, we just give him a taste of the cinder-bin. But, then, HAYNAU was such an old man! When he flogged the poor lady, whose husband shot himself, I do persume he was no chicken. An old man! Well, if you want to make the Devil uglier than he is, clap a wig of white hairs upon him,—that's *my* thought!

And then as for cutting off the Tyger's beard,—why, *Mr. Punch*, do you know what it was tried for? Just to sell locks of it to those very fine folks who'd like to carry a remembrance of "the brave old man,"—as I've seen the monster writ down,—all of 'em, I'm bound, willing to pay a handsome price for the relict. For my part, I'm sorry we missed the beard. At only twenty shillings a hair, it would have made a tol'rable sum for the English Hungarians—that is, if they'd have pison'd their hands with a farthing of it.

I'm sorry, too, we throw'd the Tyger his hat—sorry that he got off with his rags of clothes. They'd have been worth any money to MADAME TUSSAUD, to stand aside RUSH in the Chamber of Horrors. Howsomever, I understand the whole thing's to be done in a painted Panoramy; beginning with the Dropping of the Truss of Straw—the Hustling—the Flight along Bankside—the Hiding in the George Public-house—with the Retreat to the Dust-bin—the Police Delivery—the Taking Water at the Bankside—and View of Bedroom at Morley's Hotel, with HAYNAU a Drinking Hot Brandy-and-Water between the Blankets. The whole to conclude with the Departure of the Tyger from England in a suit of clothes handsomely sent to Him by BARON ROTHSCHILD, with affectionate Wishes for the Journey. All BARCLAY AND PERKINS'S Draymen have promised to sit for their Picturs bigger than life. Wouldn't it make a lovely show, framed and glazed for 1851?

As for the Visitors' Book, where HAYNAU'S name was writ, there's a great fear it's quite spiled. They tried to scratch HAYNAU—(which, though writ with black ink, turned as red as blood)—out of the page; but it sunk through and through, as if the letters had been changed into red-hot iron; and though I don't know how many leaves have been torn away, and how many quarts of vinegar have been laid out,—the whole book smells, as one of our old porters says who was at Waterloo, like a bit of carnage three days arterwards.

And now, *Mr. Punch*, I shall lay down my bit of iron. I only wish to repeat that we want no reward for what we've done—no HYENAU mug—no silver warming-pan for our wives—no corals and bells for our babbies. What we did, we couldn't help doing—it was a bit of wholesome indignation that's done us good; and so, *Mr. Punch*, feeling that virtue is its own reward, whether in silver or in ha'pence,

I remain your Constant Reader and (for the body of us)
BARCLAY AND PERKINS'S DRAYMAN.

P.S. Some of the gents of the Press call for the treadmill for the ruffians (meaning us) that thrashed the Tyger-Cat. Very well. Praps, *Mr. Punch*, GENERAL HYENA HAYNAU would like to come to the Brewery again just to 'dentify us?

FEATHERED CHORISTERS FOR CANTERBURY.

THE natural historian will learn with interest that an extraordinary migration of the feathered race will take place this year. Besides the nightingales, swallows, cuckoos, and all the other regular birds of passage, a large flight of goldfinches, chaffinches, greenfinches, bullfinches, yellow-hammers, linnets, robin-redbreasts, wrens, larks, thrushes, blackbirds, tom-tits, water-wagtails, and hedge-sparrows, will take their departure from these shores. This pretty warbling quire will join the Canterbury pilgrimage, in addition, we presume, to the surpliced choristers who will be necessary to complete the character of that shovel-hat exodus. Our *Examiner* says, that

"The emigrant vessels for Canterbury, in New Zealand, not only carry out houses, and every necessary for domestic comfort on landing, but every variety of English singing-bird, which, on landing, the colonists will release, in order that they may propagate."

Together with their singing-birds, the Canterbury emigrants should not forget to carry out a sufficient number of those truly ecclesiastical birds, jackdaws and owls. Their ornithological exports will include a great many geese, of course; for such must be the case with people who are going to pay three pounds an acre for land when they might get it for one, all because they will be tied to a Bishop's apron-string.

Alarming Prodigy.

THE *Scotsman* relates that one of the lionesses in WOMBWELL'S Royal Menagerie has given birth to two fine cubs, "and, strange to say," adds our Caledonian contemporary, "they are pure white." We are not superstitious, but we cannot help regarding this circumstance as very portentous. Wherever a White Lion has appeared hitherto, it has always been a sign to the Public (house).

A LINE BY THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.—The form of Government most wanted in France just now is THE EMPIRE of Reason.

SAGACITY OF THE DOG.

COST OF OUR CONSULAR ESTABLISHMENTS.

We are told by Lord Palmerston that we ought to pay Ambassadors ten thousand a year, that they may be enabled to invite a few tip-top travellers to dinner now and then, though we confess that, as ordinary voyagers, we do not very highly appreciate this sort of Barmecidal hospitality. When we pay five francs for a passport fee, or contribute our share to the estimates required for diplomatic purposes, we feel no satisfaction in knowing that Lord Tom Noddy may have dined at the Ambassador's table once in his life, though we have got nothing for our money.

The sort of consulship we really derive benefit from is that at Folkstone, where His Excellency Mr. Consul Falkner, if he does not ask us to dine, will enable us to get our dinner at an hotel, while he courteously and economically gets our luggage through the Custom-house. We should not object so much to the salaries of our Ambassadors and Consuls if they would really perform some kind of service for us, and were not above meeting us, either in person or by deputy, at the different *douanes* to assist us in passing our luggage.

John Bull never grudges money for valuable services, and it might perhaps be worth while to ascertain whether the cost of some of our very expensive missions might not be curtailed in the way we have hinted at.

THE COURT THAT IS ALWAYS ADJOURNING.

The Commissioners of Sewers are always adjourning. The only object of their meeting seems to be instantly to adjourn.

We have known them to adjourn four times at one meeting, and it is considered a very fair day's business if the Court only adjourns twice.

On the occasion when we had business—a little business which involved the draining of a very unhealthy district of a crowded population of 6000 poor people, amongst whom fever was then raging, and which business had already been adjourned from two previous meetings—there were only three Commissioners present.

It seems that six Commissioners must be in the room to "make a Court," and as there are rarely more than four or five who attend, the reader may, perhaps, be able to form a shrewd guess how it is that the Court is always adjourning.

The Chairman began the proceedings as usual, by adjourning the meeting for half an hour.

During that half an hour a messenger was sent off to a Commissioner who lived in Russell Square, begging his immediate attendance.

The answer brought back was that the Commissioner "had gone to Margate."

The Chairman "regretted the delay exceedingly, but, under the circumstances, he had no other remedy than to adjourn the Court for another half an hour."

A Bald-Headed Commissioner remarked, that perhaps it would be better to send off three messengers at once, instead of merely one at a time.

The Chairman thanked the Hon. Captain for his admirable suggestion, which, he fully agreed with him, would save time; and instructions were given accordingly.

The Clerk observed, that it would be impossible to do it in so short a space of time, as one of the Commissioners lived in the Minories.

The Chairman said he had but one duty to perform, and that would be to adjourn the Court for one hour, instead of half an hour.

At the expiration of the hour, it was discovered that two Commissioners had answered to the invitation. This occasioned an unusual stir in the Court, and the Chairman was about to proceed to business, when a voice exclaimed, "We are only five!"

"It's perfectly true—I'm very much obliged to you," said the gentlemanly Chairman, bowing—"I'm very sorry, but, at this period of the year, it is very difficult to get gentlemen to attend. However, we will try once more. We will adjourn the Court for another half an hour, and that will give us plenty of time to send to two more Commissioners, one of whom I know is in town."

The Court was once more adjourned, and two messengers were once more despatched in two cabs. By-the-bye, the running account for cabs must, at the end of the year, form no inconsiderable item in the general expenses of the Court of Sewers, for the only public business transacted seems to be in rushing about in cabs. The Metropolitan cabmen must feel especially thankful to a Court that patronises them so largely.

A bountiful supply of newspapers helped to wile away the tedious hour. Those Commissioners, who did not read, wrote notes, and, from the quantity of letters which during the many pauses we saw written, we are inclined to believe that every Commissioner must reserve his correspondence "for a sewer day," so that he may have something to occupy himself with whilst the Court is doing nothing.

At last the two messengers arrived, but no Commissioner! One was at Baden-Baden, and the other had taken his family to Cremorne, to see a balloon ascent.

It was now half-past two o'clock. Gentlemen began to look at their watches. The Chairman looked care-worn. The Clerk forgot himself so far as to yawn. The newspapers were lying on the floor, having been evidently read through and through, *Supplements* and all. The note paper was no longer touched. The Commissioners had left their seats, and were looking out of the window. The children playing in Soho Square seemed painfully to interest them, and from their long anxious faces, you would fancy they were so many unhappy culprits looking through their prison bars. The number of Commissioners never rose higher than five; at a quarter past three it had sunk to two, and the Chairman seeing, that if he remained much longer, he would probably be left alone with the Clerk, very wisely adjourned the Court. After a vote of thanks had been proposed to the Chairman "for his impartial conduct in the Chair," and unanimously carried, the meeting was adjourned to that day three months, when the Chairman "hoped six Commissioners at least would be present, and so prevent the necessity of any more adjournments, which really had been going on now infinitely too long."

To secure this desirable state of things, might we be allowed to suggest that perhaps it would be better to have *Paid Commissioners*, who would make it their duty to attend, instead of a Board of Gentlemen Commissioners, who, being *Unpaid*, make a favour of attending! The change, we are vain enough to believe, might be the cause of a little work being done, for we cannot help thinking that the present Gentlemen (if you can call Gentlemen present who never are so), are not working, but only *playing at Sewers!*

PATRONAGE OF THE DRAMA.

UNDOUBTEDLY this is too bad. No sooner does a man of ardent temperament evince an enthusiasm — a little oddly, to be sure, but then is it not the character of enthusiasm to be wild? — than the display is made a police matter, and bail is required against a repetition of the generous act. One EDWARD BISHOP is so struck by the truthful acting of MR. HIGGIE of the Victoria, in the *Mouse*, that he dedicates to the artist "a cauliflower of some magnitude." And for this patronage of the *trans-pontem* stage, the patron is ordered to find bail.

We advise MR. BISHOP to carry the matter into a higher court. Bouquets much bigger, and far less useful, than a cauliflower of some magnitude, are received in tokens of honour and distinction flung at tender warblers and fragile fays—yet HIGGIE rejects a cauliflower!

Had the cauliflower been thankfully received, on some future night an acknowledged heroine of domestic drama, betrayed and deserted, might have received the homage of a bunch of turnips; and the turnips received as every well-meant offering ought to be, patronage tangible and increasing might have succeeded. The turnips taken in good part, is it too much to believe that legs of mutton would have followed?

MR. BISHOP had, but disdained to make use of it, an excellent defence. The *Mouse*, it appears, is taken from the French; and MR. BISHOP thought a cauliflower ought to go with the cabbage.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN FRENCH AND ENGLISH BARRICADES.

THE French make their barricades of stones, and everything they can get hold of. If there is an omnibus or two on the top, so much the better; but their barricades rarely last more than two or three days.

We English make our barricades in a much more lasting manner. When we erect a barricade, it is a good one, and lasts sometimes for a month. It is much more dangerous, too, we think, than its Parisian brother. If you attempt to walk over it, the chances are that you will be precipitated down a yawning abyss some 20 feet underneath you, and, when you recover, that you may find yourself floating down the Thames. The paviours, and rival gas-men, take good care to make it as formidable as possible, so that all thoroughfare through the street shall be completely blocked up for weeks together. Communication between the opposite sides of the street is even cut off, and if two shop-keepers, who face each other, wish to exchange a word of compliment on business, they must do so through their second-floor windows, and make known their wants through the friendly medium of speaking trumpets. It is true that a middle path is always open to them across the road, and rather too open, for if they attempt to cross it, and meet half-way, they run the risk of topping over the narrow plank, and finishing their discussion at the bottom of the sewer, or else clinging on to a projecting gas-pipe, with their legs dancing midway in the black atmosphere, and pick-axes flying in all directions about their ears. This is a superior kind of barricade to the French species, and we are indebted to our gas and water companies, and our Commissioners of Sewers, for the vast improvement.

Another kind of barricade is not unfrequently produced by stones, and bricks and mortar. This is not attended with the same danger as the barricade that takes place right in the middle of the street, but still it is a great nuisance, and stops up the thoroughfare frequently for months. This sort of barricade is caused by building a new house, the scaffolding of which runs over the entire pavement, and overflows one half of the road. This nuisance is more applicable to public buildings, which are not renowned for the same rapid mushroom growth as private dwellings, but take their time about it. The National Gallery, the Nelson Column, and the whole of Trafalgar Square, was a standing proof of this for years; though if we were in want of a great illustration, we need not run through the scaffolding-poles of the past, when we have so prominently in view the ladders and wheelbarrows of the present. Look at the New Houses of Parliament, with what a sluggard's slowness they have been rising out of the bed of the river! In fact they are not "up" yet, and will not be properly dressed and finished, we will make any wager, for several years to come. They do not impede the public highway much, it is true, but still they stop the way of public business; for no wonder that ministers have sometimes such a difficulty in "making a House," when the architect will not make one for them. Taking the slowness of the building into consideration, and the delays and impediments of which it has been the prolific cause, we think we may safely point to the New Houses of Parliament as the greatest BARRY-CADE that has ever been erected in England.

SONG OF THE CAMBRIDGE DON.

COWLING, scowling down improvement—
COWLING, howling 'gainst all movement—
Pleader, leader in quirk and quiddity—
Speaker, weaker than av'rage stupidity—
That 's the man for St. John's and me,
That 's the man for the 'Varsity!

Jurist, surest opponent of law-reform—
Wrangler, strangler of ripe or raw reform—
Stander *super vias antiquas*,
Right or wrong, *æquas* or *iniquas*—
That 's the man for St. John's and me,
That 's the man for the 'Varsity!

Pig-headed, bigotted, heavy as lead—
Cyclop, with eye at the back of his head—
Staunch Protectionist—High-Church sectionist—
To new lights of all sorts pledged objectionist—
That 's the man for St. John's and me,
That 's the man for the 'Varsity!

ALARMING RAVAGES OF MICE IN THE PARKS.

THE Session being over, and politics in abeyance, in the present quiescent state of the dominions of her Majesty, our contemporaries are reduced to fly for intelligence to the vegetable and animal kingdoms. One of them, the other day, thought it necessary to call public attention to a desperate attack made by a sparrow-hawk on a goldfinch. Wonderful turnips make their appearance by cartloads, and a regular shooting season of stars has commenced in the columns of the journals. The sea-serpent has again shown himself, in spite of having been crushed by PROFESSOR OWEN, and continues to hold up his head at intervals, notwithstanding that there are six rifle-balls in it, fired by as many Irishmen, right through his eye. For our part—always prepared to comment on the topics of the day—we have an observation to make on the extraordinary ravages which certain Mice are committing in the Parks. The western extremity of St. James's Park is laid completely waste; the plantation which formerly flourished there having been destroyed as if by locusts. A large portion of the Green Park is disfigured by an inclosure of wood, which these insignificant but mischievous creatures have constructed to surround the Marble Arch, by way of hoarding, for much longer than the winter. The damage done by these animals in the Parks will cost from first to last, it is apprehended, at least £17,000 or £18,000.

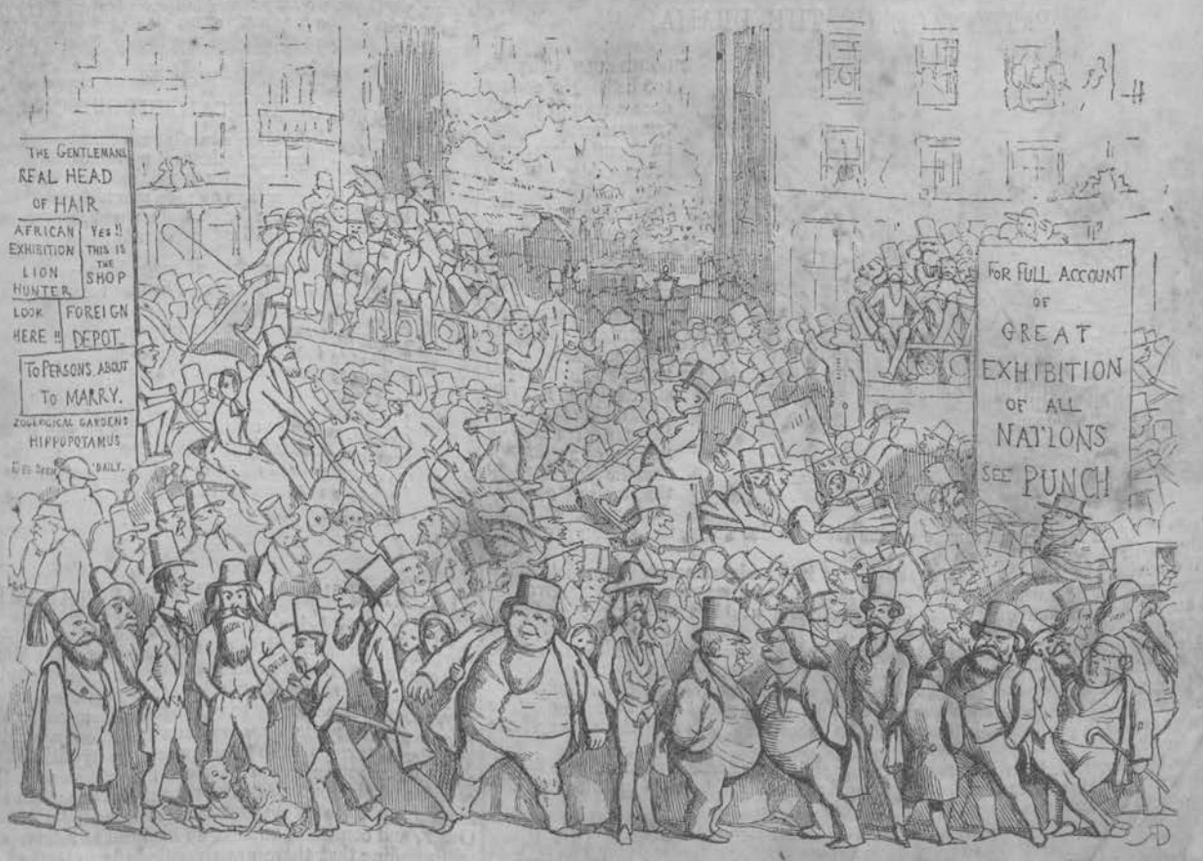
By a transition from Natural History to Moral Philosophy—and taking into account the circumstance of the sittings of Parliament being suspended, and MR. JOSEPH HUME, as well as the most influential persons of the metropolis, being out of town—we may remark that the conduct of these mice, which constitute the Woods and Forests variety of the mouse, only serves to exemplify the good old adage, that "when the cat is away the mice will play."

Tribute to Haynau.

"A LETTER from Vienna," says the *Morning Post*, "states that GENERAL BARON HAYNAU is to be immediately raised to the dignity of Field-Marshal." By giving HAYNAU a Field-Marshal's *bâton*, the Austrian Government will certainly show its gratitude towards him; but it would evince a more discerning sense of his services if it were to present him with a hangman's cat. Peradventure the *bâton* is meant to compensate the woman-whipper for that stick which he was obliged to cut the other day.

A QUESTION TO THE FRENCH.

Now, be candid, and tell the truth! Would you not be glad to part with all your change if you could but get a good Sovereign?


THE GENTLEMANS REAL HEAD OF HAIR
AFRICAN EXHIBITION
LION HUNTER
LOOK HERE !!
Yes !! THIS IS THE SHOP
FOREIGN DEPOT
TO PERSONS ABOUT TO MARRY.
ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS HIPPOPOTAMUS
FOR FULL ACCOUNT OF GREAT EXHIBITION OF ALL NATIONS SEE PUNCH

LONDON IN 1851.

THE STOCKS IN AID OF THE PULPIT.

We all know that secular and religious instruction ought to be united; indeed that the former is not worth a button, unless combined with the latter. Therefore everybody agrees that religion must be taught by all means. In the meantime nobody has succeeded hitherto in devising any means by which it may be taught effectually. The affections rather than the intellect have to be tutored—there is the difficulty. It is easy to cram the head with creeds: but how to inspire the heart with pious sentiments? Rejoice, all men, to know that this discovery—which, of course, infinitely beats the invention of the Electric Telegraph—has been made; and that, will it be believed? by some humble country magistrates whose very names are at present unknown. The *Lincolnshire Times* first announced it to the world in the subjoined unassuming paragraph, which we copy from the *Morning Post*, under a heading furnished, we suspect, by our oligarchical contemporary:—

"Salutary Punishment.—Gainsborough has been kept in a state of considerable excitement during the week, by the exhibition of a number of boys being placed in the stocks in the Market-place, for the crime of Sunday gaming. They were sentenced to be confined three hours each; two of them had their turn on Monday morning, between the hours of seven and one; others were confined on Wednesday and Thursday."

This is the way to teach the proper observance of the Sabbath, and, by parity of reason, religious knowledge at large. Rightly to direct the steps of youth—put their feet in the stocks. How beautifully simple! Whilst the philosophical preceptor is perplexing himself in the endeavour to soften callousness and enliven stupidity, so as to beget some sort of sensibility to celestial influences, the Gainsborough justices solve the problem in a trice by their converting apparatus. The annoyance of an uncomfortable position and the stimulus of banter must obviously produce the impression which the *Post* or the *Lincolnshire Times* calls "salutary;" in other words must dispose the mind of the patient to serious and contrite meditation. No doubt the stocks have convinced these boys of the wickedness of Sunday chuck-farthing; for it is not probable that they desecrated the day by *lansquenet*, or any other species of gambling equally high. This is the age of machinery; but here we have a mechanical instrument performing a spiritual function; the stocks superseding the preacher. The Gainsborough authorities must really send this ingenious instrument—their contrivance for the conversion of juvenile sinners—to the Exhibition of 1851, to be tried by all those who are willing to put their foot in it.

THE FRATERNAL DEMOCRATS.

When folks of choicest respectability and best education champion Haynau, as only the sanguinary tool—the material whip or sabre in the hand of Austria, and therefore ask for him the most charitable construction of the soldier's dastardly and bloody doings—they ought not to marvel when the unlearned humble give utterance to their exultation at the rough teaching of the executioner at the henceforth historical brewery of Barclay and Perkins. A few persons self-dubbed the Fraternal Democrats, have met to express their sympathy with the teacher draymen; but we should hope that, however the teachers may receive the meaning of goodwill, they will reject the mode in which such sympathy is expressed. One fraternal speaker declared his poignant regret that Haynau had not been boiled in a vat; another full of brotherly love was profoundly touched that the General had not been sent to the infernal regions to keep a place for his master. All this is very wrong—but when we find Austria supported in choicest leading articles written by scholars and gentlemen, are we to wonder at the strong Doric of costermongers, speaking in opposition?

As for the Fraternal Democrats, whence—after such homicidal aspirations—do they derive their fraternity? From Abel? Surely not; but from Abel's brother. We advise them straightway to drop the connection.

No doubt these men, in their way, admire Liberty; but we would as soon trust the mountain nymph to admiring satyrs, as resign Liberty to the brotherly love of the Fraternal Democrats.

ATTRACTION OF THE BOTTLE.

Some "bottle-nose whales" have been seen off Ireland. It is but fair to infer, then, that they were pointing their noses towards Cork.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—Saturday, September 21st, 1850.

THE REAL STATE OF THE CASE.

From the "Own Correspondent" of the "Wiener Zeitung."

ALL the facts of the conspiracy to which our beloved hero had lately well-nigh fallen a victim, have been traced to their source: and we can state from undisputed authority that the BARCLAY-PERKINSISH draymen were not in the slightest degree implicated in that nefarious transaction. Neither is it true that BARCLAY and PERKINS had engaged French or German brewers, as ill-informed accounts have averred, the English being brutally prejudiced in favour of their own method of brewing, and preferring that horrid compound of treacle and logwood, &c. (in which negroes are continually boiled), to the purer and thinner beverage of the continents of Europe.

And as the British beat their wives, and are encouraged by law to do so, zwar with a stick that is only finger-thick, it is not to be supposed that the correction of a female by the rod, as performed by the orders of the officers of His Imperial and Royal Majesty, in the ever-memorable-and-over-the-Hungarians-victorious campaign, should inspire any indignation in the Thames capital. The real truth has only lately, and in an irrefragable manner, come to light.

Spies or Government subordinates were set upon the dwelling of the Field Marshal so soon as His Excellency reached ——'s; nor of this can it complained be, as the practice is adopted universally in our own parental state. And it being ascertained that he was about to visit the BARCLAY-PERKINSISH Brewery, the enemies of this great man, who are the enemies of order and peace in Europe, determined this great peace-and-order-supporter to destroy.

Emissaries of the F—— O—— were despatched to Bankside to agitate the thousand workmen there; but these men, knowing nothing of foreign disputes, and careless whether FRAU VON MADERSBACH had or had not met with a treatment which is of daily occurrence in England, refused to listen to the instigations of the Minister of the F—— O——, and that spirit of mischief was left to work for himself.

Two hundred thousand barrels doppel X, two thousand tuns of "stout," two hundred fifty-two thousand "hocksheads" of "schweips," were ordered for the Court cellars from MESSRS. BARCLAY and PERKINS, and the price of the cerevisian supply £175,000, that instant paid by LORD P——, with a check at sight on the First Lord of the Treasury.

BARCLAY was made a Realm-Peer, under the title of Baron Swipington; his eldest son a Bishop; and his daughter a Maid of Honour.

PERKINS was created Knight of the Garter of the first class, and Colonel of the 10th Guard Regiment; his son was raised from the rank of Midshipmite, Marine-Officer of the 10th class, and made Admiral of the Blue; MRS. PERKINS was created Countess Tunbridge, —for PERKINS, pretending to be of the popular party, refuses any title but his own of simple baronet, which gives him his seat in the Unter-haus.

By these bribes to the chiefs, and by the promise that B—— Parliament's mitgliep for the grafschaft of Middlesex, would give the men and their families a white-bait "feed" at Greenwidge, the men of the BARCLAY and PERKINSISH establishment were withdrawn from the Brewery, and their places were supplied by the clerks of the F—— O——.

LORD P—, the Secretary for F—n Affairs, LORD E., the Under Secretary, each commanded a division. LORD P. wore a shovel-hat, which by Bishops and draymen is alone worn in Briton. LORD E. was in breeches of crimson plush, with the national boots called high-lows. HERR O. F. G. X., and the runners and officials of the office, were placed about the premises, along with the most athletic Members of the House of Commons, who support the desperate policy of the Foreign Minister.

When His Excellency the Baron appeared, the signal was given by the overthrowing of a grain-shovel full on his head, and then the attack took place whereof our papers have given an account only too faithful, and for which every subject of His Majesty the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA and KING OF HUNGARY will demand a bloody reparation. You may rely on this account as the only genuine one.

INTERPRETATION OF AMERICAN SENTIMENTS.

KOSSUTH in captivity—from which speedy liberation to him—writing to GENERAL CASS—calls that officer "a worthy interpreter of the generous sentiments of the great American people."

The brave Hungarian may not know, perhaps, that certain sentiments of the great American people require interpretation, and that of a very partial kind, to be understood as generous. Their notion of human flesh being—if black—"a species of property," bespeaks a sentiment rather short of generosity. The sentiments, too, which dictated their recent law, in regard to runaway slaves, need a clever interpreter to reconcile them with anything like nobility or magnanimity, except a magnanimous contempt of the Christian religion, and a noble disregard of common justice and humanity.

THE DUKE IN THE PARKS.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON has been appointed to the Rangership of the parks. For many years he has, by bronze proxy, and almost in primitive gardening attire, held Rangership of Hyde Park; but now he is actual Ranger on full service. The *Times* hopes that His Grace will turn his attention to the improvement of his nominal domains; and *Punch* is, of course, ready with a practical suggestion.

The greatest of men have delighted to end where the first man began,—in a garden; COWLEY'S picture of DIOCLETIAN in the shade is, in these days, familiar to the lightest reader. Moreover, veterans delight to fight their battles over again. Therefore, says *Punch*, let the Duke combine the two delights; and whilst soothing his last days with the amenity of trees, and shrubs, and flowers, —let him, in a manner, so lay out and plant Hyde Park, that the world may have green and growing recollections of two or three of the mightiest achievements of ARTHUR, the Ranger. Thus, the Duke might give us Torres Vedras beautifully laid out; and every year describe, upon a small scale, the field of Waterloo, marking the different armies with different coloured rockets, double and single. Nothing could be prettier than to have a field of battle rendered in flowers: things of death and bloodshed "turn'd to prettiness and favour." A very respectable Belgian Lion might be planted and cut in cedar; a lion that should afford from its tail and mane a sprig for the button-hole of every member, foreign and British, of the Peace Congress, who, in Hyde Park, would hold most triumphant gatherings. The Duke, in his day, has surely had sufficient of parks of artillery—there is now open to him a new command in the laying out of parks of timber; parks with walks instructively ordered, and beautifully illustrated. With just half-a-dozen lessons from MR. PAXTON, and F. M. THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON will cultivate fresh laurels on the fields of Hyde and St. James. And thus, instead of rushing to see the Duke review the Household Troops, we shall have all the world at gaze, delighted with WELLINGTON'S Tulip Show.

THE VERNON GALLERY'S HOLIDAY.

PASSING the other day the end of Pall Mall, our eye, which is always tumbling from side to side, fell upon the gates of Marlborough House, where we read the intimation that "The Vernon Gallery is closed for the holidays." The idea of pictures requiring a holiday, struck us, at first, as rather odd, but when we remembered how long the unfortunate inmates of the Vernon Gallery were confined in a dark cellar, we felt that to grudge them a holiday, for the purpose of getting a little fresh air, would have been an act of cruelty. Many a painting which had been once "the picture of health," had begun to lose its colours in the black hole at Trafalgar Square, and we have no doubt the holiday has been given in the hope that the members of the gallery may find means of renovating their frames, and improving their complexions, after the very long confinement they underwent in the close crowded cellar to which public parsimony and bad taste had consigned them.

The Force of Experience.

IT seems that the Constabulary force is to take the Census of Ireland next year. This appointment is not so ridiculous as, at first sight, it may appear; for, with the pugnacious habits of the country, it stands to reason that none are so well qualified for taking the Irish population as the Constabulary.

BYRON'S MAZEPPA.

ASTLEY'S *Edition.*

ASTLEY'S has long been the *Théâtre Historique* of the Surrey Side of the water, where the student may have seen peculiar lights—the dramatic footlights—thrown upon some of the principal events of both the ancient and modern era.

Not stopping short at our histories, the administration of ASTLEY'S have sometimes taken our poets in hand, and BYRON'S Mazeppa has, for some time, enjoyed the benefit of an Amphi-theatrical edition. The ability and success with which this has been brought out, may be judged from the fact of the great popularity of the ASTLEY version, of which there has been a re-issue this year, and we were present not long ago, with some thousand or two of other subscribers, on the eighty somethingth—we plead guilty to the coining and uttering—occasion of its delivery.

There are some important deviations from the text of BYRON in the ASTLEY'S edition, as the following analysis of the latter will testify:—

The curtain rises on a court-yard, with a sentinel on the watch, whose duty, like those of stage sentinels in general, appears to be to mistake all human voices for the wind, and to see nothing. While he is pacing the practicable platform, a portion of the "*Machinery by* W. R. SMITH"—a stalwart form—that of MR. HICKS—crosses the stage, and invokes *Olinska* in a voice which induces the sentinel to remark on the loudness of the wind, and to walk off at the wing—a palpable desertion of his post—for the purpose, probably, of ascertaining "what 's in the wind," instead of looking before him to find out who is in the court-yard. The coast being quite clear, *Olinska*, a young creature in Adelaide boots and a brown silk Polka, appears at a window, from which she issues to stand upon a sort of coping stone—for there is no balcony. The interview is not very satisfactory, for *Olinska*, seized with a sudden sense of the impropriety of the proceedings, declares she will have "no more of this." That, in fact, MR. HICKS must "ask Papa," and, hopping off the ledge, she retires within the window.

The next scene reveals the fact, that *Olinska* has been promised to a Palatine whom she has never set eyes on, and MR. HICKS, who seems to get a private interview with the young lady whenever the exigencies of the plot require it, proposes a flight to the Desert. At this *Olinska* turns patriotic, and won't go among "her country's enemies;" when her papa coming in, takes no further notice of her *tête-à-tête* with MR. HICKS, than to appoint him "officer of the men-at-arms," or head beef-eater. The arrival of *Olinska's* intended now takes place, coming with "a splendid cavalcade" of six horses, who will insist on dancing to the music, and the rear is brought up by a sort of French bedstead on wheels, from between the curtains of which issues the "werry identical" Palatine. We had forgotten to mention that the *cortège* is received and marshalled by a comic *Chamberlain of the Household*, who exclaims every now and then, "I believe you, my boy" to *Drolinsko*, a sort of facetious gentleman-usher, represented by that renowned "clown to the ring," the famous BARRY. MR. HICKS is in a frightful state during the whole proceedings. Apostrophising his "rebel nature" as he would a too playful puppy, he desires it to "keep down;" he shakes his fist at everybody and everything. Though nobody sees him, he mutters "vengeance or death" in *Olinska's* ears, and not only exemplifies the great truth, that "none are so blind as those who won't see;" but also that in refusing to see, there is none more resolute than a dramatic rival, father, chamberlain, attendant, or courtier. On the night of our visit, the energetic tragedian positively tumbled over a whole row of tassel-booted feet of nobles, which, if the Polish aristocracy are as liable to corns as our peerage must be, judging from the great EISENBERG testimonials, must have rendered them painfully sensible of MR. HICKS's presence.

We next find the lovers enjoying another *tête-à-tête* without any one being at hand to look after the young lady or to collar and kick out the gentleman. He reproaches her as a "fair pestilence," a "beauteous treason;" he might as well call her a "lovely measle," a "precious rheumatism," or "an enchanting burglary;" and she, overpowered by these harsh epithets, declares her heart is his, though her hand must be another's. This is quite enough for MR. HICKS, who swears to deserve her; and the comic Lord Chamberlain, who has been present, with his eyes and ears shut, during the whole time, prepares to escort *Olinska* to the Tournament. The tourney comes off in sight of *Olinska*, Papa, and the Palatine, all seated under an ornamental shed; while MR. HICKS and others entered, first with battle-axes, then with lances, and, ultimately, having come to fisty-cuffs, they pelt each other with their helmets. MR. HICKS, of course, vanquishes every thing that comes in his way, and has a wreath dropped on to his head from the hand of *Olinska*. Papa, who has no doubt found it dry work, calls for a goblet, and drinks the health of the affianced pair in a long draught of wool—the usual dramatic beverage.

The tournament is closed in by a pair of flats which form the Palatine's bedroom, and we find the Palatine escorted to bed by several attendants, with ordinary links—such as are used by our modern link-boys—and who leave him to undress and "turn in" by the light of a solitary candle. He is just going to make himself comfortable for the night when a gentleman in a black velvet dressing-gown, put on the wrong side before, coming open at the back, and displaying a large red cross on the wearer's chest, rushes in, and challenges the Palatine to single "cumbut." A fight ensues, the Palatine yields, the intruder's dress comes off all in one piece, as if he was going to change into Harlequin, and MR. HICKS stands revealed before us; alarm bells are rung; *Olinska's* papa appears, and dooms MR. HICKS to be sent adrift on the back of a wild horse that has been found quite untameable. The horse is brought, and the groom, in order to show off the animal's wildness to the best advantage, makes him walk on his two hind-legs, and by various pinches tries to frighten him into a sufficient state of savageness. The brute, of whom Byron says—

"'Twas but a day he had been caught,"

but who is, in fact, a veteran member of BATTY'S stud, a most attentive horse to his business—never missing a cue, or capering at a rehearsal; but always with his eye on the stage manager—is then led off that MR. HICK'S may be fastened on to his back, and a sieve of oats being shaken on the O. P. side, the animal darts across the stage from the P. S. wing to make for the tempting provender. A fresh sieve being stationed at the exit from each of the three ranges of platforms, the sagacious beast canters from side to side in pursuit of corn under difficulties.

In the next scene we have the horse standing as quiet as a lamb, chewing a bean given him to keep him steady—most probably by the adroit hand of *Mazeppa* himself, who attributes the courser's quiescence to "exhausted nature" instead of to the farinaceous *bonbon* that has just been administered. The bean being discussed, and the well-known sound of the corn-sieve being heard at the wing, the horse moves towards the "old familiar" measure, and MR. HICKS, exclaiming "Again he urges on his wild career," is carried off by the business-like quadruped.

In the next scene we find him between two set pieces of water, one of which has a wolf's head nailed on to the top, which the hand of a carpenter alternately raises and depresses, while a judicious management of a few oats by another hand keeps the mouth of the horse continually bobbing up and down to give it a sort of undulating movement. While this is going on, that "well-known property," the old theatrical "bird of prey," who flapped his wings for one hundred successive nights in *Der Freischutz*, and who having lost all his youthful buoyancy, is obliged to be supported in the air by wires; that feathered member who looks like a couple of funeral plumes fastened on to a small hearth-broom for a body; comes and hovers over MR. HICKS, to represent the "expecting raven" who is supposed to be waiting to pick a bit of MR. HICKS at the earliest opportunity. An apropos display of oats at the wing, sets the horse once more in motion; until at length a storm opportunely comes on, which knocks down a tree, behind which four grooms are enabled to tie the animal's legs, hold him down by his tail, and otherwise prepare him to show the effects of "exhausted nature," when the tree is cleared away, and a *tableau* is discovered, in which the horse is seen thoroughly worn out, with the exhausted MR. HICKS still secured to him. The horse has, it seems, found his way to Tartary, where there is a poor old Khan in a very tottering state, who ought to be called a water-khan, for he is constantly in tears, which flow still more rapidly, when he discovers in MR. HICKS his "child!" his "boy!" his "long-lost son!" who is recognised by a jewelled star on his "boosom," which though so tremendously shaken, has never been taken away from him. The Khan has two conspiring generals, who want his throne—a small camp-stool brought on by a stage-carpenter—and his sceptre, a sort of dusting-brush made of feathers, and used for dusting picture-frames. The Khan has a court of three faithful elders with very long beards of very white tow, and rather scanty cloaks, evidently made of the same piece of stuff, as if the elders had bought between them a cheap remnant.

The conspiring generals have got twelve soldiers, who say "We Will!" to everything that is proposed; but when a dispute arises between the Khan and the rebel chief, the former orders a curtain to be drawn aside, and the very same twelve men, we know them again by their high-lows, were standing ready drawn up to assist their Sovereign in some unintelligible plan for "invading Poland." MR. HICKS himself, now the acknowledged heir of the Khan, is placed at the head of the cavalry—a body of six in chintzy dressing-gowns—and mounts the "Wild Horse," whose wildness has all been taken out of him by a good feed, and he becomes instantly civilised, falling into his place in the procession, keeping time to the music, and conducting himself in every way like a decent member of MR. BATTY'S company.

The Khan and his subjects proceed to invade Poland with the ten horse, the twelve foot, and several young women whom we had seen

before at the Court of Laurenski, and who are now leading a zebra, who goes to every battle at ASTLEY'S, a couple of miniature poneys who were certainly at the siege of Moultan, and a refractory stag, who is obliged to be kicked, pushed, and pinched, to make him go quietly anywhere.

On arriving in Poland, *Olinska's* bridal festival—having been put off all this time for dramatic effect—is being celebrated by a *characteristic pas*, when MR. HICKS, appearing at the top of the staircase, claims his beloved; and as he is not allowed to take the lady, he proceeds to take the whole kingdom, which is speedily effected by the twelve highlowed mercenaries who said "We Will!" to all the propositions of the rebel general. Poland succumbs, in the midst of blue and red fire—a large shovelful of which is suddenly thrust out from a hole in the front of the stage—and MR. HICKS, clasping *Olinska* in his arms, with the poor old Khan overbrimming with emotion at his side, waves a Tartar flag, and the curtain falls on the

TRIUMPH OF MAZEPPA.

We ought not to terminate our analysis of this Astleian edition of BYRON without adding that it is brought out in splendid style, like everything else at this popular place of amusement, and that MR. HICKS gives the utmost possible effect to all the words set down and the situations prepared for him. Though the *Mazeppa* of ASTLEY'S is not exactly that of the poet, it is a great deal more effective than the latter could have been for the purpose designed, and we should have no objection to read BYRON all through with the aid of MR. BATTY'S brilliant spectacles.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE PARKS.

CUT up the Parks? And wherefore not,
To please an influential taste?
Fear we the People? Not a jot.
They 'll see their "Playgrounds" all defaced,
And only raise a futile growl,
An empty hiss, a harmless howl.

The People? Nonsense! Who are they?
The Rabble, Populace, and Mob;
Think you we care for what they say?
What can they do to stop our Job?
Why, we 'll shut up their "Playgrounds" next,
They 'll only grumble if they 're vexed.

The Press? And what 's the Press to us?
It tells us what the Public think.
Well—let it make its daily fuss,
And waste its weekly floods of ink:
It only pelts us with its wit,
And we don't feel *that* when we 're hit.

The Statue upon BURTON'S arch,
Not merely the DUKE'S monument,
Commemorates a glorious march
Stolen upon GENERAL DISCONTENT.
And so we 'll treat the Parks, in spite
Of clamour, just as we think right.

We know we 're safe—there; that 's the fact.
No Opposition we 've to dread.
Were we from Office to be pack'd,
Whom could you have just now instead?
The Court won't *much* blame what we do:
And for the Nation—pooh, pooh, pooh!

As long as in the People's House
The People have their present share,
At least we will not stick to chouse
Them out of exercise and air;
And with their pence play ducks and drakes
To fill their ornamental lakes.

Headless Hoax.

THE boldest of the Irish gentlemen who have described the Sea-Serpent, infers that it is a great electric eel, from the circumstance that an individual of his crew received a shock of electricity from one of the sprats disgorged by the nauseated monster into the boat. If the same sensitive person were to pick up a partridge just shot, it is to be presumed that some of the charge that killed the bird would hit him in the hand.

THE Austrians say that thrashing women is perfectly allowable in war; for FREDERICK THE GREAT notoriously thrashed MARIA THERESA.

WHY did NAPOLEON thrash the Austrian Generals when he said so many of them were old women?

THE FRENCH IMPROVING.

To M. SCRIBE.

MY DEAR MONSIEUR,

I ASK you, as a great Operatic authority, whether the usual conduct of your people on public occasions, is not precisely like the acting of chorus-singers and supernumeraries on the stage of a theatre? Whether your insurrections—revolutions—political demonstrations — are not, in fact, so much melodrama? I think you will reply, yes. You will probably confess, also, that this melodrama is a little too serious. Real bloodshed—firing with actual ball, you will admit to be somewhat over-melancholy. And besides that, as compared with our Adelphi performances in this kind, you will own that those enacted in your streets are remarkable for an absolute want of fun. You have plenty of O. SMITHS, but no MR. WRIGHT or MR. PAUL BEDFORD. Your horrors and sentiment lack the relief of drollery. I speak generally; and very glad I was to observe a case of exception to this rule, which occurred the other day on your President's return to Paris. Whilst your mob was hallooing and bawling with their usual enthusiasm, says the *Times'* correspondent,—

"An omnibus passed, or tried to pass, through the dense crowd, and the driver, who must have been somewhat of a wag, stood up in his seat, and taking off his large and yellow glazed hat, bowed with the utmost gravity and politeness to the right and left, to the windows on both sides, and kissed his hand to the women who were waving their pocket-handkerchiefs, just as if he were fully convinced that the cries of '*Vive le Président!*' '*Vive Napoléon!*' and even '*Vive la République!*' were solely intended for himself. This incident restored every one to his good humour; 'inextinguishable laughter' met his improvised dignity, and the only unanimity that was observed on the occasion was when the shout of '*Vive le Cocher!*' followed him to the end of the street."

This bit of jovial buffoonery is delightful, after one has been nauseated by reading of maidens in white offering *bouquets* to the President, and such like imbecilities. The whole occurrence is the most hopeful indication that has been evinced by your public for some time. Such an appreciation of burlesque, on the part of Frenchmen, is like a touch of compunction exhibited by a supposed reprobate. I am very much delighted, indeed, to find your countrymen beginning to laugh at the mock-pompous: susceptibility of that kind would have saved them from many sad fooleries. I believe that they have acquired this perception from us; with whom, to the immense diversion of everybody, a royal procession or any other grand display, is invariably closed by a butcher on horseback. The omnibus-driver—a capital fellow, whoever he is—must have been imbued with English ideas. International communication is already benefiting you; British humour is correcting French melodrama; and with the assistance of the submarine Electric Telegraph, we shall, in time, make you jolly good fellows.

Accept, Monsieur, the assurance of my distinguished consideration,

PUNCH.

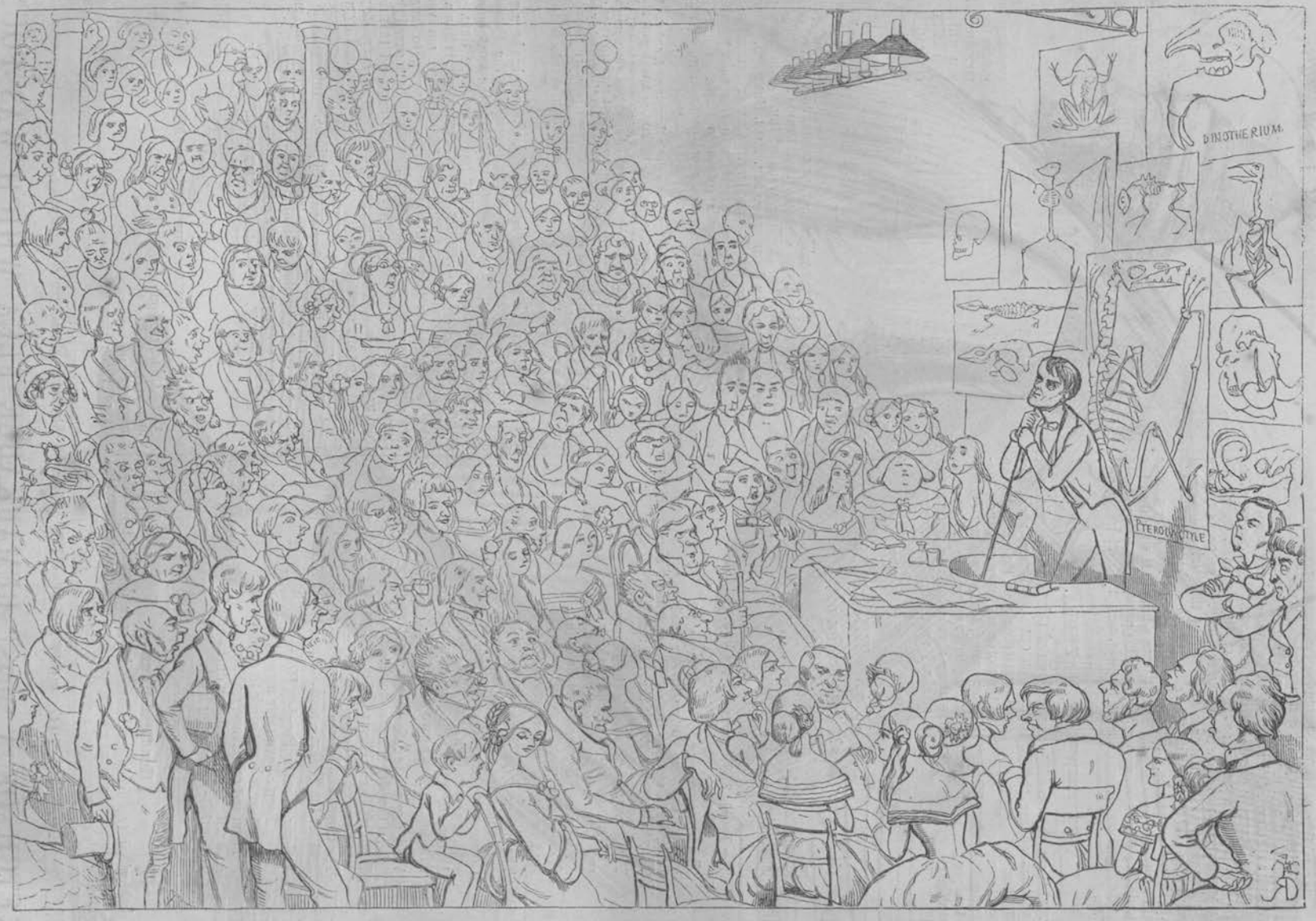
Destruction for the Million.

PUBLIC indignation ought to be violently excited by a flagrant wrong which is inflicted on the proprietors of powder-mills. The other day, a fireworks-manufactory in Spitalfields exploded, and blew up the greater part of three streets. Similar occurrences are by no means rare. There is no law, it would seem, to prevent fireworks-makers carrying on their business in the most crowded neighbourhoods; subject, of course, to these casualties. It is most unjust that an adventurous individual should not be suffered to work a powder-mill, under the same circumstances, and at a similarly trivial risk of blowing the surrounding district into the air.

THE MATRIMONIAL KNOT.

Q. WHY did the Siamese Twins get married?
A. Because they could not remain single.

Manners and Customs of Ye Englyshe (New Series) No. 10.



A. Scientific. Institvtion. dvring. Ye Lectvre of an Eminent 'Savan'

"He went away with a Flea in his Ear."—*Old Saying.*

SKETCH OF A MOST REMARKABLE FLEA WHICH WAS FOUND IN GENERAL HAYNAU'S EAR.

"TO ERR IS HUMAN."

"MAISTER PUNCH, "*Edinburgh*, 21*st Sept.* 1850.

"NAE doot ye think yirsel verra clever wi yir jokin, and daffin, and jeerin, and I 'se no deny but what ye 've some rumelgumshion aboot ye, and that ye whiles gi'e the richt nail a chap on the heed; but, odd man, it garred ma bluid bile the ither day, whan I saw yon long story aboot the callant that wud steek himsel to the QUEEN's tails, that mornin she gaed to tak her bit walk on oor bonnie hill.

"I hinna blushed this thretty year; but whan I read hoo thon silly cuif strutted aboot, and gied himsel airs, and hearken'd to what HER MEJESTY and the Prince were sayin, and prided himsel aboot liftin doon the Royal Sprigs, as if the bits o' bairns were sae mony electric machines choke fu' o' nobility, and juist needed to be touched to send it aff, dirlin' through his finger-ends, chappin' at his elbows, and kittlin' him into a' kinds o' daft-like ecstacies: odd! whan I read it, my face bleezed up like a fluff of pouther, to think o' siccan like ongawns, i' the great capital o' the Scottish Empire; and then it was verra gallin' to see yir comments on the subjec, hoo that ye did think ance, that naething could bate the Inglish for flunkeyism; but noo ye had discovered that the "Snob o' Snobs" (I ken that word means somethin' verra impident, though its no in my dicshonary); but, as I was remarkin,' ye said that the royal snob actually lived at Edinburgh, and added muckle mair sic like, castin' reflecshions on the weel earned character for proper pride and independence, which frae time immemorial has aye belanged to the Scottish nation. Noo, it juist happened that I was oot at my tea last nicht, and on expressin' my indignashion at the affront pit upon oor country; something was whispered that set me spierin' and spierin' the day, till what do ye think I fand oot?—that this "Snob o' Snobs," this king o' flunkies,,this callant that lives in Edinburgh, and corresponds wi' "the Scotsman," is nae countryman o' mine, but an *Inglishman* after a'.

"NOO, *Maister Punch*, I ken ye 're a guid hearted chield, that wadna hurt the character o' ony single man wrangfully, let a be that o' a nashion: sae, for the sake o' truth and justice, for the credit o' Auld Reekie, and the gude name o' Scotland, juist stand oot manfully and tell them, that for ance in yir life, ye 've ta'en the wrang soo by the lug.

"Yours, verra truly,
"SAUNDERS MC SAWNEY."

THE PREMIER AT PLAY.

THE *North British Mail*, in allusion to our recent highly-popular cartoons of the Premier's holidays as they really are, and as they are supposed to be, observes, that we have made a random hit, and that the "supposition" was the correct description, for that "LORD JOHN RUSSELL was one day last week seen enjoying himself with his children in sending up paper balloons into the air, and chasing them over the lawn." This in an ordinary personage would no doubt be a pursuit bespeaking a mind at ease, and wholly unoccupied with graver objects; but is it not quite clear, that in the case of LORD JOHN RUSSELL, the sending up pieces of paper is to be looked upon as balloon-flying in sport made statesmanship in earnest? It is always essential for a Premier to know what way the wind blows, and as the throwing up of a straw often determines the course of events, why may not the despatching of a balloon lead to the same important conclusion? The fact of LORD JOHN's chasing the breeze-wafted objects over the lawn would be called by his opponents a most characteristic proceeding, for they would say, a Whig Minister always waits to see which way the wind blows, only that he may endeavour to follow it.

High Qualifications for a President.

THE *Morning Chronicle*, talking of LOUIS NAPOLEON, says "He rides admirably, and looks well on horseback—most important qualities in France." If these are qualities that are looked up to in France, we would recommend that the candidate for the ensuing Presidency should be selected from the equestrian company of the Hippodrome, or MR. BATTY's Circus. The chances of success would be divided, we should think, amongst *Mazeppa*, MONSIEUR DEJEAN AURIOL, and the *Courrier of St. Petersburgh*. The latter making his triumphal entry into Paris on the backs of "Six wild steeds" would be sure to carry everything before him!

THE Austrians could not thrash the Hungarians, because the Magyars would not show them their backs.

THE INCOME-TAX RAISED UNDER THE ROSE.

"AN INHABITANT OF HAMMERSMITH," describing himself as "a poor author," has written a letter to the *Times*, complaining that, whereas he returned himself, in answer to the income-tax queries, as making £50 a-year by his pen, he has been assessed at £300, at which rate he will be diddled out of nearly one-fifth of his earnings by the Government. From other information we have received, we believe that an extra wrench, generally, has been given to the vice of income-taxation. Now is it, or is it not true, that the following communication has been issued to the Income-Tax Assessors?

"*On Her Majesty's Service, strictly Private and Confidential.*

"SIR,

"You will please, in the first place, to understand that your situation will depend on your keeping this memorandum a profound secret.

"The exigencies of Government imperatively require that the Income-Tax should be rendered as available as possible for the increase of the Revenue.

"You are aware that we are under the necessity of reducing our embassies and consulates; that we cannot afford £2000 for the completion of the Criminal Law Digest, and are obliged to make the veterans whom we decorate, buy their own medals. Further, that we have had to incur the heavy expense of MRS. WAGHORN's pension, whilst we have been unable to allot more than the pittance of £12,000 a-year to HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

"It is also well known to you that we shall require above £26,000 for the alterations in the Parks, and a considerable sum besides to build the PRINCE OF WALES a coach-house and stables. Our wish is so to effect these important objects as, whilst giving full satisfaction to illustrious personages, not to incur the unpopularity of proposing a new impost.

"Our end would be gained at once by a direct increase of the income-tax. But, warned by experience not to attempt that, we must have recourse to its virtual augmentation; for which we require your assistance.

"You will therefore please to have the goodness forthwith to raise your assessments of all incomes derived from trades and professions; and, in cases where a return has been made, to assess the income of the party making the return as considerably higher than that stated therein. It is needless to add that zeal in the performance of this service, united with discretion, will not be forgotten.

"You are not to exercise any needless caution in making an advance on your assessment of professional persons or tradesmen. HER MAJESTY's Ministers are emboldened to impose almost any exaction under the name of income-tax on those classes, by the consideration that want of time, owing to the requirements of business, makes it practically impossible for such persons to appeal against an overcharge. Also, that the dislike, or dangers, of revealing their pecuniary affairs, will induce them to submit to what, under different circumstances, might perhaps be called the grossest extortion.

"We have, moreover, a strong reliance on the patience of those who have so long—unresistingly, if not uncomplainingly—suffered their casual earnings to be taxed as highly as the interest of fixed capital.

"HER MAJESTY's Ministers can never forget the demonstration in favour of loyalty and order made on the ever-memorable 10th of April, by the classes that pay income-tax under schedule D. The Government has no doubt whatever that they will repeat their admirable behaviour on that occasion whenever it may be necessary. We therefore fearlessly desire you to augment their assessment under the said schedule,—confident that scarcely any provocation will overcome their love of peace and quiet; and that they will the more willingly endure the burden, from the idea that it has been imposed to maintain the splendour of the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, to please the taste of the Prince Consort, and to provide for the PRINCE OF WALES's recreation.

(Signed) "J——N R—SS—LL."

"*Downing Street, Sept.* 19, 1850."

WOMEN-THRASHING is considered in Austria so much better sport than man-thrashing, that the Austrians in Hungary disdained the latter amusement, and got the Russians to thrash *the men*.

The Wild Huntsman of Africa.

MR. ROUALEYN GORDON CUMMING tells us of the sundry rifles and guns which he used to kill his lions, elephants, and sea-cows; but he says nothing of that Long Bow wherewith he is reported to have shot the greater part of them.

"GOING THE ENTIRE ANIMAL."—Hunting the Hyæna.

Lady. "By the way, Mr. Tongs, I have used that Bottle of Balm of California; but I find my Hair still comes off."

SUNDAY TRAINS.

"Mr Punch,

"I am very glad to see the Bishop of Gloucester and his Clergy have taken the Sunday trains in hand; and are preaching against the wickedness of railway directors who, in the pursuit of the root of evil—which grows as I have heard, all the stronger in a sulphur soil—lower their fares to tempt men and their wives to rush from their neighbourhood to see Bath, Bristol, and so forth. Sir, it's infamous—and something is sure to happen.

"I have kept the Cock-and-Bottle for twenty years; and I have never known such a season as this summer. Where I used to sell a gallon of beer and a pint of gin on Sundays, I don't now sell above half-a-pint and a quartern. And why? Because the workpeople in the neighbourhood save up their money to take their wives and children a hundred miles from home, coming back to go in time and sober to bed. Therefore, I beg to thank the Bishop of Gloucester for what he's doing, preaching against Sunday excursions as being ruinous to

"Yours, Boniface.

"P.S. Do you know where I can get the Bishop's picture, as I should like to hang it up in my parlour?"

Blind Competition.

We see that is the intention of the different Blind Asylums throughout the country to contribute works of Art and Industry to the Exhibition of 1851. The prize, however, must be carried off by Government, if it only thinks of sending in as its contribution the Window Tax, for that is universally looked upon as the most perfect specimen of Blindness that was ever put before the eyes of a nation.

PENNY-A-LINING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

The impertinent snobs who are employed to eaves-drop under the windows of royalty, complain very bitterly of the difficulty of getting near Her Majesty and Prince Albert at their retreat in Scotland. An unhappy penny-a-liner, writing from "Crathie," says:—

"Balmoral Castle is well situated for seclusion. It is a work of time and labour to approach it."

It seems there is no inn nearer than two miles off, and—

"These two miles give no idea of the distance to be traversed between the two places, because, the Inn being on the opposite side of the Dee, when you have gone the length indicated, you are only *opposite*, not *at* the Castle; you must continue your journey until you reach a bridge—a rather ricketty suspension—which will be found at Crathie, a mile farther on; that crossed, you have then of course *to retrace your steps another full mile;* so that the real distance between the Royal residence and that of any stranger is somewhat more than four miles."

We congratulate the Queen and Prince on the inaccessibility of their position, which has doubtless been chosen for the purpose of baffling those impertinent imbeciles who would otherwise waylay them in their walks, and dodge their movements, in order to contribute a column or two of trash to "our own reporter's" department of the newspapers. Thanks to the judicious selection of their retreat, the royal pair supplied material to the baffled penny-a-liner for nothing but the remark that—

"This week has been wholly spent by the Court in the enjoyment of quiet."

We are rather amused at the idea of the "ricketty suspension bridge" over the Dee, for we have a shrewd suspicion that the bridge alluded to has been purposely placed there as a *piège* to the audacious penny-a-liner, who, in his ardour to force his way into the family circle of the Queen, might be tempted to trust himself once too often to the ricketty bridge, and find himself the victim of a well-merited ducking.

We wish that some ingenious mechanist would prepare, to exhibit at the forthcoming Exposition, an article on the principle of the steel-trap, to seize intruding noses, as the latter article catches hold of trespassing legs, for we are convinced that a little machine of the kind would command the patronage of Prince Albert as a sort of corrective to impertinent curiosity. If any artist should be successful in inventing something of the kind, we would suggest the Anti-Proboscis as an appropriate name for it.

THE CELESTIAL FAMILY.

The newspapers ought really to open a new department of Births, to chronicle the frequent and almost daily increase which the stars are making to their already numerous family. We find from a recent letter of Mr. J. R. Hind, who writes to the *Times* from the "Inner Circle of the Regent's Park,"—which is perhaps a "ring" of one of the planets overlooking the vicinity specified—that he has to record "another interesting addition" to the solar system, by the introduction of a new member, of which the constellation Pegasus has been safely delivered. This "new member" is announced as "the twelfth of the group," and the third in reference to which Mr. J. R. Hind has been, as he says, "fortunate enough" to act as a sort of astronomical accoucheur, or scientific man-midwife.

We have made enquiries at the Greenwich Observatory, and are glad to hear that the great planet Pegasus, and the little one, are both going on very favourably, and are, indeed, "doing as well as can be expected." The planetary population has increased, lately, to such an extent that the starry census, when next taken, will show a vast augmentation, and the astronomical observers are constantly complaining that their celestial apparatus is continually growing obsolete, unless they keep painting in or picking out a score or two of new comets, constellations, and minor stars, at the commencement of every season of their exhibition.

Among the products of Austrian ingenuity which are to figure in the Exhibition of 1851, there will be exhibited an ingenious instrument (patronised by H. M. the Emperor and King), for flogging ladies. It has been found highly useful in the Milanese, and most efficacious in Hungary.

The Rights of Englishmen.

When Drum-Major Cattlin, of the 150th, was told that a Hungarian lady had been flogged, the Drum-Major, who is an enthusiast, asked what business they had to waste flogging on women? "Flogging," says Drum-Major Cattlin, "is the privilege of British soldiers and sailors."

An Escape for the Rhine.—General Baron Haynau was not ducked at Cologne.

ST. PEOPLE'S PARK.

MR. PUNCH,—I, for one, will not believe in the wicked report that some enemy to the House of Guelph has set afloat, that it is the intention of the QUEEN—supported and abetted by her Ministers—to cut off a large slice from St. James's—I mean St. People's Park, in order to add the stolen bit to the gardens of Buckingham Palace. Is it like her gracious MAJESTY? Would it become the Mother of a People to take from her thousands of children, of larger growth and small, their hereditary bit of greensward, that the PRINCE OF WALES and his brothers and sisters might enjoy the bit of turf so scurvily acquired? I won't believe it.

Such an act would cloud the eyes of a people—eyes that have ever looked affectionately upon our little QUEEN. She might gain an acre or two of land, but it would be at the cost of a large bit of the nation's heart. Talk of court mourning; why, *Mr. Punch*, with any portion of St. People's Park taken from the People, I would certainly advise a people's mourning; ribbons black and green at every man's button hole, on every woman's bonnet, on every defrauded infant's cap. But it cannot be—I won't believe it.

Again, would the Whigs strike such a coward's blow? Is it likely that the chivalrous RUSSELL would wait until the House of Commons was left to the nocturnal mice, and he, the Minister, was far away on the everlasting Scottish hills, before the attempt to purloin the people's property was made, in the name of the QUEEN? Is it likely that any English Minister would incur the charge of such flagrant injustice, masked by such pitiful poltroonery? I won't believe it.

Further: would the DUKE OF WELLINGTON accept the Rangership of St. People's Park, only by his valiant name to authorise court pillage? "Why, that's it," says Chartist—"that's exactly it. The Minister believed that upon any attempt to defraud the people of their property, the people would rebel; and the Duke was, of course, made Ranger that he might bring his military genius to the aid of the Crown, and by any means, awe and put down the discontented mob." So says Chartist, but—I won't believe it.

And, finally, is it likely that a wise regard for the growing fame of the PRINCE OF WALES would put his innocent boyhood in a false position, making him and his brothers and sisters the despoilers of tens of thousands of brothers and sisters, the born inheritors of the greensward of the Park of St. People? Such a beginning would be sullenly accepted as an evil omen. Folks looking through the magnifying glass of time would be all too likely to behold in little PRINCE ALBERT a future bloated GEORGE THE FOURTH, of gold-frog memory. No, *Mr. Punch*, it is impossible that this can be: and to conclude,

I WON'T BELIEVE IT.

THE SABBATARIAN POST.

CAUTION.—Whereas, certain clergymen and others are known to perambulate their parishes, carrying with them skins of parchment, pens, and inkhorns, for the purpose of obtaining the signatures or marks of the ignorant, the unreflecting, and unwary—

This is to caution all persons so called upon to consider well before they affix their names or marks to the sheepskins aforesaid, inasmuch as there are individuals who, in their weakness and darkness, believe it an act of self-assertion to sign or make a mark to any Petition soever.

Honest and guileless people, beware of sheepskin, pen, and ink. VIVAT REGINA!

PUNCH.

IF HAYNAU gets a Marshal's *bâton*, whereabouts ought he to get it? and who ought to give it to him?

THE IRISH SEA SERPENT.

(From Punch's own Correspondent).

ON my arrival at Kinsale, faithful to your instructions to get a sight of the Sea Serpent at all hazards, I took a vessel, and put out instantly, in spite of wind and weather, both of which were dead against me, determined, as MR. ROGER W. TRAVERS says, "to go any lengths" to satisfy myself and your readers of the existence of that monster.

My desire was soon gratified. An object resembling the letter S, after the lapse of about three quarters of an hour, appeared in the horizon, and gradually neared us, getting larger as it approached. At the distance of a mile we could plainly see that it was an enormous reptile, but whether of the *ophidian* or *saurian* class we could not tell till it had come close to us. Even then our zoological knowledge proved inadequate to its exact classification. In your scientific opinion I think it would have appeared very like one of the *cetacea*. MR. TRAVERS is incorrect in stating that it is rather over than under thirty fathoms long. The reverse is the case, I should say, by an inch and six-eighths. In diameter it may be about seven feet, I will allow.

But the length and size of the Sea Serpent—for serpent, on the whole, it appears to be—are not half so wonderful as its conformation, which sets every canon of natural history at defiance. Depend upon it that comparative anatomy is all a delusion; and that PROFESSOR OWEN, although he may be a respectable man, deceives himself completely if he believes in that imposture.

The head of this anomalous inhabitant of the deep, being covered with scales, in some measure resembles that of a reptile, and this similitude is heightened by the form of the snout, which is that of a crocodile's, though terminating in a sort of trunk, like an elephant's. The mouth is full of long, sharp teeth, besides a pair of enormous fangs in the upper jaw. But the latter are like the canine teeth of a huge ape, and this mark of alliance to the *simiæ* extends to the cranium, the frontal portion of which is as elevated as it is in the chimpanzee. In spite of the length of the jaw, therefore, the facial angle is considerable. Unlike any other reptile that I have ever seen or heard of, the Sea Serpent, moreover, has undeniable ears, which I can affirm, from close observation, are as conspicuous as those of an ass. Its eyes are furnished with regular lids, as it proved by continually winking the left one whilst it stopped looking at us. From the bloodshot appearance of this eye, I have no doubt it was that which MR. TRAVERS and his friends fired their four bullets into. The crown and nape of the neck, are surmounted, not with a mane, as has been erroneously stated, but with a crest of feathers, and from above each eye protrude a species of horns, which the creature draws in and out like those of a snail.

Its body was certainly not that of an eel. It had no gills at all; its respiratory apparatus consisted in a series of spiracles, or breathing-holes, arranged in a row on either side of it, along its whole length, marked by a line of a greenish hue. Above this line, and over the back, the integument had a leathery appearance; below, it consisted of scales of a silvery whiteness. Between the spiracles, of which there were forty in each row, were situated the organs of locomotion, being an alternation of flappers and fins. Its tail was of a spiral form, like a corkscrew, and terminated in an apparatus of loose bones, the collision of which, I should have mentioned, proclaimed its approach when at least two miles off. It remained stationary on our starboard bow about ten minutes, and then suddenly dived and disappeared.

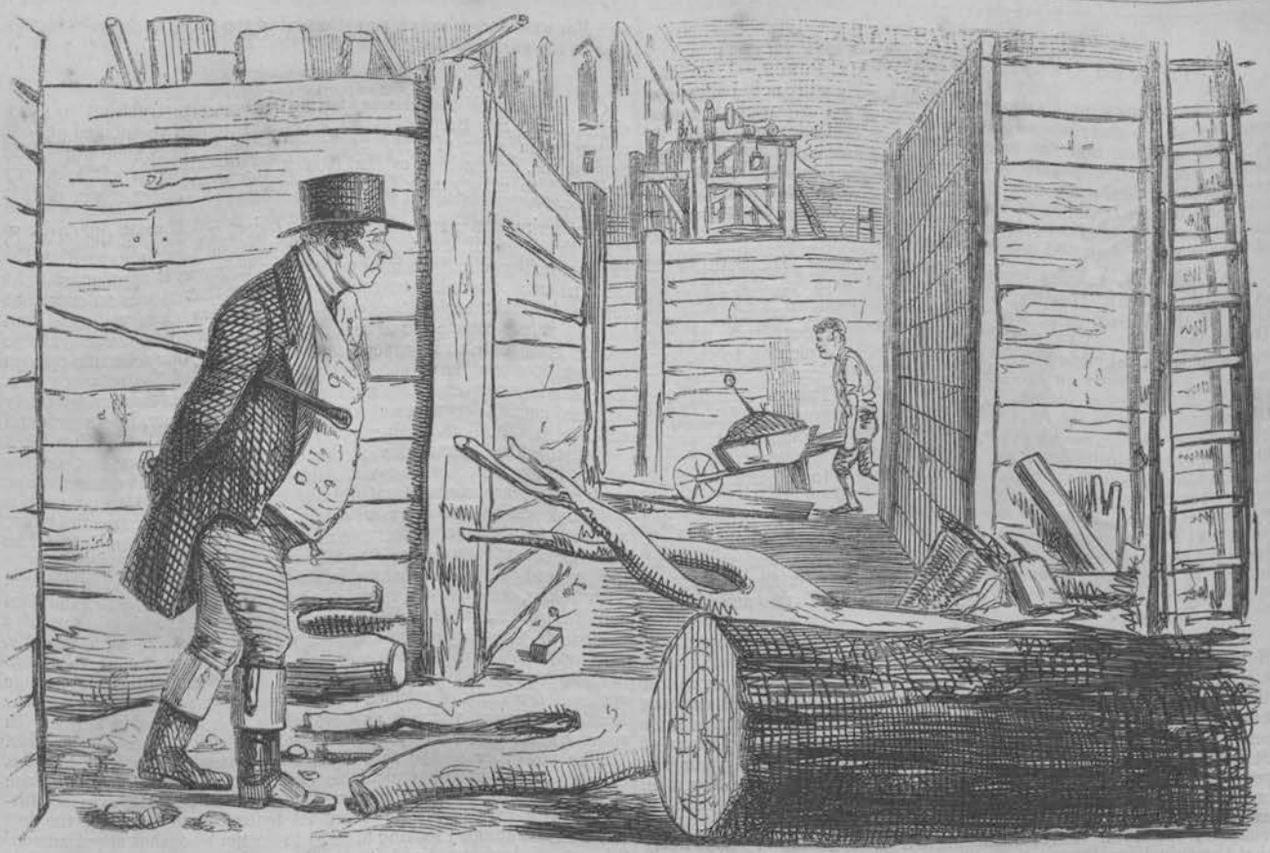
Two large *mammæ*, situated between the pectoral flappers, seemed to indicate that the creature was a female.

From the above description the scientific naturalist will discern that the Sea Serpent—the Irish variety at least—is a combination of the lizard, the elephant, the ape, the cockatoo, the snail, the fish, the porpoise, the rattlesnake, and the caterpillar. On the anatomical difficulties involved in this complicated structure, I need not dilate, but, commend them to the consideration of the College of Surgeons.

Whether for our amusement, or its own, the Sea Serpent, whilst under our inspection, kept alternately tying itself up in knots, and untying them, accompanying each contortion with a peculiar whistle. I had a capital opportunity of shooting it, which I waived, aware that you disapprove of the wanton destruction of animal life.

The Prince of Wales's Studies.

THE *Court Circular* every evening informs us that "the PRINCE OF WALES enjoyed his usual exercise." We have been given to understand that his "usual exercise" is half a page of "Latin Delectus," and it is a proof of his Royal Highness's relish for study that his exercise is matter of "enjoyment" to him. The Prince takes great pains with his translations, and has already, it is said, asked his tutor when the progress of his studies will bring him to the "translation of a Bishop," which the royal pupil has heard spoken of. The tutor, it is believed, looks forward naturally enough to becoming himself the subject of such a translation at the proper period.



JOHN BULL ENJOYING THE PROSPECT IN HIS PARKS.

AUSTRIAN SOLDIERS RAMPANT.

ALTHOUGH the stripes of HAYNAU have been salved by the sympathy, and washed with the tears, perhaps, of his Imperial Master and companions in arms—their smart does not appear to have derived much alleviation from the unction of popular commiseration on the part of his countrymen. From a Vienna letter in the *Kölner Zeitung*, as quoted by the *Times*, we learn that,

"Owing to the state of siege the news of the outrage committed upon GENERAL HAYNAU met with a favourable reception by part of the population. 'Three cheers for Old England' was proposed in the coffee-houses."

But the decorated of FRANCIS JOSEPH will perhaps care little for public opinion—not impressed as it was the other day on the drubbed of BARCLAY AND PERKINS'S Draymen. And what are the sentiments of his vulgar countrymen to the horsewhipped hero against the condolence of his brother *braves?* one of whom, according to another account from the above sources, thus characteristically expressed his indignation at the flogging of the woman-flogger.

"In the *Café Daum*, which is haunted by our officers, there was, amidst the portraits of other royal personages, a portrait of QUEEN VICTORIA. I say it was there, for it was yesterday assaulted by a Croatian Officer, who, drawing his sabre with a volley of imprecations, smashed it into atoms, while his comrades cheered him and cried 'Bravo.'"

Bravo!—bravissimo! Gallant Officer—gallant gentleman! A sword drawn, with a volley of imprecations, on a lady's *picture*, is an improvement upon the peculiar gallantry of the Austrian army—a gallantry, doubtless, equally peculiar in regard either to a woman or a foeman. The valour of heroes of the HAYNAU breed really seems to consist in an instinctive antipathy to the fair sex. Should there ever be a genuine "*Revolt of the Harem*," these would be the fellows to quell it! They would prove a veritable scourge to the rebellious *Odalisques*. One more specimen, in continuation of the foregoing, of the manhood of these (unacknowledged) sons of MARS:—

"They rattled their swords in a most alarming manner, and they curse the islanders 'whom they cannot get at,' and whom they long to 'shiver,' as the officer did the picture of their QUEEN."

Should they ever have the misfortune to "get at" the denounced islanders, the shivering, it may be pretty confidently expected, will be principally on the side of these warriors who are such Tartars to the Ladies.

THE MALEDICTION OF THURLES.

To Mr. Punch.

"SIR,—We understand that the Irish Roman Catholic Synod at Thurles has condemned by a majority of one the 'Queen's Colleges,' instituted for imparting to all creeds indifferently what all creeds indifferently in Ireland want very much; that is, useful knowledge. As the Colleges are intended to purvey mere intellectual provender, leaving the supply of spiritual nutriment unobstructed to the legitimate vendors, to anathematise them is, on the part of the priests, equivalent to cursing butchers', bakers', or grocers' shops established by protestants, even whilst their reverences are at liberty to consecrate, or purify if need be, the beef, loaves, tea, sugar, and butter. They might as well have excommunicated the Indian meal and other provisions which Government sent to Ireland to relieve its physical destitution. As PIUS THE NINTH—his Holiness apart even—is well understood to be no booby, we do hope that he will withhold his sanction from the decision of the Thurles Synod, and not confirm that monstrous Bull by one of his own. You may be surprised, Sir, at our venturing to address you; but really the absurdity of banning Latin and Greek, mathematics, history, the natural sciences, geography, astronomy, and the use of the globes, is so gross that we could not help crying out.

"We are, Sir, &c.,

"THE STONES IN THE STREET."

The Lungs of London.

THE inhabitants of London are naturally rendered very anxious and uneasy by certain proceedings in the Parks, which seem to threaten a stoppage in the lungs of the Metropolis. We are not among those who seriously apprehend inflammation of the lungs by the excessive circulation that will be next year thrown into Hyde Park; but we look with somewhat more alarm to the congestion of which there are symptoms in the St. James's lung, where a slight stoppage is already perceptible. Unfortunately the attack on the lungs near Buckingham Palace is attended with considerable expense, and consumption is a disease of which poor JOHN BULL'S chest is painfully susceptible.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars in the City of London, and published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28th, 1850.

STATUES OF THE GREEN AND GOOD.

THE Good DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE shall have a statue; an enduring memorial of the cheerfulness and greenness of his old age. A statue in much cheaper, and far more significant material than stone or bronze. A thousand pounds or two would be demanded by the sculptor tasked to produce a *vera effigies* of the distinguished diner-out; fifty, or a hundred pounds at most, would purchase the material, and liberally reward the artist proposed by *Punch*, to enshrine the memory of the virtues of departed royalty.

The reader has, probably, among his oldest acquaintance, peacocks cut in yew-tree; with, possibly, a dragon or so, in box; original creations of the Dutch mind, flourishing in our gardens in the time of Dutch William. ADAM and EVE in hornbeam, all alive and shooting, were often found in the Edens of England. We have somewhere read of a pig grown in lavender, that exhaled its sweetness in the garden of a London citizen. Now, all that *Punch* proposes is, an immediate return to the good old custom of growing the figure—as our great father was originally grown—from the earth itself. The mode is cheap, and beautifully primitive. Certain commentators on the Koran make a fanciful affinity between man and trees, declaring, that from the remainder of the clay of which ADAM was formed, were created the cocoa-tree, with its black nut—"on which all the parts of a man's head may be seen, mouth, nose, eyes, eyebrows, hair and whiskers"—together with palm trees, and other arboreal benignities. There is a beauty in the fancy, a reverence for palm and cocoa in the grateful superstition. But to proceed with our Man-Trees or Tree-Men of verdant England.

At the present time, there is a magnificent opportunity for LORD SEYMOUR—our new sylvan Minister—to distinguish himself. Let him lay out what remains to us of St. James's Park with an eye to the planting of yew, box, holly, and other vegetable statues of men who have deserved well of their country. Let him show how the Dutch mode of clipping trees into peacocks and monsters may be improved and elevated, by turning his creative shears to the cutting out and pruning of men. Let us suppose that GEORGE THE THIRD and his sons the two Fourths with, if you will, the DUKE OF YORK, flourished in monumental yew in St. James's Park—should we not gain by the change from metal to vegetable? Any way, we may begin with the statue of the Good DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, and the statue—or rather, the tree for the statue—might be inaugurated with a pleasing seriousness, a glad solemnity, due to the gravity of the subject, and highly satisfactory to the feelings of the noblemen and gentlemen of the Committee.

And first, what tree shall be planted to grow, perennial statue, of the good-natured CAMBRIDGE? Yew-tree? No: it is too funereal; even the bees reject and shun it. Nevertheless, upon occasion, a statue in yew may be found desirable, symbolic: namely, when an English Sunday shall be put in deep black, and an Act of Parliament shall dumb-found the very birds on the Sabbath, and stop the flow of the Thames on the seventh day—then may we have a statue in congenial yew of the noble, bilious Lord who shall achieve such glory, to eternise his fame:—

> "Nor wilding green, nor woodland flower,
> Arise within its baleful bower."

No, we will have none of yew for our CAMBRIDGE,—but a holly-tree, holly, and no other. There are thoughts and recollections of Christmas and Christmas fare—beef and plum-pudding—that, as other trees are sacred to certain heathen heroes, as the poplar to HERCULES, make the holly the especial tree of the Good DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE. It is decided then.

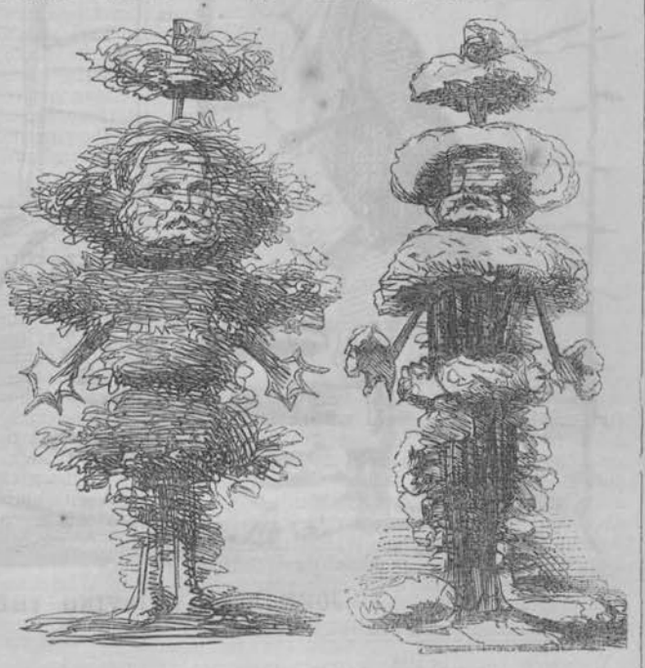
Our first green statue in St. James's is that of the good Duke, and the tree, the holly.

We cannot in our present page draw out a programme of the ceremony of planting the ducal tree; but the rite may be performed with many significant meanings. CICERO—on the authority of PLINY—would often irrigate his plane-trees with wine; and, in our day, animals are buried under the roots of trees to make them fruitful; witness the renowned tom-cat deposited under the gooseberry-bush that, ever after, bore hairy gooseberries. Well, the holly planted—the holly that shall afterwards bear a monumental resemblance (when artistically cut) of the Good DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, may be irrigated with port or claret, poured forth by BENJAMIN BOND CABBELL, from an historic wine-cooler of the London Tavern. A haunch of venison, from the larder of the same hostelry, may also be deposited under the roots of the holly to enrich and stimulate its sap. Holly, fed by claret and venison! Is it possible to suggest a more fitting, a more truth-speaking monument to a man who has eaten thousands of dinners for the good of his country?

Well, the holly is planted, and the gardener-artist goes to work with his shears; in proper season producing a strong, leafy resemblance to the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE. This done, GEORGE THE THIRD and GEORGE THE FOURTH duly planted, may demand of the artist an improved touch. And so the gardener-sculptor—

> From holly wood
> Clips CAMBRIDGE good,
> And then he trims the GEORGES, oh!

And here we may briefly ask, whether the custom of planting and cutting tree statues of great men may not give more fitting employment to much unregarded genius, doomed to the stone-yard, or we should say, the stone-cupboard of the Royal Academy? Many a man who has no chance of making a figure in marble, might flourish for years in holly, box, or hornbeam. There would be work two or three times every year upon the same effigy. For instance. Here is



CAMBRIDGE IN THE SPRING, AND IN THE WINTER.

Thus, with memorial effigies cut in trees, there would be a very wholesome demand for surplus sculptors; and when St. James's Park is green and alive with budding, shooting heroes, when it is an arboreal Walhalla with the GEORGES, for instance, as green as were their subjects. economy will have embraced beauty, and much ill-used bronze be sent to the melting-pot. Again; if any of the tree-statues outlived the reputation of their originals, the trees might be suffered to run wild—to grow at their own sweet will—for a year or two, and then be clipped into another and a better hero. Thus, a GEORGE THE FOURTH might be suffered to outgrow even his own abdomen, and then be cut close to a SHAKESPEARE or a NEWTON. And so, the sap that gave viridity to the spendthrift king, may feed the necessities of the poet or philosopher.

Nor do we see any difficulty in the matter of inscription. On the contrary; the inscription may be in admirable harmony with the material of the effigy. Let us take our first holly statue—the Good DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE. On a given piece of earth, at the foot of the statue, may be grown, cut, and continually renewed, a record of the Duke's many excellent qualities in cress and mustard. They would be symbolical and pungent of the tavern salad. Or, indeed, the inscription might be pricked out in civic parsley. In the old heroic day we know that parsley crowned the temples of the hero. Very well; with us it is said hero-worship is turned topsy-turvy; so let our great men have the parsley at their feet.

A Common Councilman on Lending.

MR. COMMON COUNCILMAN ANDERTON opposed the motion made to lend books from the City Library. He was quite against such free circulation of knowledge. The wizard further observed, "the worst thing a man could do was to lend." ANDERTON is wrong—grievously wrong. The very worst thing a real man can do is to—borrow.

ENTOMOLOGY AND THERAPEUTICS.

SPIDERS are mentioned in "*Notes and Queries*" as an old woman's remedy for ague. The principle of their administration, however, is perfectly scientific. It is simply that of counter-irritation—a crawling in the stomach is occasioned to cure a creeping of the skin.

THE PARKS AND THE PEOPLE.

JUST now it seems the Woods and Forests must play at ducks and drakes with the public money, and, as it appears, that a Park is necessary as a play-ground for this costly and very unpopular sport, we beg to suggest, that, in order to spare Hyde Park, St. James's, and the Green Park, another Park should be set apart for the Woods and Forests to play their pranks in. With a view to carrying out this arrangement, we have the pleasure of submitting our own Whetstone Park to the notice of the authorities. If a Park is wanted merely for the purposes of jobbing, there cannot be a better locality, as there are two or three job-masters already on the spot, and therefore a few jobs more or less cannot injure the neighbourhood. We do not see why a Rangership with a "tremendous salary" should not be attached to Whetstone Park, and as to "alterations" designed for the purpose of giving jobs to contractors and others, Whetstone Park, though limited in space, is quite large enough to admit of the erection and pulling down of arches, the digging out and filling in of ground, together with such other costly operations as are occasionally carried on in Parks more frequented by the public than Whetstone, and therefore more deserving of protection against the pranks of the Woods and Forests.

We could easily "hit off" a little plan for applying to Whetstone Park a great deal of the expense—and consequent patronage—now being occasioned by what is going on in those Parks that have been called emphatically the play-ground of the Londoners.

We would begin by throwing up an esplanade, commencing on the south side of Little Turnstile, and terminating at a point exactly opposite to the northern end of the pump-handle in the neighbourhood. There would be no difficulty in throwing up an embankment, for the purpose of elevating the level, for the materials are all on the spot, as the neighbourhood abounds in oyster shells, old shoes, and other similar articles. We would, in fact, pledge ourselves that there shall be no "engineering difficulties" in the way of raising the ground, if the public will only raise the money. At the Gate Street corner of Whetstone Park we would erect a cistern, so that the gutter, now running throughout the entire centre of the Park, may be converted into a piece of ornamental water, which in purity, if not in extent, would be very superior to the Serpentine. We would then lay down a "rotten row" from east to west, and a portion of the materials would be supplied from the articles cast from their windows by the inhabitants.

When we reflect that all this and a great deal more might be done in Whetstone Park, without cutting up the green turf, of which we have not a foot too much for the recreation of the smoke-dried Londoner, we feel doubly the cruelty of the goings on in the West End Parks, and we wish, at least, that the direction addressed to the public, who are here and there "requested to keep off the grass," were respected by the authorities themselves, and that they, with their waggons, their pickaxes, and their hoardings, would "keep off the grass" for the future.

Haynau's Entire Honours.

THE *Times* correspondent says—"The Austrian government will show its sympathy for the insulted general by raising him at once to the rank of a marshal." How much will he owe to Barclay and Perkins! May we not then trace the noble rank of Haynau till we find it issuing from a bung-hole? What conquest in battle has not done, a retreat from a brewery has effected. He who is not rewarded for standing lead and iron, is made a Marshal for running from pewter!

SHAMPOOING MADE EASY.

ENGLISH travellers are informed, that on landing at Continental custom-houses, where the practice of searching the person for contraband articles of traffic is enforced, the searchers, in the strenuous execution of their duty, will SHAMPOO them GRATIS.

FEMALE BARRISTERS.

AN attempt is made, every now and then, by an energetic lady, the wife of an incarcerated barrister, to appear in the courts of law, and argue before the judges. Whenever this lady presents herself in counsel's place to make a motion, a terrible com-motion is the consequence. The learned judges are naturally opposed to the principle of hearing ladies in court; for the precedent would be dangerous indeed, as a fair pleader would, as a matter of course, make her own rule absolute. A female bar would, no doubt, soon restore to Westminster Hall its reputation for eloquence, and the name of "utter barrister" would become appropriate indeed to a sex remarkable for its abundance and volubility of utterance. The honours of the profession would not be sought after very eagerly, for every female barrister would remain a "junior" as long as she could; and the idea of being ranked as a "senior" would be quite insupportable. Perhaps, however, the offer of a "silk gown" might occasionally be found irresistible, though we do not see how the forensic costume could be preserved, inasmuch as a public avowal that she wears a wig could never be expected from a female advocate.

THE GORDON IS CUMMING.

A ROAR FROM A WILD BEAST.

THE GORDON is CUMMING, oh dear, oh dear!
The GORDON is CUMMING, oh dear, oh dear!
To slaughter us wholly; that 's clear, quite clear.—
(I 've a bullet of his in the rear, the rear).

He 'll cut us all up, branch and root, and root,
No creature he spares from pursuit, pursuit:
The King of the Beasts he will shoot, will shoot,
And the antelope, also, poor brute, poor brute!

He blows out the elephant's brains, his brains,
His hand with giraffes' blood he stains, he stains,
As he in his volume explains, explains,
Disregarding the animal's pains, its pains.

The sea-cow he peppers, pop, pop, smash, smash!
She flounders and rolls in her gore, splash, splash!
At last goes a ball through her skull, crash, crash!
What a mercy it settles her hash, her hash!

Perhaps we were made with intent, intent,
That balls through our sides should be sent, be sent,
Our nerves were contrived to be rent, be rent,
And our bones to be shattered were meant, were meant.

If that is why we were sent here, sent here,
Of course 'tis all right—though 'tis rather queer—
And to put us to use in our sphere, our sphere,
MR. GORDON is coming—oh dear, oh dear!

THE ATHOL PASSPORT OFFICE.

AN office will shortly be opened in Edinburgh for the purpose of issuing passports to Glen Tilt and other impassable passes of the Athol estate. It is to be called the ATHOL PASSPORT OFFICE. Travellers will be expected to give their names, addresses, and occupations, and motives for travelling, besides finding two sureties for their respectability and good behaviour. Another stipulation also is, that they are to carry neither gun, nor fishing-rod, nor fowling-piece, nor stick, nor sword, nor knife, nor pencil, nor sketching apparatus, as the Duke is determined that nothing, not even a view, shall be carried off his estate—at all events, not till a Court of Law has thrown it open to the public. Every passport will have his Grace's signature and seal, and a price, somewhat less than what is charged by LORD PALMERSTON for a Foreign Passport, will be demanded for it, so as to keep the country within the walks of the very highest. This measure will have the effect of increasing the Duke's income, even though it should close and make still narrower the respect that is universally felt for the narrowness of his ways, and the unenlightened selfishness of his views.

Haunted Churchyards.

IT is not perhaps generally known that churchyards in this country are infested by ghoules and vampyres. One "JUSTITIA," however, writes to the *Times*, stating that on sending a person lately into Walthamstow churchyard to cut a new inscription out on his family tomb, the man was pounced upon with a demand of ten-and-sixpence, and two half-crowns, by three horrible creatures in the shape of the parson, the sexton, and the clerk.

HATOPHOBIA.

THERE is a society organising in favour of the heads of society against the hats of the same. Never was there a movement which deserved a profounder sympathy or a more universal adherence. The Red Republican demands "a million heads;" the Hatophobist contents himself with demanding "a million hats," and that demand we beg to echo.

The history of hats is enough to shake one's faith in human progress. Instead of advancing, we have been retrograding, or, to make the most of it, we have not yet got beyond the wide-awake. It appears on the frieze of the Parthenon. (No. 1.) It is worn by the clod-crusher of Wiltshire. (No. 2.)

1 2 3

But between these two extremes of what we may call the *ideal Hat*, what a decline and fall do our head-covers exhibit!

There was the hood of the Saxon held its ground to the end of the thirteenth century. (No. 3.) Its tail was cut up and twisted round the head, into the bonnet of the fourteenth.

The unsightly turban was next modified into the jaunty bonnet of the Fifth, Sixth, and Seventh HENRIES. (No. 4.)

4 5

The Eighth HENRY exhibits the first development of brim. (No. 5.)

The crown and brim broke out into more luxuriant proportions under ELIZABETH. (No. 6.)

6 7 8

The same development was at work under MARY and JAMES—till, in CHARLES THE FIRST, the Hat reached its apogee, and stood revealed in the cavalier's head-gear, the most graceful that has ever shaded English Heads. (No. 7.) From that moment we have to date the decline and fall of the Hat. (No. 8.)

One side of it yielded under CHARLES THE SECOND, and one segment gone, the others speedily followed, till, under WILLIAM THE THIRD, the brim was turned up all round, and vainly endeavoured to make up by its brim and feather-edge for its lost breadth of shadow and sweep of line. (No. 9.) It was no use—all forms of "the cock" were odious—

9

nobs, bobs, steinkirks, kevenhullers—or by whatever name they are known. With the French Revolution fell the uncocked hat—but, alas, only to see the odious chimney-pot of our own day take its place.

Society has struggled under its hat. In its uneasiness it has tried all modifications of that central cylinder, and tampered in every way with the insignificant brim, but to no purpose. Even PRINCE ALBERT'S daring attempt at a composite of all these has been generally pronounced a failure. (No. 10.) The human head-cover has still continued to resemble a truncated section of iron piping, (No. 11), and we seem

10 11

still to lie under the disgrace of the ugliest hat that the world has yet seen, unless a vigorous effort is made to shake it off. (No. 12).

Such an opportunity presents itself in the Exhibition of 1851.

Let the European world of inventors be called upon to come forward hat in hand, and try what can be done to crown humanity in the nineteenth century with something less like a chimney-pot. We know of nothing that can be said in favour of the article which we are forced to wear on our heads—it is hot in summer, it is not warm in winter; it does not shade us from the sun, it does not shelter us from the rain; it is ugly and expensive; you cannot wear it in a railway carriage, it is always in your way in a drawing-room; if you sit upon it you crush it, yet it will not save your skull in a fall from your horse; it will not go into a portmanteau, you are sure to forget it when suspended from the straps of a carriage roof. It is too hard to roll up, too soft to stand upon; it rusts with the sea-air, and spots with the rain; if it is good, you are sure to have it taken by mistake at a *soirée;* if it is bad, you are set down for a swindler—in short, it has all the bad qualities that a thing can have, and not one good one to set off against them.

Rally then against the Hat of the nineteenth century! If you ask what is to be substituted in its place, We answer

Not the bonnet rouge of red republicanism;
Not the white felt of ditto in Germany;
Not the black steeple-crowned ditto in Rome;

but a hat that may recall the grace of the days of CHARLES THE FIRST without awakening the remembrance of their dissensions—a hat which combines, like our mixed Constitution, King, Lords, and Commons—

12

the crown of the former, the cavalier grace of the second, and the serviceable substantiality of the third.

We would not have revolution in dress stop here.

We have something to say on coats and continuations.

And then comes the profoundedly æsthetic question of Bonnets, and LADIES' DRESS IN GENERAL!

JENNY LIND AND THE AMERICANS.

From our own Reporters.

CORONATION OF JENNY THE FIRST—QUEEN OF THE AMERICANS.

THE moment it was known by what vessel JENNY LIND was about to cross the Atlantic, we dispatched an efficient corps of reporters and correspondents on board, who were present in various disguises about the ship, for the purpose of watching every movement of the Nightingale. One of our most esteemed contributors might have been seen flitting about in a dreadnought and sou'-wester, from spar to spar, and yard-arm to yard-arm, dodging the delicious song-bird, as she hopped from paddle-box to paddle-box, utterly regardless of wind and wave, while a juvenile member of our extensive establishment was on board, in the humble disguise of a lob-lolli-boy.

It has been erroneously supposed, that because MADEMOISELLE JENNY LIND was seen to leave Liverpool waving her white handkerchief from the very top of the deck-house over the companion, and was seen to enter the American harbour waving the same white handkerchief from the top of the same deck-house,—it has been, we say, erroneously, though naturally supposed, that, from the time of her starting to the moment of her arrival, JENNY LIND was constantly employed in the way in which she is represented to have commenced and terminated her journey. We are enabled to assure the public, on the very best authority, that such is not the case.

The time occupied in the voyage passed very pleasantly. Every evening there was a concert for the benefit of somebody or other, concluding with one for the benefit of the crew, which was somewhat marred by the boisterous state of the weather. The piano was soon sent up to an inconveniently high pitch, the glasses insisted in joining in, as musical glasses without much regard to harmony or effect, but keeping up a sort of jingle during the whole time, there was an occasional accompaniment of wind and stringed instruments by BOREAS playing fearfully on the ropes of the rigging, and every now and then everything was rendered a great deal too flat by a too rapid running up of the ascending scale and coming very abruptly down again.

The voyage having been safely got over, we now come to the proceedings in America; but we are bound to say that our contemporaries have so fully occupied the ground—and their own columns—that room is scarcely left even for us to say anything.

For some days before the steamer was expected, New York was in a state of intense excitement, so that when the ship actually came in sight, the only mode the police had of keeping the enthusiasm of the crowd within decent bounds, was to check their cries by knocking the breath—as far as practicable—out of their bodies. Millions had their heads turned, and hundreds had their heads broken, but all was of no avail; and in spite of the exertions of the constabulary to stave off the people with their staves, the quays were in a state of dead lock from the throngs that covered them. As the vessel entered the harbour, the Nightingale was seen perched on the deck-house, supported on either side by MESSRS. BENEDICT and BELETTI. MR. BARNUM, the enterprising showman who has speculated in JENNY LIND, as he has already done in TOM THUMB, and other popular idols, was running a race along the pier with a MR. COLLINS—perhaps a rival showman—each holding an enormous bouquet, and a fearful struggle took place as to which should be the first to clamber up the paddle-box. BARNUM made a desperate spring on one side, while COLLINS took a terrific leap towards the other, and the latter being the more fortunate, or the more active of the two—or perhaps he had been taking lessons in gymnastics beforehand of some Indian-rubber brothers—succeeded in being the first to stand at the Nightingale's side, and to present her with a nosegay twice the size of that which BARNUM pushed into her hand a moment afterwards.

Either to see better, or to escape from the energetic COLLINS and the frantic BARNUM, "JENNY LIND moved to the larboard wheel-house," and seeing the American flag, the Nightingale—with a sly sense of humour, no doubt, and a general recollection of all she had heard about the slave-trade, and the treatment of MR. FREDERIC DOUGLAS, the "coloured" newspaper editor—exclaimed, "There is the beautiful standard of freedom, the oppressed of all nations worship it."

As the ship neared the pier, every mast seemed to be made of eyes, noses, and mouths; every window was a mass of heads, and the roofs of the houses looked as if they were slated with human beings, and had men and women for chimney-pots. The Nightingale was so struck with the respectability of a Yankee mob, that she asked "where the poor were?"—intending, no doubt, if there had been any poor, to have sung at once—sung out from the top of the paddle-box—for their benefit.

It now became time for JENNY LIND to land, and at the pier gates was drawn up in readiness BARNUM'S carriage. When one hears of a

THE CONTRIBUTION OF THE ADMIRALTY TO THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

showman's carriage in this country one's mind naturally travels to a van into which the public are invited, indiscriminately, to "walk up;" but such was not the vehicle in which BARNUM was prepared to receive his Nightingale. The horses were figged out in a style well adapted to advertise the museum of which BARNUM is proprietor; and, though the trappings were well calculated to act as trappings, and catch the eye of the vulgar, good taste could not help feeling that the "caparisons" were "odious." The Nightingale entered the carriage with the assistance of BARNUM, who then mounted the box, ordering his servant to make a circuit towards Irving House, it being very clear to all what he and his coachman were driving at. The progress to Irving House was one tremendous crush of beings, so densely packed together that an exceedingly ripe cheese, in spontaneous motion, is the only thing to which it would bear comparison.

The *Times*, having devoted a first leader of nearly three columns to a digest of the proceedings—including the telegraphing of MRS. and MISS BARNUM, who were coming up from Cincinnati, the rush of Bishops and Clergy, the crowd of "fashionable ladies," the deadly scramble for the stone of the "identical peach," supposed to have been eaten by JENNY LIND at dessert, the search for a "sensible old horse," who must be a rare animal among the tribe of senseless donkies in the States—these things, we say, having been sufficiently dwelt upon elsewhere, we think reiteration of the facts would be superfluous. We are, however, expecting to receive telegraphic dispatches of a somewhat startling character, nor should we be surprised if the next "Latest from America" should announce the dissolution of the Republic, and the proclamation of JENNY LIND as Queen of the United States, with BARNUM as chief Secretary for Foreign Affairs—a post for which his long acquaintance with such foreign affairs as TOM THUMB, the Sea Serpent, and other contents of his museum, renders him fully qualified.

Our anticipations are realised, the following is the

LATEST FROM AMERICA.—JENNY LIND.

BY ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

Mr. Punch's Office, 85, *Fleet Street*.

WITHIN a minute of going to press, we have received the following important intelligence from Liverpool:—

"The *Tarnation*, CAPTAIN SMART, has just arrived from New York, after five days' passage, and brings the following authentic information.

"JENNY LIND does not return to Europe. On the conclusion of her engagement (which will be considerably shortened) with BARNUM, JENNY will be crowned Queen of the United States, the actual President politely retiring. JENNY accepts office under contract always to sing, in so many airs, to the people of the smartest nation upon earth, what has been hitherto printed as Presidents' Speeches.

"Two stars and one stripe have been added to the American flag: the stars are JENNY'S eyes, and the stripe a lock of JENNY'S hair."

ADDISCOMBE GEESE.

WE received a letter last week from a Corporal—not in the Guards, but in the Honourable Company's Establishment at Addiscombe. This communication is signed "TRIM,"—which betokens an acquaintance with literature that we are glad to meet with in a young soldier; and there is only one grammatical error in it; but even that we believe to be a mere slip of the pen, not at all deserving corporal punishment. Our correspondent wanted to know how he was to divide one goose equally between ten cadets,—a problem which the liberality of the Honourable Company would require him to solve on Michaelmas Day. Could we have answered our young SHANDEAN friend in time, we should have advised him to cut the goose into small bits, and serve them out by spoonfuls; by which means he would at least have afforded his comrades the satisfaction of a perfect mess. Not five East India Directors, we will venture to say, ever sat down with but a single goose at table; and it was shabby to expect twice that number of young men to dine off a bird which though "too much for two" is "not enough for three." We are not, however, altogether sorry to hear that there are ten cadets at Addiscombe with only one goose among the lot.

Complete Pacification of Ireland.

THE wisdom of the Synod of Thurles—a wisdom denouncing the godless colleges—a wisdom, no doubt, as wisely, as sincerely, and, withal, as reverently admitted by MR. GAVIN DUFFY, of the *National*—bids fair to stir up the passions of the land, renewing the ferment that hopeful folks believed about to be stilled. Nevertheless, there may be grounds of hope for the ultimate tranquillity of Ireland, in the prophecy of GIRALDUS CAMBRENSIS, who declares that that country shall be tranquil a little before Doomsday—"*vix paulò ante diem Judicii!*" A little before Doomsday! After all, may not GIRALDUS CAMBRENSIS be a little too sanguine?

LEADING ARTICLE ON THE ADMIRALTY AND THEIR IRON STEAMERS.

WE never think of CINDERELLA without being reminded of the Lords of the Admiralty, because an iron war-steamer is an invention so analogous to a glass slipper. To dance in glass shoes, it is manifest, would be about as practicable as to fight in iron vessels; and either material would be equally likely to stand a ball. CINDERELLA'S glass dancing-shoe, however, is a harmless fable; but the Admiralty's iron fighting-ships are serious fabrications. As to the slipper, the young lady never put her foot in it, which cannot be said of my lords in regard to their iron steamers.

Surely it might have occurred to any being but an animal which shall be nameless, that a vessel made at a foundry would be certain to founder. We cannot conceive how anybody could think of using iron to build vessels of war with, unless in consequence of having taken an over-dose of a chalybeate, of which the iron got into his head. Did the Admiralty distrust the valour of the British sailor, and think to depend on the metal of the ship, instead? Doubting, it would seem, the strength of our naval bulwarks, they changed them for defences which are mere bulrushes. The harmony with which they united in the perpetration of their Iron Follies can only be explained on the supposition that they are harmonious blacksmiths. Indeed, their unanimity in such absurdity would induce one to believe that they had but one mind—and that a disordered one—to share among their whole number.

Of course, the iron vessels cannot exist a moment before any gun but a pop-gun. Had this not been demonstrated by experiment, the iron determination of the Lords of the Admiralty would doubtless have soon converted our whole navy into a material which can only stand fire in the shape of a kettle or a saucepan. In fact, we should have thought that to construct a man-of-war of such a substance could have occurred to nobody at all connected with nautical affairs, except the son of a sea-cook. The same ingenuity that would have built iron line-of-battle-ships, would probably have furnished them with tin sails, cotton cordage, anchors of gutta percha, and wooden cannon.

The idea of putting to sea in a wash-tub is quite distanced by that of going into action in an iron pot, as would soon have been done when every dockyard in the country had been converted into a marine pantechnicon.

We hope the Admiralty will no longer file their mind with a view to supersede the British oak, if they can produce nothing better for that purpose than iron filings. We trust that they will have no more such irons in the fire as iron war-steamers, but will rather commit all their plans and designs of such monstrosities to the devouring element. If they intended their ferreous freak in naval architecture for their amusement merely, they have been amusing themselves most unjustifiably, at the expense of the nation, in a strain of bitter irony, far too severe. Fortunately, they have drowned none of our brave sailors in their war-kettles; but they have sunk a mint of capital. We wish they could convert their ironmongery back into gold; but such alchemy is far beyond those, who, quacks though they may be, are no conjurors. In the meantime JOHN BULL rues the blunders of these ship-smiths. The iron has entered his soul, and the money has gone out of his pocket.

MR. PUNCH'S GAME LIST FOR 1850.

IN the GAME LIST of this year, we do not meet with the familiar name of MR. PUNCH. This is an omission, almost amounting to a public insult, for it must be confessed that no one provides the United Kingdom—the United World, in fact—with such capital game, and such a constant supply of it, as

> MR. PUNCH,
> DEALER IN ALL SORTS OF GAME,
> 85, *Fleet Street*.

The following is a correct list of the gentlemen and public bodies, who have kindly consented to find *Mr. Punch* with Game during the ensuing year:—

COLONEL SIBTHORP, Lincoln.
THE AMERICAN SEA-SERPENT.
MR. BARRY, Houses of Parliament.
MR. JOHN O'CONNELL, Conciliation Hall, (if still existing).
MADAME TUSSAUD'S Chamber, and all other Horrors.
MR. PARR, MR. HOLLOWAY, and all 13½*d.* quacks.
ALL CHOWLERS, FERRANDS, Agitators, and Howlers.
ALL HAYNAUS, and tyrants, and women-floggers.
LORD BROUGHAM, Brougham Hall, Penrith, and Cannes, France.
THE ROYAL ACADEMICIANS, National Gallery.
MR. FEARGUS O'CONNOR, Snigg's-End.
THE DEAN AND CHAPTER OF ST. PAUL'S, and all other public exhibitions.
SMITHFIELD MARKET, and every other kind of City nuisance.
ALL SINECURISTS, AND PENSIONISTS, AND DUKE OF CAMBRIDGEISTS.
SIR PETER LAURIE, and all those who put themselves up to put everything down.

And numerous others, far too tedious to mention.

WOMAN AND THE CAT.

It seems then that, with our thumb in our mouth, we must stand rebuked. We must accede to the diction of certain of our contemporaries that it is a necessary part of generalship to flog women. Authorities have been sought out to find cat companions for Tiger Haynau. Even the Duke of Wellington has, in the course of his long and glorious life, bestowed six-and-thirty lashes a piece on a dozen women. "None but the brave chastise the fair." To be sure the women flogged in Spain were trulls of the army; *Moll Flaggons*, who plundered and pillaged, and in many cases did not quietly set themselves down to wait and close the eyes of the wounded before they possessed themselves of the personal effects of the dying—watches, purses, epaulettes, whatever the booty might be. "And booty," says Suwarrow, in his *Soldier's Catechism*, "booty is a holy thing!" Thieves and suspected murderesses were flogged by the Iron Duke in Spain: the truth of this is shown by the evidence of a Highlander; evidence quoted in Scott's *Paris Revisited;* and therefore, Haynau is to be held free of odium for flogging Madame Madersbach, a matron of spotless honour, whose only crime was sympathy with the Hungarians. Meg Donaldson "the best woman in our regiment, for whatever she might take she did na keep it all to herself"—Meg, the liberal thief, takes rank with a noble, high-souled woman, whose husband, maddened by the infamy wreaked upon his wife, blows out his brains, leaving the outraged lady a desolate widow. And these are the examples set forth in defence of Haynau! Why not go further? In his time, Calcraft the hangman has, we doubt not, flagellated female thieves and wantons. Why not produce his example in extenuation of the acts of the Austrian? There would be some sort of fitness in pairing the hangman and the butcher; but we protest against any use of the Duke in aid of the Marshal: Haynau must not be whitened by the pipeclay of a Wellington.

Ceremony of presenting the Bâton to the "Warrior" Haynau.

LAYING ON THE CAMBRIDGE BUTTER A LITTLE TOO THICK.

Mr. Colin Mackenzie assures us, in a letter to the *Times*, that none of the subscriptions for the proposed testimonial to the "good Duke" of Cambridge have been drawn from the funds of any Charitable Institution. We would not contradict the word of any Secretary, but we will swear that, amongst the printed subscriptions to the above object, we saw the following line:—

"Drury Lane Theatrical Fund . . . . . £10 10*s*."

This sum is drawn, not from a flourishing fund, but from one that is rather struggling for means. Have the Cambridge Testimonial Committee accepted the £10, and, if so, do they intend to keep it? Do they mean to go upon the principle laid down at the bottom of the Drury Lane play-bills—when Drury Lane had play-bills—of "No Money Returned?" If so, we propose that at the next anniversary of the Drury Lane Theatrical Fund Dinner, at which, of course, the present Good Duke of Cambridge ("good" for about £26,000 a year of the people's money) will preside, the above Committee, with Mr. Colin Mackenzie at its head, be made to walk round the room of the Freemasons' Tavern, in pursuance with the plan generally followed out at public dinners by schools, and other recipients of a charity. Really, this erecting a monument on a poor-box is bringing disgrace on the very name it is wished to honour. It is taking the bread of the living to give a stone to the dead.

Good News for the Kitchen.—We find, from the astronomical intelligence of the month, that, on a given day, "the moon will enter Aries." We have received several communications from cooks and others in the domestic interest, who are anxious to know, whether, as the moon is likely to enter Aries, there is any chance of the sun entering underground kitchens, to which that luminary has long been a stranger.

A TESTIMONIAL TO MR. WALKER AT LAST!

If any manly breast is the better for a badge of honour, there certainly is one special case in which that part of the human body ought to be decorated. The thorax within which is a heart truly philanthropic should, of all chests, have a Star on its exterior. Sanitary heroes in particular—the men of intrepid souls and indomitable stomachs, who face typhus and nose sulphuretted hydrogen, who brave Death in the mouth of his own gravepit—deserve to be adorned as to the pectoral region. A great conqueror in the field of filth might be most appropriately invested with the Order of the Bath and Washhouse. To which might be added—in case of need, which generally *is* the case—another order; a cheque on the Treasury for a certain annual sum, not less than £25, nor exceeding £12,000.

It is contemplated by Government to accord some such tribute as that referred to last, to that really enormous benefactor of his species in general, and of the metropolitan variety thereof in particular, the author of "*Gatherings from Graveyards*," and of all the good there is in the Interments Bill, Mr. George Alfred Walker. Vulgar incredulity need not echo this gentleman's surname. We have stated the fact. Government is about decreeing a Testimonial to Walker.

Be it, however, understood that the Government alluded to is not the firm of Messrs. Russell and Co., Taxmasters and Providers for the Royal Family. That concern has quite relinquished the higher departments of State-business, such as the promotion of political and social reform, and, with a view to it, the reward and encouragement of eminent merit. Their patronage, of late, has been confined to that comparatively unimportant district of these dominions termed Flunkeydom; and they have nearly limited their operations to the aristocratic estate and agency line. The Government which is going to grant Mr. Walker a Testimonial is the Government of His Majesty the Public, to which the Downing-Street Cabinet leaves the consideration of all matters of higher consequence than six-and-eightpence—except, always, the salaries of Royal Dukes, and such like.

No other tax will be imposed on account of the Walker Testimonial Fund than a small per-centage of consilence-money. In addition, it is only necessary to state that the sums now due for this object from national gratitude may be paid to the credit of Lord Dudley Coutts Stuart, at the Treasury—Messrs. Coutts and Co.—or at the branch offices, which are all other banks in town or country.

A Warning to Small Sovereigns.

Hesse Cassel remains quiet, although the Elector remains away! Should not this fact be a warning to little kings? "Affairs," say accounts, "are taking their every-day course," no doubt to the wonder of the Elector. The wheel contrives to go round, although, to the astonishment of the fly, the fly is whirled into the dust!

THE POACHER OF WESTMORELAND.

Dedicated to LORD B—M AND V—X.

I FIRST began as a lawyer; in time I was made a Peer,
And I served my country faithfully for more than forty year,
Till I came down to poaching; the truth you soon shall hear:
Oh, 'tis my delight of a hazy night to fish with net and spear!

As me and my companions our nets a laying were,
The water bailiffs was watching us, but for them we didn't care;
For we thought we should be a match for them if they dared to interfere:
And 'tis my delight of a hazy night to fish with net and spear!

There was me and the MARQUIS OF DOURO, and our lady-folks and BILL;
Likewise JOHN WHITE the gardener, renowned for art and skill;
And ROBSON too, and ARMSTRONG, both old hands well known up here:
Oh, 'tis my delight of a hazy night to fish with net and spear!

All in the river Eamont our nets we scarce had laid,
When down the watchers came on us with PEERITH at their head,
And arter us they boldly plunged in the stream so bright and clear:
Oh, 'tis my delight of a hazy night to fish with net and spear!

They tried to seize our tackle, which we wouldn't stand, in course,
And our side pulled away 'gin theirn with all their might and force;
Whilst me and noble DOURO did our companions cheer:
Oh, 'tis my delight of a hazy night to fish with net and spear!

There was SIR GEORGE MUSGRAVE'S gamekeeper a pulling for his life,
When what does JOHNNY PEERITH do but helps him to a knife;
By which means of our tackle he cuts off eight yards, near:
Oh, 'tis my delight of a hazy night to fish with net and spear!

JOHN ROBSON, notwithstanding, held on to it so tight
That they dragged him out on t'other side, when he offered them to fight;
"Come on!" he says, "I'm ready for the best man standing here:"
And 'tis my delight of a hazy night to fish with net and spear!

The skrimmage being ended, afore the beaks we went,
For to have the case decided, which warn't to our content,
As they gave it dead agin us; yet still we 'll persevere:
Oh, 'tis my delight of a hazy night to fish with net and spear!

Bad luck to fish-preservers, all that dwell in every shire,
The same to water-bailiffs, who won't let us drag and wire;
Success to every poacher, by river, brook, or mere:
And 'tis my delight of a hazy night to fish with net and spear!

The Cambridge Monument.

LEEKS, the Hon. Sec. to the embryo Cambridge Monument ("the nature of which, whether a charitable institution or otherwise, will be decided" when the money is collected, which, we take it, is giving a pretty long day)—LEEKS has called another meeting of the General Committee, to count the halfpence up to the present time subscribed, and to solicit further contributions. All we have to say is—"Gentle Public, take care of your pockets." LEEKS is evidently not a moving hand at a begging advertisement. Why, then, does not the Committee cashier LEEKS and try Onions?

THE "MANIFOLD WRITER."—MR. G. P. R. JAMES.

THE GOVERNESS-GRINDERS.

WE were taught from the nursery songs of our infancy to have a decent horror of those monsters whose practice it was to "grind the bones" of their fellow-creatures to "make their bread," but the process of grinding down human beings is not unknown in these days—the scene of the operation being often the nursery itself, and the victim the nursery-governess. We are sorry to say the purpose of this revolting process is not so justifiable even as the object attributed to the giants in the fairy tales, who were in the habit of grinding bones, at all events, to "make their bread," but the governess-grinders of the present day resort to their inhuman practice for the purpose of rendering the task of "making bread" so irksome and difficult as to be almost impossible.

We are determined to "put down," wherever we can detect it, that mingled mass of pride and meanness, that base compound of affectation and cruelty, which is to be met with amongst people who like to boast of "keeping" a governess, when they know they are insufficiently maintaining an educated person to do double the work of the domestic drudge, at scarcely the wages of the lowest menial. We beg leave to ask any one not belonging to the governess-grinding class—and even some of them would blush to be found out in such an affair as we are about to disclose in the following well-authenticated case—whether the person making the stipulations set forth below, is anything better than an impertinent humbug, if, having got a poor wretch to enter the domestic Pandemonium implied in an attempt to fulfil the annexed conditions, she, "the lady"—as one of the contracting parties is, in these cases, by courtesy, called—has the impudence to boast of "keeping a governess"? The following proposition—the truth of which has been respectably guaranteed to us—was made, not long ago, to a well-educated young lady who had advertised for the situation of a governess.

"She was to sleep in a room with three beds, containing herself, four children and servant; to rise at a ¼ to 6; give the children their baths, dress them, and be ready for breakfast at a ¼ to 8. School, 9 to 12; ¼ past 2 to 4; and BESIDES THIS, to give two hours' lessons in music. To teach drawing, rudiments of French (speaking it as much as possible), and general knowledge. To be proficient in plain and fancy work, which she was to spend her evenings in doing, not for herself, but for her mistress. She was to have the baby on her knee while teaching, and to put all the children to bed. Salary 10 guineas per annum, and to *pay for her own washing*."

Putting aside the downright brutality of this proposal, there is a degree of ignorance perfectly characteristic in the bare expectation of being able to meet with a female CRICHTON, who should command all the qualities required, and execute the educational part of her duties "with the baby on her knee." Perhaps the "lady" wishing her "governess" to be a model to her children of all the virtues, is anxious to place her in positions which must bring out the attributes of a saint, if she is fortunate enough to be possessed of them. Patience, Humility, Endurance, Industry, and fifty other admirable qualities, would be necessary at every hour of the day for the proper discharge of the various tasks set down for this paragon of a ten-guinea governess. She must have no pride, for she is to sleep as one of six in a room with the servant; she must discharge the duties of a nurse, but she must be satisfied with far less than a nurse's wages, and she must spend her evenings in needlework, without even the paltry earnings of a needlewoman being paid to her. She must give separate lessons for two hours each day in music, and, in fact, do the music-master's work without getting one farthing of the music-master's money.

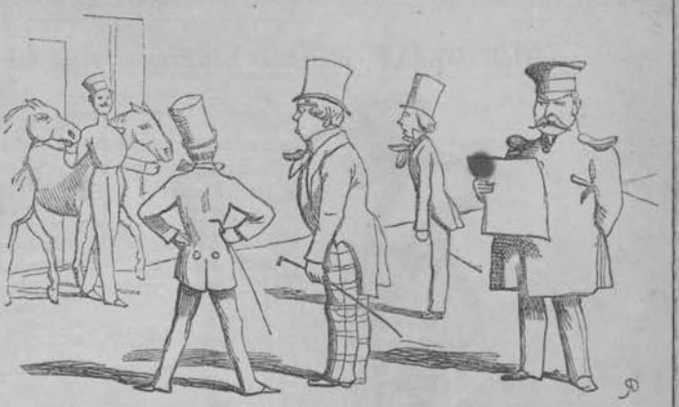
In addition to this, a certain adroitness in the art of *leger de main* will be essential; as, "while teaching she must have the baby on her knee;" a piece of manual dexterity that must require some experience in the science that "PROFESSOR" RISLEY and other posture-masters are in the habit of practising.

We will simply ask what the parent deserves, who consigns four children mentally and bodily from morning till night, beginning at the wash-tub, passing through the primer, the piano, the exercise-book, the French language, and terminating at night in the bath—we ask what does a mother deserve who consigns four children for all these purposes to "one pair of hands" at ten guineas per annum? Would she not be rightly punished if the unfortunate brats were to be half-washed, half-taught, and occasionally half-killed, by accident, or by each other, owing to the confusion existing in the bewildered brain of the less than half-paid "governess" employed to nurse, educate, and otherwise completely "do" for them?

We admire the affectation of such persons as the would-be contracting party in this case, who, when they really want a very humble description of maid-of-all-work, have the audacity to insult the educated portion of the female community, by advertising for a "governess." Let things be called by their right names; and henceforth, let the words, "WANTED A DOMESTIC DRUDGE!" be placed at the top of all similar advertisements."

BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON.—THE RIDING-SCHOOL.

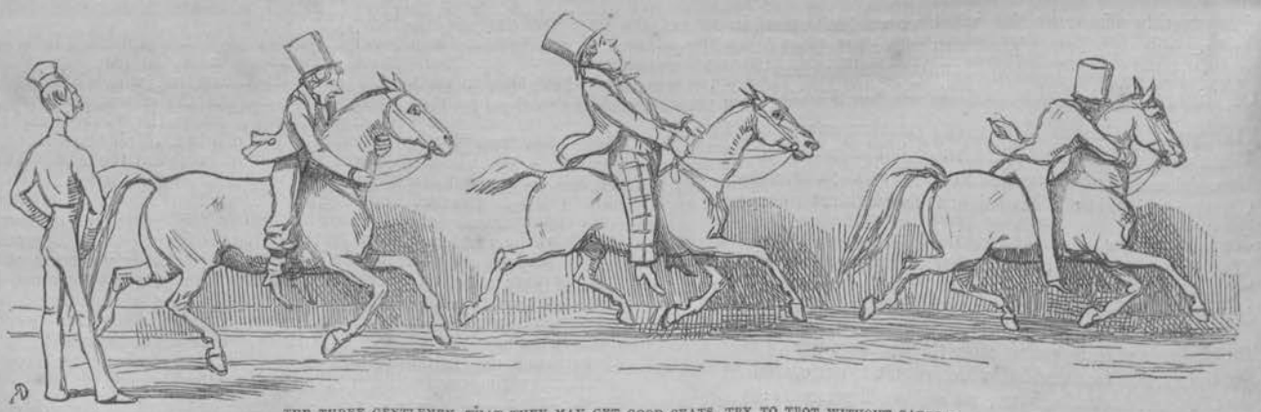
BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON CONCEIVE THE IDEA THAT "NOW IS THE TIME TO TAKE A *FEW LESSONS* IN RIDING, BEFORE THE HUNTING SEASON COMES ON." THEY ARE HERE SEEN AT THE BARRACKS, IN THE PRESENCE OF THE RIDING-MASTER.



THEY ARE DELIVERED OVER TO A ROUGH RIDER, WHO GOES FOR THE HORSES.

HERE WE BEHOLD MR. BROWN IN THE ACT OF MOUNTING,—AND,

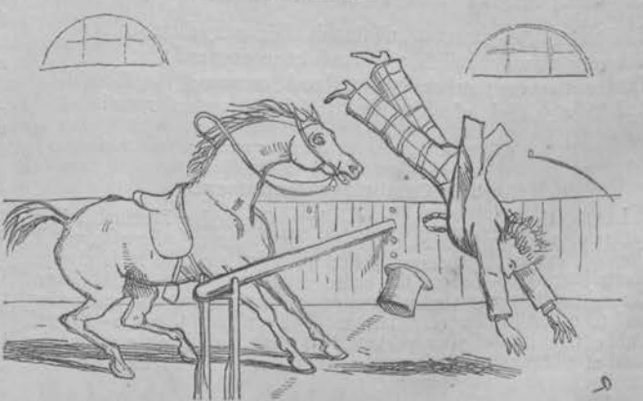
HERE IS JONES AT THE MOMENT WHEN, AS HE AFTERWARDS REMARKED, "HE FELT AN AWKWARDNESS IN GETTING UP."



THE THREE GENTLEMEN, THAT THEY MAY GET GOOD SEATS, TRY TO TROT WITHOUT SADDLES.

BACK VIEW OF BROWN AS HE APPEARED TROTTING; LIKEWISE

ROBINSON DOING THE SAME.



ROBINSON FEELS SO MUCH IMPROVED BEFORE THE END OF THE LESSON THAT HE INSISTS ON TAKING "JUST A LITTLE" LEAP.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5th, 1850.

THE GREAT WELSH EISTEDDVODD OF 1850.

MLMRDNTSPDWN AP TENGWDM, THE CELEBRATED WELSH HARPER.

THERE has just been held at Rhyl, among the rills and mountains of Wales, a great Congress of Bards to celebrate a feast called an Eisteddvod. The origin of this feast, though the learned have had a tremendous hunt after it in the forests of antiquity, has not been found; and the learned might just as well have indulged their antiquarian sportsmanship by hunting a Welsh rabbit.

An irreverent inquirer has pretended to ascertain that the Eisteddvod was originally a feast of Eisters—now written Oysters; but as Wales never was the source of Oysters—for who ever heard of Whales with oyster source—we reject the hypothesis. Better authorities tell us that PRINCE GRUFFUD—an Irish Welshman or Welsh Irishman—having a tolerably deep voice (a circumstance which has no doubt given us the word Gruff, from GRUFFUD) invited some Hibernian minstrels to hibernise or pass the winter in Wales, and practise their music. This led to a triennial meeting, when degrees were conferred, a Master of Music being called a Disgyblaidd; and from these blaidds or blades, they selected their Mus. Docs, who were called by some name, which is consonant no doubt to Welsh feelings, but consisting of nothing but consonants, is not at all consonant to ours, and we therefore beg to take the privilege of omitting it. The Welsh Mus. Doc. was supposed to have "muzzed" to such an extent, as to know, among other matters, 40 *cwlwm*, 20 *cydgerdd*, with a smattering of the 3 *mwchwl*, when, if he was tolerably well "up" in all these unpronounceable affairs, he was himself pronounced competent. In the infancy of the art, the Welsh Bards' favourite companions were their pipes; but the advance of improvement soon put their pipes out, and the bards adhered stringently to stringed instruments.

GIRALDUS CAMBRENSIS tells us, that formerly all their music was in one key; but unless it had been a street-door key, we doubt whether it would have been sufficiently capacious for their purposes.

If we thought fit to parade our learning, we could tell how TWM BÀCH—poor TOM BACH, the ancestor no doubt of our old friend SEBASTIAN—was a celebrated harper in ELIZABETH'S time, and how one POWEL, who lived in the reign of GEORGE THE SECOND, has gained celebrity, or rather got a handle to his name, by the notice and friendship of HANDEL. Coming, however, slap down upon the Bards of 1850, we find them in some old ruins at Rhyl, where they have planted themselves among the crumbling brickwork of the dilapidated Castle of Rhuddlan.

The Welsh are sufficiently English to be unable to do anything without a dinner, and there was a sort of picnic in the ruins. There were some patriotic speeches of such a stirring character in the Welsh tongue, that it is a wonder the teeth of the orators were not cracked to pieces by the rush of consonants, which was so terrific, that in the utter absence of anything like an *a e i o* or *u*, it was quite refreshing to meet with even a stray *w*; and when the excited auditory burst out with roars of "*Clywch, Clywch*," the ear felt relieved by having something pronounceable to dwell upon.

Those who could not understand the speakers had a fortunate escape, for the Welsh rant turns out to have been an appeal for ramming the Welsh tongue down all our throats, insisting on "the leek, the whole leek, and nothing but the leek," as a great political principle. It is evident that the leek—unlike the onion—has no affinity with the sage, at least in the mouths of the Welsh orators.

The contest for the prizes was the real business of the Eisteddvod, and ten Bards were competitors for a gold medal, to be given for the best variations on "Pen Rhaw," but most of them deprived the Pen of all its pith and point, besides completely spoiling the Rhaw material. Judging by the effect of the Welsh harp on ears not naturalised, or having had their sensibility destroyed by that odious nightcap—suited only to the dark ages—the Welsh wig, we should say that the Welsh harp ought to be hung up for ever in Tara's halls, if Tara will allow of such a nuisance at the bottom of his staircase. If the Welsh can have an Eisteddvod in Wales on the strength of their instruments, the Jews might certainly get up with their harps in Holywell Street a kind of Ouldclousiodd of an equally interesting character, nor do we see why the Scotch should not come boldly to the scratch and hold an opposition gathering by virtue of their Scotch fiddle.

We can imagine the installation of SMOUCHEE, the Rag-Fair Bard, executing in a minor worthy of the Minories, a strain like the following, which is at all events more intelligible than the song beginning, "*Gwell n'ar gwin yw'r Medd per hidlard*," sung at the Eisteddvodd.

Clow, Clow, Clo, Clo, gentle CHLOE,
Vasht you visht to buy or sell?
Vat if I should loosh a joey,
Shelp me, I shall udge ye vell.
Vy, vot's this—a coat yer call it,
Lookey ear, and ear, and ear;
Ven I comes to overhaul it,
Plesh me—tuppensh would be dear.
Vell—I musht do bishness vid yer,
Ave yer got a vescut old?
That vun—vell—I'll sixpence bid yer;
[*Hands over the sixpence, and looks once more at the articles.*
Plesht, if now I've not been shold.

The Eisteddvodd was unpleasantly brought to a close—though every one had thought that its coming to an end must always be a subject of congratulation—by one of the galleries sympathising with the surrounding ruins, and tumbling to pieces. Happily no one was seriously hurt, and the only wonder is how the timbers stood so long under the infliction of the very heavy music. Its weight might have crushed a more substantial structure in half the time; but, though it stood the affair as long as possible, wood and brick—like flesh and blood—may be taxed past endurance; and if there were any doubt as to walls having ears, the point was settled at the Eisteddvodd, where the walls exhibited sufficient ear to refuse any longer to listen to the twangs and moanings of the Bardic competitors.

After the harping was all over, there was held a *Gorsed Gwynnedd*, or Assembly of Druids, where a *Norma*-like proceeding was got up in the Castle court-yard, with twelve mile-stones in a circle, and a couple of large stones placed on each other in the centre—as if the Druids were going to have a game at duck—just as we have seen it arranged on the stage of the Opera. There was no admission for anyone but the Druids themselves; unless anyone had been fortunate enough to have walked out in his bed-clothes, when, in this curious specimen of sheet-armour, he might have been mistaken for a Druid—such as we have seen them in *Norma*—and gained admission among the mile-stones.

Old customs are very good things to keep up when they are really respectable, but all this Bardic mummery appears to be so essentially heavy, unmeaning, and "slow," to the eyes and ears of nearly the whole of the existing generation, that we are inclined to regard the whole thing as a silly riddle, that ought to be "given up" immediately.

THE DUCKS AND DRAKES IN ST. JAMES'S PARK.

THE public is requested by the flattering appeal of many signboards "to protect the valuable collection of aquatic fowls in St. James's Park." We wonder no one has listened to this appeal by scaring away the ducks and drakes which Ministers have been recently playing with that property; for though it may be most delightful playing to them during their vacations, it can be anything but agreeable sport to those who are compelled to look on, and quietly witness the damage which their ducks and drakes are committing in every direction. It is time they were driven out, or else there may be no end to the mischief these villainous birds will leave behind them, wherever they are allowed to play. "Play" is a curious term for that which is so serious in its consequences; but in this instance it is perfectly well applied, for the ministerial game of Ducks and Drakes in St. James's Park during the recess, when there is no possibility of stopping it, is certainly the greatest instance of "fowl play" we ever witnessed.

VERY CURIOUS!—There has not been a fire at Gravesend this week!

SHERIFF CARDEN ON "THE ARMY AND NAVY."

Goose is sacred to Michaelmas; and Mr. Alderman Carden, bran-new sheriff, sworn in on the morrow of St. Michael, delivered himself of a speech, quite worthy of the legendary vigilance and sagacity of the feathered monitor. Carden spoke of peace and war; and when he had spoken, surely a sympathetic cackle must have been heard on every moor and common, and in every farmyard of the kingdom. The multitudinous geese of the fens of Lincoln must have raised themselves upon their legs, and with van-like flapping of a hundred thousand wings, cackled—"Io Carden." The sage owl was dedicated to Genghis Khan; let the sage-and-onion goose be henceforth quartered and taken to the arms of Carden.

Mr. Alderman Carden, at his inauguration banquet, gave "the health of the Army and the Navy;" thereupon declaring that "it was the interest of *all* nations, he believed, to be prepared for war, for in that consisted the best means of preserving peace."

Thus, it is the interest of all nations to play at beggar-my-neighbour in building ships, enlisting men, and casting cannon, that the ships may never be launched, the men never be brought into the field, the cannon never be fired. Carden is for preserving peace; but then it must be peace at the "make-ready" position. All nations may be at amity, if all nations have their artillery at full-cock.

Alderman Carden was, in his early days, a soldier. "But the prospect of peace soon convinced him"—said Mr. Bullock, Common-Sergeant, and official eulogist of the callow Sheriff—"that the army would no longer afford sufficient occupation for his energy and industry." Whereupon, Mr. Carden, taking the bull by the horns, "became an eminent member of the Stock Exchange." Mr. Carden "employed himself in the monetary transactions of great nations in amity." He turned from gun-metal, and subsided to bullion. Nevertheless, like a bit of old cartridge-paper, Carden—the financial and peaceful Carden—continues to smell woundily of gunpowder.

And yet Alderman Carden has latent hopes of peace. Yes—

"He also was of opinion that the mighty idea developed to the world by Prince Albert, with reference to the great Industrial Exhibition of all Nations, would afford a better chance for the continuance of peace than all the Peace Congresses, whether held in London or Frankfort, or in any other quarter of the world, or all the rhodomontade speeches that might be spouted in such assemblies."

In 1851, Sheriff Carden, as an important civic officer, will doubtless have to entertain the representatives of the commerce and industry of the world, conjured into Paxton's crystal palace, by the "mighty idea developed" by Prince Albert. Well, will the Sheriff, should he speak to or of these men, will he dilate upon the glorious manifestation of the world's industrial and commercial power, only as the preface to a martial charge? Will he, in the fulness of his heart, discourse of the family of man, and the common interests and common blood of human nature; only to advise every member of the family on his return home, to build ships of war, and maintain standing armies? Peace may grow her palms in the glass-house of Hyde Park; but, nations of the earth, for all that—implies Carden—keep a sharp eye upon your grape and cannister. We would rather advise that nation should "take stock" of nation—but Carden says no; let every nation be armed to the teeth, and then, and only then, it may enjoy the perfect sweets of peace. Thus, were we to ask a modern councillor of the Carden class, "by what means shall we best hope to love our neighbour as ourself?" we might expect this pithy answer—"Buy a blunderbuss." A man once ignorantly sowed gunpowder for onion seed, and waited in confidence for a crop. Carden, in his intelligence, would sow bullets, that he might sit under the shade of olives.

A great year is before Sheriff Carden; therefore, we submissively hope that he will forget he was once a soldier. That he may do so, we incline to offer him a brief story.

Once upon a time, a butcher, with a basket on his arm, was carried at full gallop into a regiment of dragoons at a review. The old horse had once been in the service, and ambling along, bearing legs and shoulders of mutton, heard the well-known trumpet, and forgetful of his later calling, gallopped to the ranks. He was laughed at, and spurred, and beaten back. Therefore, let no stockbroker Carden, in the days of his youth a soldier, trust himself to drink "The army and navy." There is, we allow it, a stimulating music in the syllables; and the civilian, in the fervour of port, is all too apt to feel his neck clothed with a cravat of thunder, and to paw the mahogany, and to cry "hee-haw."

THE PURSUIT OF JOURNALISM UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

A kindly sympathy prompts us to offer a hint calculated to meet the difficulty under which French journalists now labour, in being obliged either to write tamely, or to expose themselves to prosecution through the law, which compels them to affix their names to their leading articles. Here is a fragment of a model spirited leader relative to an imaginary ministry; an article which, as far as the authorship is concerned, would, we are bold to say, defy indictment:—

"The consequences of Lord Mountbushel's accession to the Premiership (Brown) are manifesting themselves with a vengeance (Jones). The funds—the nation's pulse—are (Robinson) falling fearfully (Tomkins). Discontent is (Johnson) ripe at Manchester; fifty mills have already closed, and the streets are thronged with (Snooks) frantic crowds, exclaiming (Styles) Bread or (Nokes) Blood! (Hopkins). A hundred thousand men have already assembled at Birmingham, prepared, if need be, (Briggs) to march on London (Hobbs). Now is the time, or never (Stubbs). Awake! arise! or be for ever fallen! (Milton). Raise the song of the patriot in every street (Dobbs). Britons never shall be slaves!" (Walker).

Thus might Liberty—Goddess of the French Press—dance a mighty pretty hornpipe in fetters.

A SKETCH OF CHARACTER BY PROFESSOR MILKANSOP, THE CELEBRATED GRAPHIOLOGIST.

Gentleman (reads).—"'Intelligent; strong Religious Feelings; Fond of little Children; Loves Music, Poetry, and the Fine Arts; is Reluctant to take Offence, Generous and Forgiving.'—Well, I'm Blowed, if that ain't Wonderful; why, it's my Karactur to a T!"

Sporting Intelligence.

Mr. Gordon Cumming is actively engaged fitting out a large boat, with which, having exhausted all the dangers of the Continent, he is about to brave the perils of the deep. The object of his nautical expedition is, as rumour is too busy in circulating, to capture the American Sea Serpent. He has been heard to observe, that he will either catch it or perish in the attempt. His great wish is to bring the skin home with him, and hang it in festoons, like an immense garland, round the walls of his South African Exhibition.

BOARDER LIFE IN ENGLAND.

Our feelings have been much shocked, and our Glauber Salts accordingly exhausted, at the perusal of an advertisement commencing as follows:—

BOARD (Private and Superior).—Terms, for single gentlemen, Foreign or English, of good position, from 25*s.* to 30*s.* per week. A Married Party, 45*s.*

When we had got thus far, we could proceed no further, so shocked were we at the idea of a "married party" being advertised for as inmates of a British Boarding-house. A "party" must, of course, include more than two, or a "married couple" would have been the term used; but a "married party" evidently points to the Eastern practice of a plurality of wives, and the advertisement is clearly addressed to some travelling Pacha, or other matrimonial pluralist, whom the facility of communication with all parts of the world may have brought to England.

We trust this humiliating proposal does not reflect a true picture of the Boarder Life of England, which, though presenting some remarkable phases, is, we hope, free from that polygamical tinge which the advertisement we have quoted would seem to attach to it. The announcement adds, "The present party small and select;" from which we may infer that there is already in the house a case of the kind, and that the "married party" is not very large, though we must protest against any number beyond two, as opposed to all our views of propriety.

As a further specimen of the Boarder Life of England, we may cite other advertisements in the same paper, some of which are quite Herodian in their emphatic intimation that "children are objected to;" while in several there is a rich vein of pride, indicated by hints that the advertisers are actuated by a wish for society rather than for cash, and one "lady, occupying her own cottage, with nearly half an acre of garden," "is not accustomed to boarders," but has no objection, for the magnificent consideration of a pound a week, to put up with "an inmate." We do not envy the Boarder, whose position, of course, must be that of a kind of thing that the "lady occupying her own cottage" has "not been accustomed to."

There is occasionally a rich specimen of the Boarder tribe themselves in the advertisements, and we met with one the other day who wants to board for £60 a year, in Russell Square or one of the Parks, and has no objection to "visit Italy, Germany, and France," if the family happened to be travelling. He certainly might meet with a few residents in the Park, who take Continental tours—the noble owners of Stafford House and other mansions—but we very much doubt whether it would be worth the while of any of the noble owners, for the sake of £60 a year, to receive the "gentleman" as "an inmate," and take him on the tours he expresses himself quite ready for.

We will conclude by expressing our astonishment at the exceedingly "select" character of the Boarder Life of England, for almost every one of the advertisers "mixes with the best society." We may, perhaps, infer from this, that, as a late member of the aristocracy used to take pills by the hundred, and rub in ointment by the pound, to give "a grace and a glory" to a certain Professor's advertisements, so there may be lords and ladies who "go out" to attend Boarding House dinners, and enable the establishments to boast of the "best society."

Case of Conscience for Teetotallers.

The *Yorkshireman* tells a story about a sow fattened by a farmer at Thirsk, on rum and milk, in the proportions of three half-pints of the former to a quantity—not stated—of the latter daily. Upon this diet the sow became an habitual drunkard—drunk to an extent exceeding the normal drunkenness of a sow—as drunk as a sot. She increased in weight at the rate of 5 stone 2 pounds in a few days, and when killed weighed 42 stone 10 pounds, without the head, into which probably a good deal of the rum had got besides. Now, as the animal's flesh must have been saturated with alcohol, it becomes a question whether any person pledged to total abstinence could conscientiously partake of such rum pork—except, of course, medicinally.

THE GLORIOUS TENTH.

On the 10th instant the tradesmen of the Duke of Cambridge dined together to celebrate the payment of the first quarter's salary, namely £3000, paid that day to his Royal Highness. The festival was held at the George and Bore.

Sagacity of American Cats.

A New York paper says—

"While the cholera raged at Harper's Ferry all the cats left the place. They went in droves by night."

The fact is, all these animals were of a Pennsylvanian stock; and they adopted the cholera as a subterfuge merely, to repudiate their bills for cat's-meat.

MURRAY OR MAC HALE.

An Irish Correspondent wishes to know (what a strange wish to know!) whether *Father Punch* inclines to the Murray or the Mac-Hale side in the present episcopal row pending in Ireland; and whether we are for mixed education or no education.

You silly Paddy, how can you ask such a question? Don't you know that we are English Protestants, hating you by nature, and that our wish is to tyrannise over you and keep you under? If your young men come to college with our young men, don't you see, you idiot, that in the course of a few score years, your lads, being born to the full as clever as ours and six times as numerous, may win the prizes and scholarships, get the government-places and snug-berths, fit themselves for the learned professions, and so forth, and turn us out of what at present we hold? Of course we vote for John of Tuam and Paul Cullen, not for poor D. Murray.

Dr. Murray is a well-meaning man, but he's a class legislator, Paddy, and that's what we hate—especially when he doesn't legislate for *our* class—whereas John of Tuam and Paul of Armagh, those are the right sort of fellows: they want you to remain ignorant; be cursed if you shall go and learn grammar and language, or mathematics and astronomy, with Protestants and heathens. Believe, with Paul Cullen, that the sun is six feet in circumference, accommodate your mathematics to his Grace's (God bless his most Reverend Lordship), and see how you 'll get on as an Engineer, my boy.

Why are you, forsooth, to learn history and mathematics, law, or chemistry, from the best professors *we* can get? These things are not to be taught to you by people selected for their capability, but by people of your own religious way of thinking: gentlemen properly trained at Maynooth, where they will learn three-fourths theology and one-fourth science doctored orthodoxically: if we want a good surgeon or a good lawyer, we won't ask what his religious opinions are; we want the best of advice from the best people, who learn their business in the best way, teach it in the best way, are paid the best price, and so forth.

Whereas you, you poor ragged Paddy. Don't look at the stars through that villain, Lord Rosse's glass, ask Father Tim to lend you a peep through his dirty old telescope: if you've broken your leg, don't ask the Surgeon General to set it, the pestilent Protestant; get a smart young chap from Maynooth who has learned a little surgery along with his humanities; see that you have an orthodox dancing master for your daughters, and, if they learn to sing, send for Don Basilio. Of course we are for John Tuam.

In that way we savage Saxons shall have no need to be afraid of you. Which has the best chance to learn a thing, think you, he who has the best master, or he who has a twentieth rate instructor? Give us the good men. You take the others, Paddy. Give us the railway train to travel by—you wait to hear whether the Holy Father approves of the mode of travelling, and (if you are not cursed off the line and sent back to the wretched old jaunting car) never get into a carriage, without a priest beside you.

O, Paddy, Paddy, you poor old humbugged Paddy!

An Unnatural Literary Parent.

We have looked through the signatures of all the articles in the French papers—since the author's signature has been made a *si(g)ne quâ non*—and have not met anywhere with the name of "Louis Napoleon." Has he left off writing? Has he dropped the gentlemanly amusement of Editing? What has become of the celebrated pen that caused so many "*sensations*" in the Chamber by the articles "*un peu trop forts*," it was in the habit of writing in the *Napoléon*, and the *Pouvoir?* Is it worn out, pith and all? We hope not, for we wish to hear that Louis Napoleon is wielding it again with all the strength of a Thiers—or else it will look as if he were ashamed of his literary offspring—so much so, that he does not dare give his name to them.

A NEW SHELL.

A French chemist has invented a new shell that, it is said, "in a few minutes will send to the bottom a ship of 120 guns." Will the shell be exhibited in 1851? We hope so. It is from such a shell that time may hope to hatch the dove of peace—perpetual peace.

MR. BRIGGS HAS ANOTHER DAY'S FISHING.

HE IS SO FORTUNATE AS TO CATCH A LARGE EEL.

THE GLASS PALACE AND ITS ARCHITECT.

THE promised glory of MR. PAXTON'S glass palace has run through Ireland. Indeed, since the tale of the glass slipper, no glass seems so likely to become immortal in story. The Irish intend to contribute a model landlord—a model tenant—a model farm—and a model Bishop (not from Thurles). Indeed, there will be an entire model Ireland, on a small scale, beneath the hospitable roof of crystal. Paddy gave a mighty greeting a day or two since to—shall we say—the glass architect? Hear the *Cork Reporter*:—

"MR. PAXTON being recognised just as his carriage was going to start from the hotel door, he was cheered to the echo by a great crowd who had collected there, as also were his fair daughters and his son, a fine youth who occupied a seat with his father in the front of the carriage."

Many extraordinary trees have been grown, and are flourishing in the Chatsworth Conservatory; but the tree of trees to be planted is the gigantic olive that is expected to take root in the PAXTON Palace of Hyde Park; an olive strengthened, sheltered, and protected by the glass walls and roof that admit the commercial trophies of all the world—a veritable Peace Congress manufactured by the many-coloured hands of the whole human family. We do not see why there should not be an Order of the Olive. Will PRINCE ALBERT think of it?

"A SEA OF HEADS."

WAS it the Black Sea—the White Sea—or, the Red Sea? No matter, the sea was the heads of 6,000 persons—so no doubt a sea of all the three colours—that made the ocean of brains that JENNY LIND first sang to in New York. On that occasion BARNUM offered a handsome sum to the governors of the Madhouses of the City for the most incurable lunatic, to attend to report the proceedings. The poor fellow was relieved of his strait-waistcoat; and, being further stimulated with cobbler and gin-sling, prepared for the task. Be it understood, that to make the madness perfect—if perfect madness be allowed—the maniac dipped his iron pen in his flesh, and wrote as follows in his own red ink:—

"A vast sea of heads swayed to and 'fro, sparkling beneath the starry lights in the firmament of song, here and there thickly sprinkled with the foam of beauty, anxiously expecting the APHRODITE of music to rise amid the waves, while the Tritons, with their horns and sonorous shells, in awkward groups hung around the scene, immediately to be graced by her advent."

The heads, sparkling beneath starry lights of song, were sprinkled with the foam of beauty! Amidst this foam of their heads, JENNY LIND was to rise, like MINERVA, from the brain of the Thunderer! As for the Tritons, we give them up, horns and shells, and all!

However, idiots are respected in the East; and, just now, madness has its exceeding great reward in New York; for the hopeless maniac who penned the above, has been crowned with a diadem of straw in the Broadway. Should JENNY LIND refuse the Presidentship, it is believed that in the present temper of the Union, the dignity will be offered to the lunatic aforesaid.

THE HAT REFORM.

EVERY one agrees that there ought to be a reform in Hats, but, after putting on our conjuring cap, as well as our considering cap, without deriving any assistance from either *coiffure*, we are still at a loss for the means by which the great result is to be accomplished. Can society go back to its original hatlessness, and begin as it were, *da capo*, by abandoning the day cap, as it has already, in many cases, flung away the night cap? In the East, we know the Fez was forced on to the polls of the people by an arbitrary power, which would not have scrupled to take the head into its own hands, if the head-dress had been objected to by the owners; but in this country such a course could not be adopted, even though martial law should be proclaimed, and a GENERAL HATS-OFF placed at the head of the nation.

A proclamation could never accomplish a hatty reform; but we are not prepared to say something might not be done by shrieval interference, which would be consistent with those municipal Institutions that all Englishmen cherish. Yes, yes; something towards a reform in hats might perhaps be safely attempted by a hatti-scheriff!

Curiosities of Government Economy.

RICHES, it is said, have wings. The treasures, however, of natural history and antiquity, wherewith the British Museum is crammed to repletion, have not wings enough; and, to be creditably disposed of, require one or two more, which might be added to the over-gorged edifice by Government, if it did not prefer employing the public money in spoiling Parks and aggrandising Dukes.

AN OPEN QUESTION.—BARNUM, the American showman, calls JENNY LIND "an angel." Is BARNUM a judge?

PUNCH'S MONUMENT TO PEEL.

BABIES AT THE PLAY.

THE theatrical season is now beginning, and we protest thus early against the admission of the British baby to the performance of the British drama. Though not disposed to set our face against a child in arms—which for various reasons is not an agreeable process—we feel it our duty to oppose the introduction of babies to the playhouse. Even at Astley's, the juvenile theatre *par excellence*, it is unpleasant enough to find the discharge of artillery on the stage answered by a roar of infantry from the boxes, pit, and gallery; but when listening to a play at one of the other houses, it is absolutely unbearable to have our attention disturbed by the shrieks of innocent helplessness echoed by angry recommendations to "take that child out," or by more considerate, though equally noisy suggestions to the mother, to exercise one of the sweetest offices of maternity.

People are obliged to leave their bonnets at the door when they enter the boxes, and why should not the same system be adopted with reference to babies. There should be a sort of nursery attached to each entrance, where babies could be ticketed and left, either to be hung up in baby-jumpers, which would then be really of use, or attached to the umbrellas of those who had any to leave, until the end of the performance.

ANOTHER CANDIDATE FOR A STATUE.

IF a statue is erected to the "Good Duke" OF CAMBRIDGE, the same subscribers cannot do less, upon the death of another equally charitable individual, than erect a statue to him. This gentleman, it is true, has not the high advantage of being born a Royal Duke; but putting this advantage aside, his claims for a statue are, in every respect, as strong as those of the "Good Duke." He presides at public dinners as often as he is invited—his name is never denied to a public charity, and, what is more, he not only gives his name but his subscription also. The sums he has bestowed during a long life of voluntary subscriptions on public charities must amount to many thousands. The name of this gentleman—and we mention it with proper respect—is MR. BENJAMIN BOND CABBELL. We maintain that if the CAMBRIDGE statue is erected, every subscriber, and every charitable fund, and every charitable secretary to it, who sends his guinea with the understanding that his name is to be engraved on the Duke's pedestal, cannot do less than subscribe an equal sum to a companion statue to MR. BENJAMIN BOND CABBELL. If they do not, ill-natured people will immediately say that the difference was caused by his not being connected with Royalty. What is a virtue in a Royal Duke is but a common platitude in a private gentleman!

A Most Moving Tale.

WE see a book advertised under the singular title of the "*Khan's Tale*." This must be the adventures of the celebrated tin Can, which we all have heard of as having been so repeatedly tied to the unfortunate dog's Tail. If so, its revelations must be a string of the most exciting ups-and-downs, which cannot fail to make a great noise in all circles. We think we may borrow for once the eloquent words of the *Evening Paper*, and say, "We know of no book so likely to have a long run as the *Khan's Tale*."

POITEVIN'S LAST FOLLY.

IT was announced the other day that M. POITEVIN, the insensate aeronaut, was going to make a balloon-ascent mounted on a live ostrich. The notion of the wren soaring on the back of the eagle is surpasssed by that of the goose ascending on that of the ostrich.

Glazing for the Queen's Colleges.

THOSE of the Irish Roman Catholic Bishops who oppose the QUEEN'S Colleges, seem to object to the simple light of knowledge. They would have all instruction coloured with their theological views. These over-zealous Prelates would allow nobody a study unless it had storied windows. Their lordships don't consider that though "a dim religious light" may be the illumination most suitable for worship, plain sunshine is the fittest for work.

A COMING EVENT.

THE blackamoor, under the scrubbing of the *Post* and *Standard*, is fast becoming an albino. MR. GEORGE HUDSON is about to return to the politest and the highest life.

"The actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust."

Especially if it be gold dust. There is in that auriferous soil, a transmuting power that, after a time, turns hempseed into laurels. Let the world prepare to read something like the subjoined announcement in the *Morning Post*:—

"MAGNIFICENT PARTY AT ALBERT GATE.—Last night, GEORGE HUDSON, ESQ., M.P., on his return from Coventry, entertained a vast assemblage of *bon ton*. Covers (all gold) were laid for 100. A ball followed in the evening, which the magnificent and hospitable host opened, dancing the first quadrille with the hereditary DUCHESS OF DIMONDBUSTEL. Nothing could exceed the splendour of the entertainment, except the suavity and high breeding of the founder of the feast; who, on his return from Coventry, was welcomed with a fervour and, indeed we may say, affection, commensurate with his expected dinners, if not with his deserts.

"The exterior of the mansion has been newly stuccoed with a pure and brilliant white, in which colour the just and thoughtful may recognise a touching fitness. The stags' horns and hooves have been gilt inch thick; and STORR and MORTIMER have orders to furnish the animals forthwith, with emerald eyes.

"It has been stated that MR. HUDSON had purchased of the Government the marble arch to replace the small stone erection at Albert Gate. It is true that overtures have been made, and the subject entertained; but the statement of absolute purchase is a little premature."

RIFF-RAFF ON RAILWAYS.

THE following startling paragraph which ought to have been printed on the most delicate pink note-paper with scented ink, has recently appeared in the London journals:

BRIGHTON RAILWAY.—We understand there is a great outcry at Brighton against the Brighton railway for the "raff" it is pouring into Brighton by its "travelling for the million." Respectable inhabitants are fast leaving their houses in consequence, and it becomes a question whether, if it go on, it will not presently much affect the season tickets, and the first and second class riders. Should it do so, the Brighton policy will be to bring in pence for the present to lose pounds hereafter.

The sensitiveness of the Brightonians is of a very peculiar kind; for while it winked at, or rather gloried in, the doings at the Pavilion, which caused the importation into the town of less than doubtful respectability and decency, the inhabitants are beginning to turn up their noses at the poor, harmless railway excursionists, who are enabled to enjoy a sea-breeze on Sundays for three-and-sixpence. The Brightonians, perhaps, think that the sea was made exclusively for them, and regarding it as a portion of their capital, they will, perhaps, deny the "raff" the privilege of even dipping into it.

The "respectable" inhabitants are, it seems, "fast leaving their houses," because once a week BROWN, JONES, or ROBINSON, may be met walking on the beach with their wives and families. We should like to see a geography published under the superintendence of the Brightonians, for the guidance of cheap excursionists, telling them where to go in consequence of the sea coast being prohibited. Bath and Cheltenham must, of course, be excluded from the Atlas for the use of the "Raff," and indeed we see nothing but the Isle of Dogs, as a watering place, in which they would be tolerated; for when Brighton begins to be squeamish about "respectability," Margate and Ramsgate may fairly lay claim to exclusiveness.

No Benefit of the Act.

EVERY NOW and then we hear of laws being continued just as they were about to expire. We know there is a very wholesome objection to the taking away of life under any circumstances, but there really are some acts of Parliament which we think might be allowed to die a natural death without a prolongation of their misery. The renewal of their term of existence is often but a Zamiel-like sort of proceeding at best, and the acts thus allowed to continue their course are frequently found to go at last to where they might just as well have been suffered to go at first for any good that has been got out of them.

THE SPOONS OF WAR.

A WRITER in an Altona paper calls upon the women to subscribe towards the war between Holstein and Denmark. He asks for the precious metals in any shape. "Give up," he says, "one table or tea-spoon." But the ladies do not subscribe; they evidently think that war has already had more than spoons enough.

Housemaid.—"I TELL YOU WHAT IT IS, PARKER, I SHALL BE VERY GLAD WHEN MISSUS HAS GOT TIRED OF THIS PUSEY-USM. IT MAY BE THE FASHION; BUT, WHAT WITH HER COMIN' HOME LATE FROM PARTIES, AND GETTING UP FOR EARLY SERVICE, AND THEN GOIN' TO BED AGAIN, WE POOR SARVINTS HAS DOUBLE WORK A'MOST."

IMPROVE YOUR WAYS IN CHANCERY.

WE read that the Chancery suit of ATTORNEY-GENERAL *v.* TREVELYAN, has already lasted 166 years. A great outcry has been raised about improving Chancery Lane. It is all very well, but it strikes us as beginning at the wrong end. Is there not another Lane, as long, more tortuous in its windings, much narrower in all its ways, and which causes much greater obstruction, than Chancery Lane? In fact it is a long Lane that has no turning, excepting to the workhouse. The reader will already have guessed that we allude to the Court of Chancery. Does that require no improvement? We should like to see a little agitation raised to pull down a few of the obstructions that cause the cruel delays which take place every year in it.

Imagine being detained waiting 166 years! What are a few minutes lost in an omnibus, or a quarter-of-an-hour wasted inside a comfortable carriage, compared to a monster delay like that! Chancery Lane is doubtlessly a great nuisance; but it is swallowed up, like a cork in the Maelstrom, in the whirlpool of the Court of Chancery. Improve your Lane by all means, but do not forget the poor people who are wandering up and down that narrrow Court, and have no means of getting out of it. In short, since public attention has been directed to the matter, our cry is, "Improve all your Lanes in Chancery."

FLOWERS OF FASHIONABLE SPEECH.

Le Follet, as quoted by the *Morning Post*, informs the fashionable world, touching the fashions for October, that

"The morning dresses of white or pale blue cachemire, are lined with taffetas, which turns over and forms revers, showing the quilting in wreaths of roses, pinks and foliage. Small slippers of quilted taffetas, the same shade as the dress, trimmed with a plaiting of ribbon or narrow lace, are worn with this toilette, and form a complete *chef-d'œuvre* of coquetry and good taste."

The context, carefully studied, will show that "revers" is a bit of untranslated French, and not of fashionable orthography, meant for "rivers," as might be surmised by the masculine reader, labouring under indistinct ideas about taffetas, and confounding that material somehow with watered silk. We should like to see the slippers that form a "complete *chef-d'œuvre* of coquetry and good taste"—a combination which, if realised to our understanding, would materially aid us towards the conception of a fried snowball.

AMERICAN ELECTRICITY.

IT would rather astonish the world if the Presidency of the British Association for the Advancement of Science should be filled, at the next Meeting of that Congress of Philosophy, by *Mr. Punch*. All, however, that *Mr. Punch* can say is, that there is a corresponding Society, of which he considers himself to be the fittest person living for the Chairman. The learned body here alluded to is the American counterpart to our own, which blends amusement with instruction, observant of the HORATIAN adage respecting seasonable tomfoolery. The American Association for the Advancement of Science trims the Professor's cap with bells, and its President occasionally sits with his tongue in his cheek, listening to a lecturer whose thumb is at the tip of his nose. This is a statement requiring corroboration; which shall follow, on authority no less trustworthy than that of our grave contemporary, the *Athenæum*, given under the regular head of "Scientific Gossip."

"The American Association for the Advancement of Science has been holding its third Annual Meeting, at Newhaven, under the Presidency of PROF. A. D. BACHE. * * * A communication was made by PROF. LOOMIS, of novel, and to us curious, phenomena of electrical houses. His statement was as follows:—'Within a few years past, several houses in the city of New York have exhibited electrical phenomena in a very remarkable degree. For months in succession they have emitted sparks of considerable intensity, accompanied by a loud snap. A stranger, on entering one of these electrical houses, in attempting to shake hands with the inmates, receives a shock, which is quite noticeable and somewhat unpleasant.'"

The unscientific reader, who may not see the fun of all this, is to know that to be chargeable with electricity a house would require to be built on glass or resin. That the shock would be received immediately on touching the knocker, and that as its force would be equivalent to that of a small flash of lightning, the recipient would be electrified once for all. The next joke is more passable.

"Ladies, in attempting to kiss each other, are saluted by a spark."

Very likely, if ladies *will* do such things in the presence of gentlemen. But to proceed with this tissue of shocking stories:

"A spark is perceived whenever the hand is brought near to the knob of a door, the gilded frame of a mirror, the gas-pipes, or any metallic body, especially when this body communicates freely with the earth."

When FRANKLIN got a spark from the string of his kite, he intercepted its communication with the earth by a non-conducting medium, and precisely owing to such communication have lightning conductors hitherto conveyed electricity harmlessly away.

Jerking of course his thumb over his left shoulder, the Professor continued, addressing his no doubt winking audience:—

"In the house which I have had the opportunity to examine, a child in taking hold of the knob of a door, received so severe a shock that it ran off in great fright. The lady of the house, in approaching the speaking tube to give orders to the servants, received a very unpleasant shock in the mouth, and was much annoyed by the electricity, until she learned first to touch the tube with her finger. In passing from one parlour to the other, if she chance to step upon the brass plate which serves as a slide to the folding-doors, she receives an unpleasant shock in the foot."

Let the reader who has any doubt about the possibility of the last-mentioned fact, get an electrical machine, and endeavour to electrify any given brass plate let into any given floor—except a glass or resinous one. The result of his experiment will be precisely equivalent to that of whistling jigs to a milestone, or of remonstrating with Government on the inequality of the Income-tax.

The funniness of PROFESSOR LOOMIS's facts is nearly equalled by the drollery of his theory to account for them:—

"After a careful examination of several cases of this kind, I have come to the conclusion that the electricity is created by the friction of the shoes of the inmates on the carpets of the house."

Punch need hardly observe that so extraordinary a consequence of walking must be all WALKER. In order to the generation of a quantity of electricity sufficient to produce the alleged effects, by the means specified—"sitch a gittin' up stairs" as mortal "never did see" would be indispensable. PROFESSOR LOOMIS and his scientific associates might test the practicability of the thing by an hour's exercise on a gigantic treadmill, carpeted with wool or velvet—which, he states, are the materials of the carpets of his electrical houses. And if he can electrify any house but an insulated one, *Mr. Punch* will eat him, boots and all, or, what will perhaps be more pleasant to the Professor, his boots without himself, and will invite PROFESSOR LOOMIS to Greenwich to dine at the same time off electrical eels.

POACHER'S FUND.—The *Derby Mercury* states that the Mansfield poachers "have actually established a protective fund." *Punch* is authorised to declare that LORD B—H—M has not been elected the treasurer.

CHANCERY AND CHANCERY LANE.

CHANCERY LANE has, plainly enough, got into the Court of Chancery: it is so narrowed in its circumstances—so rotten in its condition—so dangerous to all who deal with it—so unprofitable to all and everything that pass through it. Chancery Lane must be widened, is the deafening cry of its tenants and its daily passengers. The Court of Chancery must be widened too—widened, yes, thrown open to the light—exclaims the Chancery Reform Association, gathered together for the cause of the cheated, the bemocked, and the oppressed.

"The suitors and the public" (cries the Association)

"(For all are concerned) are earnestly invited to send in their names and subscriptions to enable the Council to gather strength effectually to reform the monstrous abuses of the 'British Inquisition,' called Chancery, by which hundreds of thousands will be saved to the suitors in their costs, and years of misery to them and their families be prevented."

At this moment (our authority is a paragraph in the *Morning Chronicle*) the Chancery suit of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL *v.* TREVELYAN is now one hundred and sixty-four years old. Why, it is plain that that mysterious individual, the oldest inhabitant, is invariably a suitor in Chancery.

One hundred and sixty-four years old! In which time how much misery, how many anxieties, how many wearying, hopeless hours, how many heart-aches, to the TREVELYANS? Can JUSTICE, with her ever true arithmetic, count them? No: she won't try, and for very shame.

Again—hear the Council of the Chancery Reform Association:—

"The Council also desire to effect the liberation of a large number of their fellow-creatures, many of whom have been in various prisons for periods of from 20 to 40 years."

The homes of merry England! The gaols, the Chancery gaols of this law-cursed land! How dreadful, when the Bastille was tumbled to the earth, how dreadful the revealed pictures of wrong and captivity! Old men, blinded by the sudden light—white-bearded captives, shrinking and tottering from the air of heaven. The prisoners of the Chancery Bastille—the captives "for periods varying from 20 to 40 years"—are to the full as ghastly: every whit as terrible presences, a crying wrong to heaven, against the folly and tyranny of fellow-man. Truly it is well that Chancery Lane should be widened—but it is better that we should so widen Chancery Court, that if a coach-and-six are to be driven through it, at least the vehicle shall have Justice, alias Equity, as the inside passenger.

As to the narrow condition of Chancery Lane, many, and touching, and significant, are the daily occurrences in that small vein of the Metropolis; a vein that certain folks would have changed into an artery—we presume that it might then lead to the heart of JUSTICE; a heart that at present has no connexion with it.

"A tenant of mine," writes one J. L., "told me

"That a short time back, a waggon met a funeral in this narrow strait, and a most unseemly obstruction of some duration occurred."

Was the deceased, obstructed on the road to the grave, a late suitor in Chancery? If so, the hindrance was in the finest harmony. Be it so or not, it is surely enough that Chancery has relentless hold of the living; it should sheathe its talons at the dead. Or must Chancery, unlike the lion, prey on carcases?

Chancery-Lane is like a bottle, the neck end towards Holborn. There is room enough to admit a coach or cab, but none to turn. A rat-trap might be constructed on this principle, and called the "Chancery Rat-trap; or, Every Housekeeper his own ELDON."

MR. JOHN ROBERT TAYLOR, of 54, Chancery-Lane, supplies the most significant, the most ominous incident, bearing upon the dangerous character of his whereabout:—

"During the racing which generally ensues after the omnibuses have been fairly unlocked at the Holborn end of Chancery-lane, about 2 o'clock this afternoon, one of the horses in an omnibus actually *cast his shoe through one of my plate-glass office windows*, which might have killed more than one person who happened to be standing near the window at the time. This shoe may be seen by any person calling here, who will scarcely credit such an extraordinary instance of the strength of the horse."

An omnibus horse loses his shoe on his way through Chancery Lane. What is this, but another proof that nothing can approach the Court of Chancery without a sacrifice of metal? From bran-new gold to old iron, Chancery will have its penn'orth. Has MR. TAYLOR yet sent the shoe to the Chancellor? He ought; for we understand that one of the immortal Six Clerks has a tame ostrich that, from its Chancery habits, can digest even bars of iron—always excepting prison bars: *they* remain entire: dedicated to the Chancery captives of "from 20 to 40 years."

MR. TAYLOR has written urgent letters to the Babes of the Woods and Forests. The innocents! They can do nothing. They put their thumbs in their mouths; and with a wondering stare shake their heads. They "have no funds at their command for purposes of metropolitan improvement;" no, only of sylvan and rustic depredation. However, let MR. TAYLOR persevere; and next session the Woods and Forests may obtain a parliamentary grant, by way of loan, for widening Chancery Lane only: when they have obtained the money, let them be vigilantly watched, lest they devote the funds to the enclosing of Primrose Hill, as a mushroom ground for the kitchens of HER MAJESTY and PRINCE ALBERT. In the meantime, should the cast horse-shoe still remain in the possession of MR. TAYLOR, let him convoke a meeting of Chancery Lane inhabitants who, in solemn procession, shall carry the shoe to the official abode of LORD SEYMOUR; and there and then, for good luck, nail the aforesaid horse-shoe over the door of the Office of Woods and Forests. Our venerable ancestors had great faith in a horse-shoe so affixed; it scared away evil spirits. And that these are apt to haunt the councils of Woods and Forests is borne in testimony against them by ST. JAMES, despoiled and wailing in his Park.

THE CONSCIENCE MONEY MANIA.

THE public conscience continues to be visited by these intermittent or remittent qualms, which manifest themselves in the shape of Bank note halves, and are felt in that most tender of all places the pocket. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER furnishes by his occasional advertisements a sort of conscience-ometer, from which we may ascertain the force and value of the scruples affecting the minds of the tax-paying, or rather the tax-eluding portion of the community.

This attempt on the part of individuals to restore themselves to moral health by voluntarily resorting to a little pecuniary bleeding when the conscience is overcharged—and the pocket has been undercharged in the way of taxes—may be regarded as a very satisfactory omen. It is, however, to be regretted that this sensitiveness of the conscience should be limited to those who have, in some way or other, defrauded the public resources, and does not affect those who have victimised private individuals. We should like to see returns of conscience money in the shape of overcharges made by tradesmen to their customers. Imagine a visitation of conscience among the Railway speculators or peculators, and conceive—if possible—the business that would have to be done on the settling day, when the account between persons and their consciences came to be settled.

We hope this partial visitation of conscience may only be a precursor to a general attack, which will end in the grocer sending back conscience money for the sand sold as sugar, or the birch paid for as tea; in the milkman returning the difference between the value of chalk-mixture and genuine milk; in the doctor disgorging the price of the useless medicine which the patient unhappily never can again disgorge; and, in fact, in a general restoration of all cash improperly received by all classes of society. But perhaps, considering the generality, if not the universality, of the victimising process practised by one upon another, the shortest plan would be to grant a general amnesty to every body's conscience for the past, and let every one undertake to keep his conscience in a wholesome state for the future.

Register! Register! Register!

JUDGING from the number of registered paletôts, stockings, boots, hats, stoves, baby-jumpers,—in fact, registered everything, from a shirt to a steam-engine,—we think we can parody the warning which SIR ROBERT PEEL stole from *Blackwood's Magazine*, and exclaim, "The Battle of Puffery must be fought in the Registration-Courts!"

"THE DECLINE OF ENGLAND."—We only know one instance, and that is, England's declining to buy MONSIEUR LEDRU ROLLIN'S book.

ENGLAND'S GREEN WOODS AND FORESTS.

A LITTLE BOOK has been published under the title of "*How to Lay Out a Small Garden.*" We beg to recommend to the notice of the Woods and Forests a similar little book, which we are thinking of publishing, called "*How to Lay Out* £12,000 *in Spoiling a Public Garden.*" It will be accompanied with a large cut, viz., a diagram of the large slice of ground which they have had the impudence to cut off St. James's Park.

REMOVAL.—The Statue of VICTORIA, which we pulverised in *Punch* about a twelvemonth ago, has been removed from Victoria Square, Pimlico, and has gone, no one can tell where. It is supposed that the large Globe on which the ugly effigy of HER MAJESTY stood, has been sold to a neighbouring skittle-ground, where it is said to be doing a world of mischief among the nine-pins. The Statue itself is greatly missed by the swallows and all the little birds of Pimlico, who used to make it their resting-place during the fashionable season, whenever there was a review in Hyde Park. The inhabitants of Victoria Square illuminate their parlours every evening in honour of the removal of the unsightly lump of granite. It is rumoured that the vacancy will not be filled up, which will be a saving, not only to the inhabitants, who could not look out of window formerly without having a continual eyesore, but to the public in general.

THE GENUINE PRIZE SONG FOR JENNY LIND.

(*At the service of* MR. BARNUM.)

I AM glad I have come from my own northern home,
Far away o'er the wide rolling sea,
For I feel that I stand on the glorious land
Where alone dwells a people that 's free!
Never here for vile gold human beings are sold,
Who the tint of our brotherhood wear;
If that token they lack—if the creatures are black—
Oh, why then that 's another affair!
La, la, la!
Yes—of course that 's another affair!

Every man of each sect holds his head up, erect
As the eagle that faces the sun;
Ah! you do not see here class o'er class domineer,
Here oppressed or oppressors are none.
In this nation sublime, wretches branded with crime
Rue alone in base thraldom their sin;
And the guilt of all dies in American eyes
Far the deepest, is darkness of skin!
La, la, la!
Yes—the worst guilt is darkness of skin!

Here a fond wedded pair independently share
All the joys of the conjugal life,
There is no law to part heart united to heart,
Wife from husband, and husband from wife.
Such barbarity fell, as the offspring to sell
From the parent, is wholly unknown;
But their lips if too full, and their hair curly wool,
Some have no child nor wife of their own!
La, la, la!
No, 'hey have no child nor wife of their own!

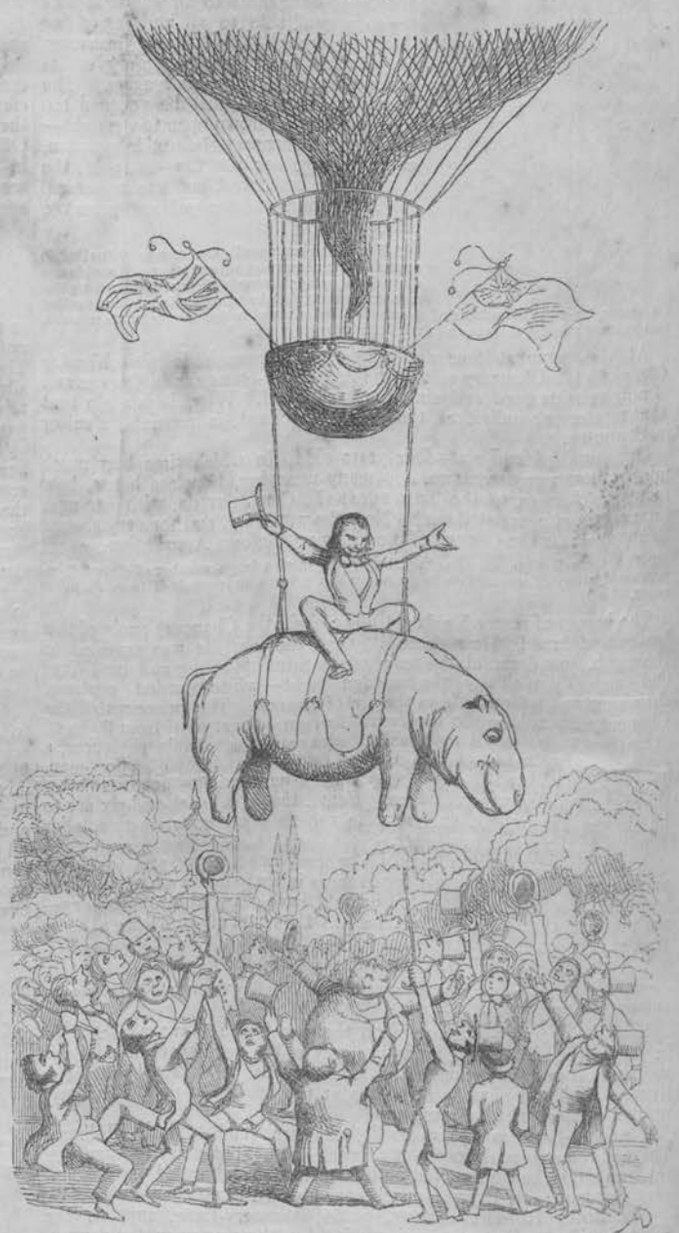
At the tyrant's proud hand there 's no scourge to command
On this side the Atlantic's broad wave,
No American can by his own fellow man
Be disgraced with the stripes of the slave.
Man is sacred from blows—by the right of his nose,
If it be not too broad and too flat;
Then you' re licensed to thrash—then fall on with the lash—
He 's only a Nigger, and born to the cat!
La, la, la!
Yes, a Nigger, and born to the cat!

THE NEXT BALLOON ASCENT.

PUBLIC Amusements may be said to have been lately "looking up" in one sense, for the eyes of Europe have been turned towards the numerous balloons which have been in the ascendant during the season now at its close. Announcements, almost as inflated as the balloons themselves, have promised all sorts of achievements by all sorts of aeronauts, who, goaded on by the greedy appetite of the unthinking public for dangerous displays, have been outbidding each other for popularity, by a fearful competition in the race of folly and audacity. Horseback, ponyback, and donkeyback, have all been resorted to, in turn, for the gratification of the sightseers, who found the ordinary perils of ballooning stale and flat without a little extra excitement; and, considering the torture inflicted on the quadrupeds, as well as the folly practised by the bipeds, it did not require a very great elevation from the earth to render it difficult to distinguish the man from the brute, or the donkey from the aeronaut.

One fatal result is a providentially small per-centage on the vast amount of folly—to give it the mildest name—that has been practised during the last few months for the satisfaction of that depraved and demoralising taste which finds amusement in witnessing the risk of human life, and which is most fully indulged when the chances of safety to a fellow-creature are reduced to the utmost minimum. Surely it is time for authority to put a stop to these brutalising scenes, since it is not many years ago that one poor wretch committed suicide by hanging himself in a public thoroughfare, for the diversion of a grinning crowd; it is still more recently that "Professor" Somebody broke a child's neck in the presence of an ignorantly applauding audience; and it is but the other day that another unfortunate victim to the public "taste" was dashed to pieces, out of sight of his patrons, who were thus baulked of witnessing the great point of attraction, on the chance of which they had paid their money.

If this sort of thing is to go on next season, some new excitement must be found, for an aeronaut on horseback or donkeyback has got quite stale, and one fatal result in some fifty repetitions, offers too small a probability of accident for an enlightened public to part with their shillings and sixpences. The only thing to be done to keep the excitement alive—whether the aeronaut will be kept alive is another question—will be to make an arrangement for a balloon ascent, by some of the GREENS or the GRAHAMS, on the back of the Hippopotamus.



The following letter has been received by us from our esteemed friend the Porcupine at the Zoological Gardens:—

"DEAR PUNCH,—Being elected scribe to the tenants of the Zoological Gardens, and seeing that 'M. POITEVIN, the well-known æronaut, ascends on a live ostrich,' I am requested, on the part of the boa-constrictor, to state, that he, the boa, is ready to go up with any gentleman prepared for the journey; and further, that, as the said boa-constrictor has not had so much as a rabbit or a pigeon for more than a month, he is in the liveliest condition to take a change of air. He is ready to ascend, describing about the person of the æronaut a 6 or an 8, as may be decided upon; that is, according to the figure.

"I am, yours, a brother of the quill, alias,
"THE PORCUPINE."

"P.S.—We have a few lively rattle-snakes that, tied in a bundle, might form a very novel seat for one ascending. I would, however, suggest that the rattle-snakes should be kept back as great cards to trump the boa."

Printed by William Bradbury, of No13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12th, 1850.

CONVENT OF THE BELGRAVIANS.

EVERYBODY who has a proper veneration for the reredos, and who, without holding extreme opinions on the subject of the dalmatic, feels correctly on that of the alb, who has a soul that can appreciate mediæval art, particularly the beautiful foreshortening of our ancestors, and who would revive their ecclesiastical practices and institutions to an extent just tastefully Romanesque, will be "ryghte gladde" to hear that it is proposed to found a Convent, on Anglican principles, under the above title. The vulgar, who think that a minority is necessarily a sect, will, of course, call it a Puseyite Nunnery: that cannot be helped.

The Convent will be under the superintendence of a Lady Abbess, who will be a real Countess, at the least. One principal object of the institution is to recall the good old times when the gentle BLANCHE or the high-born BRUNHILDA, taking the vows and the veil, connected the hallowed cell with the heraldic griffin, the coronet with the cloister.

The Nuns will all make an engagement of celibacy; but, to preclude them from contracting any rash obligation, only for so long as they may remain in the Convent, which they shall be at liberty to quit whenever they please, at a month's notice—or the equivalent alternative. Each Nun will be required to contribute to the necessities of the Convent at least £10 a week, that sum being the minimum at which it will be possible to defray the expenses of the establishment, and keep it select. She will be, also, expected to bring two silver forks, and all the usual requisites of the toilet.

The vow of poverty, *pro tem.*, is also to be taken by the Nuns, as it safely may, because, from the nature of the establishment, their whole incomes will be expended for conventual purposes. The sisters will all have separate cells, fitted up comfortably, combining the *boudoir* and the oratory. Each sister will be attended by a male and female domestic. It was at first intended that the former should be clad in the attire of an antique serving-man, but this apparel being likely to incur puerile derision, it has been deemed expedient, on the whole, that he should wear the Lady Abbess's livery.

The Nuns will have a common sitting-room, carpeted with an imitation of encaustic pavement, the roof-timbers to be of dark oak, the walls frescoed, and the chairs and piano beautifully and grotesquely carved. Their refectory will have a dais, at which will sit the Lady Abbess and the sisters of title, that the seemly distinctions of social rank may be observed.

The usual diet of the Nuns will be optional—that is to say, of course moderate—in point of quantity. All fast days, however, will be strictly kept, by religiously eating red mullet and raspberry jam tart. If no red mullet is to be had, John Dory, salmon, or any other fish in season may be substituted.

The costume of the sisterhood will consist of a judicious admixture of the conventual style with the fashion of the day. The Nun will not be obliged to sacrifice her hair, but only to wear it plain, *à la Madonna*, and it will be permitted to be partially visible.

Absolute seclusion will by no means be enforced; indeed it will be incumbent on the Nuns to appear in society, in order to display the beauty of sanctity. There will be no objection, therefore, but rather the reverse, to their going to flower-shows and concerts, or even to HER MAJESTY'S Theatre, whenever they please. At the same time, they will thoroughly renounce the world, in the Belgravian sense.

The time of the Nuns will be devoted to practising the charities of life by making morning calls, and occasionally visiting soup-kitchens and model lodging-houses in a properly appointed carriage, or, if they walk, attended by a footman. Otherwise, their leisure will be employed in illuminating books of devotion, practising ecclesiastical tones, and working slippers for the younger clergy.

A certain number of Bishops shall be elected Visitors to the Convent, and shall be invited to come in that capacity to all *soirées*, of which not less than three shall be given at the institution every week—the company to be admitted by vouchers, on the principle of ALMACK'S; so that none but the most eligible parties shall be introduced.

No austerities calculated to injure the health or personal appearance will be permitted at this Convent. The sister who rises early to attend matins in cold weather, must submit to have her bed carefully warmed for her by the time she comes back. The inordinate indulgence in maceration, encouraged by Rome, will be disallowed; and the only means sanctioned for the restraint of the flesh, will be the gentle and moderate compression of stays.

That the Anglican Convent, thus constituted, will lead to "perversions" there is no fear. Alas! the hard multitude will rather say that the Puseyite sisters are only playing at Roman Catholics, and the vile punster will remark that their Convent is more a Monkey-ry than a Nunnery.

A MEETING WITHOUT AN ADJOURNMENT.

THE Commissioners of Sewers had a meeting on October 11th, and transacted business for two hours without an adjournment! Such an accident was never known before, and the excitement it produced in the purlieus of this quiet little Court may be estimated from the fact, that when the meeting was over there were not less than three persons present. This is extraordinary for a Court that can rarely enlist the attention of an audience of more than one—and that one, very frequently, the usher!

We are glad to have it in our power to publish a pleasing little fact in connexion with the Court of Sewers. The great difficulty the Commissioners experience in transacting their business, is to sit quietly on their chairs, sometimes for three hours at a time, and have nothing to do. An old woman, taking their forlorn condition into consideration, has started a circulating library just opposite their windows. The object of this is evidently to relieve the heavy tedium the Commissioners who are present have to endure, in waiting for the Commissioners who are absent, and we must say it is very kind of the old woman. The books are lent at a very moderate rate, and when we mention that the price is only a penny a-day per volume, our readers will at once see what a boon this kind arrangement of the old woman is likely to be to poor, suffering Commissioners.

The State of the Serpentine.

QUIDNUNCS used to inquire What's in the Wind? but the question that really waits for solution in these days is, What's in the Water? The Serpentine is a subject that now invites inquiry, but we are not at all disposed to go deeply into it. Its bed is in such a dirty state, that a clean sheet of water is thrown away upon it, and when the public apply to the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, the only answer returned is a wet blanket. It has been proposed to draw off public indignation from the Serpentine by drawing off the water altogether, but there is something at the bottom of all this, which renders it unsafe to try the experiment.

Temperance Wine.

THERE is a wine advertised, called "Exhibition Wine." This is an unhappy title, we think, for what man in his senses would drink much of a wine that, with every sip he took, held up before his eyes the reproving word, "Exhibition?" He would naturally count his glasses, lest, from drinking too much, he should ultimately make an Exhibition of himself.

CHARITY BEGINS AFTER DINNER.

THAT peculiar kind of Charity, which excels in eating a dinner and giving a subscription after it, has been ably characterised by a waiter at the London Tavern as "THE-KNIFE-AND-FORK-OUT-CHARITY."

WHOLESOME PREJUDICE.

"RAILROADS, SIR? I HATE RAILROADS, AND I SHALL BE VERY GLAD WHEN THEY 'RE DONE AWAY WITH, AND WE 'VE GOT THE COACHES AGAIN."

NOTES OF A TOWN TRAVELLER.

I AM a town traveller, for no particular house, and in no particular line, except the line of threepenny omnibusses, to which I always try to adhere, on account of the cheap fares, because in paying sixpence I do not go so far and fare worse, while, in paying threepence, I go further and fare better. My trade, if any, is the fancy-trade, for products of the imagination are what I chiefly deal in, and, if I am interested in prices of any kind, it is in the price at which I can get the publishers to negotiate my paper. I contemplate doing a little business, if I can, as a town traveller, and the sample I now offer will show the sort of article I am ready to supply at the usual prices. In the course of my town travelling I shall endeavour to select those objects that are either curious and new, or curious and old, or that are, for any other quality, legitimate subjects of curiosity.

The other day I scrambled on to the roof of an Atlas buss, and here, I may observe by the way, that these vehicles are appropriately designated; for an Atlas carries all the world on its roof, as its namesake of antiquity carried all the world on his shoulders; and I may remark, however, that SHAKESPEARE was wrong in saying, "fixed as great Atlas self," for I have seldom seen an Atlas a fixture—or even loitering like some busses in a Liverpool thoroughfare. The Conductors, unlike Conductors in general, know how to conduct themselves, and are conversant with many of the polite arts, which are usually unknown among the thoroughly numbered but wholly unlettered class of men who so frequently may be said to open the door to abuse, and slam it to, with a terrific bang, against all remonstrance. The course of the vehicle lay over Westminster Bridge—which has been tumbling into bed—the bed of the river—for the last fifty years; and its dilapidated state can cause no surprise, when we remember that this bridge has always had a Committee of some sort to sit upon it. There is a story told of the triumphs of surgery, which cut off both the arms and both the legs of an individual, who lived notwithstanding the quadruple operation;—a case not unlike that of Westminster Bridge, which is still a bridge after a series of abridgements that have cut away its arches, its sides, its balustrades, and every thing but the bare road, which still drags out a miserable existence, but is the mere shadow of what it formerly used to be. On the other side of Westminster Bridge old Association asks for the Marsh Gate, when the driver—a member of the new Association—replies, that the Marsh Gate—a few years ago in full swing—has been completely unhinged by modern improvement, and has been superseded by the South Western Railway, which crosses the road, and keeps a quantity of hissing, smoking, screaming engines always "on view," running backwards and forwards, or standing upon the arch to "fright" the horses passing beneath "from their propriety."

To the left extends the New Cut, which certainly has the cut of novelty about it to the unfamiliar eye, for the whole business of the place seems to be carried on upon the foot pavement. There is a long series of counters along the entire line of the kerbstone, and across the footway the eye of the traveller is often literally struck by a piece of heavy merchandise dangling on a pole from the first or second floor windows. Here a mountain of linendrapery presents a sort of miniature Alp, snow-capped, as it were, with a lot of snowy white night-caps—all at 3½—and the pass has scarcely been effected before the traveller finds himself buried under an avalanche of cheap clothing, that has glided down from the adjacent heights—the supposed fastness being in fact a looseness from which he escapes, only to thread the mazes of huge banks and barriers bristling with cheap ironmongery, or green with cabbage leaves and other low-priced verdure. The occupation of their homes appears to be the last thing that the inhabitants care about, for their habitations form the mere back-ground of the scene, the business of life being confined to the thoroughfare itself, where many a bargain is interrupted by the tradesman, the customer, and the goods, being knocked down in one lot by the passing vehicle. Though the shopkeepers do not wish their goods to be depreciated, they expose them to be run down repeatedly, and a coal waggon may often be seen wending its way over "Boots for the Million," "Five thousand Parasols," "Gents' Pants," "The Fashion," "A Dinner Service of 40 pieces," now smashed into a hundred and fifty, with a variety of other articles that "must all be cleared off," and which are now made to fulfil the decrees of their destiny, by forming the materials of one great "Alarming Sacrifice."

The residents of the New Cut have evidently taken their houses for the purpose of turning them out of window, a process which is literally carried out—by the carrying out of their goods—every morning, on to the pavement, and the decoration of the front of their premises with everything belonging to the interior. The broker makes up his half-dozen beds in the middle of the street, as if to invite the way-worn traveller to turn in; while under every lamp-post there is a *restaurant*, to tempt the appetite with the bearded oyster, the smooth-faced sheep's-head, the meat pie—containing a piece of something wrapped in paste, and wrapped also in mystery—the steaming potato, the ball in which popular superstition traces the presence of brandy, and the toffy which has put into nearly everybody's mouth the name of Everton. The foreigner who had been told that the English people never live out of doors, would be astonished at finding, by a visit to the New Cut, how completely *al fresco* are all the proceedings of the inhabitants. The Frenchman who had heard of the dullness of a London Sunday, would find everything proceeding in the New Cut as if there were no day of rest or recreation, and nothing to remind one of the existence of a Sunday, except a church in the centre of the scene, placed there, probably, by way of contrast. The discriminating eye may detect, here and there, a member of the congregation of this church struggling through to its doors, as well as he can, amidst the piles of merchandise, the din of traffic, the noisy solicitations of the tradesmen, and the vociferous bargaining of the customers. Any one who objects to the sober quietude and calm recreation of an English Sunday, need only repair to the New Cut, where such a thing as a holiday or holyday seems to be utterly unknown to the inhabitants. Their week-day amusements partake of the same open-airy character, for about half-way down on the right hand side is a species of penny theatre, or, as the French would more appropriately call it, a *Salle*, for its *saleté* is conspicuous. In obedience to the *genius loci*, which makes externals everything, the outside of the theatre is plastered all over with the representation of a great deal more than can possibly be seen within, and disappointed will be he, who, having paid his penny at the door, expects to see one half of the *tableaux* realised.

Even should his taste be gratified by the exhibition of the two coarse-looking creatures in bed-gowns, labelled, "*All this Talent To-Night*," or should he be edified by "*The Stunning* MISS LARRUP" having her (Highland) fling in her Scotch costume, he cannot expect to see all the placards, including "*Here's a Lark*," "*The Infant Female Stunner*," "*Young* COLE, *the Juvenile Screecher*," and other miscellaneous promises faithfully performed in one night for one penny.

It would be easy to moralise on the effect of this company of "stunners" and "screechers" on the idle boys and girls who form the chief patrons of these places of entertainment, and some of whom are tempted to become "stunners" and "screechers" in their turn, if nothing worse befals them. If the annals of crime were to be analysed, how much of it might be traced to habitual attendance at a penny theatre, is a question that may be asked, but cannot be answered—except at a guess—by

A TOWN TRAVELLER.

Government Conscience Money.

MR. PUNCH has to acknowledge the receipt, from the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, of £5, for A. B., being an overcharge of last year's income-tax. Also of the sums of £18 18*s.* 5½*d.*, and £19 19*s.* 6¾*d.*, on account of P. Q. and X. Y. Z., for accumulated overcharges of the same tax. *Mr. Punch* has paid over the amount to the Indemnifier-General.

THE CHEERFUL FARMER.

An After-Dinner Song for Agricultural Clubs. To be sung to a pleasant melancholy Air, with a Pipe Accompaniment.

Good people, we will not despair of the State;
Although our expenditure's awfully great,
John Bull, notwithstanding the National Debt,
Is not quite exhausted—there's meat on him yet.

Chorus.
Too, ra loora loo, ra loora loo, ra loora loo!
Too, ra loora loo, ra loora loo, ra loora loo!

'Tis true that the Farmer gets less for his wheat,
And has a hard job with the world to compete;
Yet what with his science, manœuvres, and drains,
A sort of a living he somehow obtains.
Chorus.—Too, ra loora, &c.

The Church is in danger, we hear some folks say,
Because of a few parsons going astray,
But the bells ring on Sundays the same as before,
And weddings and christenings go on as of yore.
Chorus.—Too, ra loora, &c.

The Crown is not shaken, as 'twas to have been,
But keeps a tight fit to the head of the Queen.
The Peerage seems not very fast to decline;
I think it is like to last your time and mine.
Chorus.—Too, ra loora, &c.

Meanwhile, for the money, we've more bread and meat,
And likewise apparel, besides food to eat.
Though prices must double, the Farmer to pay,
We might be worse off than we are, I dare say.
Chorus.—Too, ra loora, &c.

The Sun of Old England's not set, it appears,
And won't, I expect, for a good many years;
So let's have a proper adjustment of rent,
And then we will try if we can't be content.
Chorus.—Too, ra loora, &c.

THE GOLDEN BROUGHAM.

We congratulate all those who are interested in Folk lore, on a discovery which will prove that not without reason do they hold the faith that there really are "more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy." The *Alta California* has the following singular statement:—

"Lord Brougham in California.—Our friend and late co-labourer, Robert Wilson, of Stockton, yesterday exhibited to us a specimen of gold, bearing the most striking likeness of the caricatures of Lord Brougham. It is about two inches long, and the resemblance is most perfect."

Here is a fact which will take down that nose which Incredulity has been turning up so long at the Rosicrucian doctrines. Statuettes are not made without hands; and it is satisfactory to find the sylphs and gnomes asserting themselves. That there should have been found such an image as that described of the noble and learned lord in elfin gold, is peculiarly gratifying to *Mr. Punch*, as attesting not only the existence of a fairy world, but also the popularity of this periodical amongst its inhabitants.

CHANCERY LANE WORTHY OF ITS NAME.

Several correspondents have been beating the gongs of the press, and making a great noise, about widening the Holborn end of Chancery Lane. We admit the very great improvement that would be caused by one or two houses being removed; but still we should be sorry to witness the alteration of a single stone in such a venerable street, which is connected with some of our most venerable institutions, as Chancery Lane! The street, as it stands at present, is a brick-and-mortar illustration of the ways of Chancery. It is broad at one end, and extremely narrow at the other; very easy to get into, but how difficult to get out of! It is the perfect history of a Chancery suit. It should be allowed to stand just as it is, with all its difficulties and nuisances untouched, if it were only to serve as an emblematic corner-stone of the institution of which it bears the name;—to tell stupid people in the most practicable manner what they must expect to encounter, if they trust themselves in Chancery.

AN ERROR OF THE PRESS.

It seems we have made a mistake, and we humbly beg pardon for it. Two weeks ago we said that the "Drury Lane Theatrical Fund" had subscribed £10 10*s.* to the proposed monument to the "Good Duke" of Cambridge. Mr. Colin Mackenzie has written to assure us, that it is not the Drury Lane Theatrical Fund, but the *Committee* of that Fund, who has subscribed the sum in question. Upon the faith of Mr. Mackenzie's assurance, we rectify our mistake, and withdraw the comments we made upon it. Will the Committee of the Drury Lane Theatrical Fund meet us in the same spirit, and rectify the mistake they have made; for is it not a mistake, we ask, to bestow money upon a monument, when living objects are in want of it? Now, it is notoriously a fact, that the Drury Lane Theatrical Fund is a struggling fund. The Theatre is closed. It has not had a complete season for several years, which prevents the fund gaining any new subscribers, whilst the claimants upon the charity remain just the same; and the chances are, that they increase every year. Thus, with a diminishing income, and increasing claims upon it, the Drury Lane Theatrical Fund is in want of every little fraction of support which those interested in its continuance can give it.

The Committee must know this, and we do hope that, upon second thoughts, they will withdraw their subscription from a monument, which does not require it, and give it to human beings who really are in want of it. Let them forego the little pleasure of seeing their names engraved upon the pedestal of a statue erected to a royal personage, and devote their money to a good act of charity, such as the "Good Duke" himself, if he were alive, could not fail to approve of. If that was all, the Committee might send it in the Duke's name. His subscription, of course, has ceased, but how pleasant it would be to hear Mr. Harley read out, at the next meeting, amongst the list of donations, an item like the following:—

"The Statue of the Good Duke of Cambridge . £10 10*s.*"

LIGHTS and SHADES of SCOTTISH JOURNALISM.

The *Edinburgh Advertiser*, the other day, in allusion to the Queen's expected arrival in Edinburgh, said that—

"The arrangements for Her Majesty's reception at Holyrood, on Thursday evening, are making satisfactory progress."

One would suppose that the arrangements, the progress of which was satisfactory to our Northern contemporary, consisted in the laying down of carpets, airing of rooms and beds, and such like provisions for the Sovereign's comfort. But the Caledonian journalist proceeds:—

"In addition to the other preparations, we believe it has been proposed to light a large bonfire on the summit of Arthur's Seat, which will illumine the surrounding country, and have altogether a very striking effect."

The circumstance of a fire being lighted in the royal apartment, which would warm the surrounding atmosphere, and have altogether a very pleasant effect, must of course be gratifying to the loyal subject to reflect upon. But what satisfaction can be derived from a bonfire on Arthur's Seat, considered in any conceivable relation to adult and reasonable Majesty? The *Edinburgh Advertiser* is very easily pleased. In the next statement it is difficult to say which is the more wonderful, the delight expressed, or the fact recorded:—

"We are happy to hear that the subscription set on foot to defray the expense has met with great success."

This in Edinburgh—the capital of Scotland! A subscription intended to be burnt up in a bonfire has met with great success among Scotchmen, and a Scotch newspaper rejoices at the waste of capital. Perhaps the subscribers fried their watches in their bonfire.

Furthermore, says the *Advertiser* of Auld Reekie:—

"It is also proposed, we believe, to illuminate St. Anthony's Chapel, and other parts of Salisbury Craig, with the 'Drummond Light;' and other pyrotechnic displays are spoken of for the occasion."

Really this is the Scottish prodigal burning his candle at both ends.

So much for the joy of the *Edinburgh Advertiser*—now for the sorrow:—

"We regret, however, to understand that the authorities have been obliged to give up part of their design with the variegated lamps."

Regret—authorities—their design with the variegated lamps! What is all this about? Scotland or China—baillies or mandarins—the *Edinburgh Advertiser* or the *Pekin Ko-too?*

The grief and gladness expressed in the foregoing extracts may possibly be accounted for by the supposition of a tender solicitude on the part of the writer for the diversion of the younger branches of the Royal Family. According to Phrenology—is it not so, Mr. Combe?—this would imply excessive philoprogenitiveness and prodigious veneration, with a development of the organs of the intellect—about which the less said the better.

LAYING THE DUST.

LADIES can, we know, sometimes go to very great lengths in dress; but the gown has lately got to such a pitch, and so much latitude is taken in the way of longitude, that there is no knowing where it will end. We have found, occasionally, very great inconvenience in our walks, by following, as excursionists, such a train as that which female fashion seems to entail on all its votaries. It says as little for the ankles as it does for the understandings of the fair sex of the present day, that they are compelled to hide their bad feet by at least one yard of superfluous drapery. In addition to the untidy and unsightly character of the proceeding, the dust raised is so great a nuisance, that every lady appearing in the costume of the period ought to be compelled to have a page in attendance, with a watering-pot, wherever she goes.

A REGULAR CRAMMER.

A RECENT advertisement in the *Times* commenced as follows:—

"A LADY of the *highest qualifications* is desirous of a bed-room and dinner."

We presume the "highest qualifications" must be construed as applying to the "dinner," and we may infer therefore that the "lady" is blest with an awful appetite. Taking this into consideration, we suspect that the advertiser will meet with very few who would not prefer her room—that is to say, the bed-room she is in want of—to her company. One might as well admit a young wolf into one's family as a lady "desirous of a dinner," and possessing the "highest qualifications" with regard to it. When poor little CUFFEY, the Chartist captive, was asked how he liked the prison fare, he candidly declared his ability to "dispose of more;" but the avowal of the advertising lady is still more to the point, and if we let lodgings, we should differ from *Othello* in thinking it a hardship to be able to "call such delicate creatures ours, but not their appetites."

Shall England Swallow the Leek?

AN attempt is being made to get up a sort of political excitement in Wales, in favour of the Welsh language; and AP SOMEBODY, whose name begins with half-a-dozen gutturals, supported in the centre by three or four W's, and ending with a rush of labials, wants to know, in reference to the adoption of plain English in Wales, "whether the Welsh tongue is to be torn out by the roots." We have no wish for such an act of violence; but, all we have to say is, that the Welsh tongue does not at all suit the English palate.

TWO EXHIBITIONS IN ONE AND IN 1851.

WE find from the papers that the authorities, fearing there will not be sufficient life and bustle in Hyde Park at the Exhibition of 1851, have made arrangements for permitting the cattle shows of the Agricultural Society of England to be held in the same place, at the same period. That the crowds, visiting the objects of industry on one side of the Park, may not be tempted to get away on the other, the north-western angle is to be devoted to the collection of mountainous beeves, monster mutton, and pork in the last stage of pinguidity. The public will, in fact, be placed in a sort of *cul-de-sac* by this arrangement, and the Park, necessarily invaded on one side for the industry of all nations, will be unnecessarily invaded on the other side for the fat of all England to stand simmering in the summer sun, and effect a blockade of the public pleasure-ground on the side of Bayswater. The introduction of a cattle show into the already curtailed space of Hyde Park, is what may be justly termed "going the entire animal." It may, perhaps, be thought a piece of fanciful hospitality towards the foreigners who will visit the Exhibition of 1851, to introduce them at once to the fat of the land, though it will be, after all, but a Barmecide feast, for they will only be enabled to carry away as much of it as "they can put in their eye, and see none the worse for." The site selected for the exhibition of monsters, to be seen, as the showmen say, "Alive! Alive!" is appropriately enough called the "Battery," for assault and battery will, no doubt, frequently mark the scene, where crowd will necessarily meet crowd, and the tug, if not of war, of coat tails, pocket-handkerchiefs, and purses, will be of daily and hourly occurrence. As to the poor old Parks, they seem to be marked out, not only for the devastating pick-axe and ruthless spade, but—severest dig of all—for the hoof of the fat-bound, suet-struck cattle. Can we wonder that the lungs of London should be inflamed at being thus trampled upon? Alas, we must soon expect to see our Parks deprived of every turf for the innocent lark, or playful gambol, and the green sward without a single blade to fight its own battles.

The Summit of his Ambition.

LOUIS NAPOLEON is busy practising in climbing a *Mât de Cocagne*. The hoop on the summit is festooned with legs and shoulders of ham and large joints of cold veal, and embellished with a beautiful garland of bottles of Champagne. The whole is surmounted with a glittering prize of the Imperial Diadem. LOUIS NAPOLEON practises several hours a day in climbing this greasy pole, which is stationed for his especial study in one of the inner Courts of the Elysée, but he begins to find "how hard it is to climb," and that he makes but little way with all his violent attempts at progress. He still clings to the slippery hope, however, of being able, by the time the next Election for President comes on, to get to the top of the Pole!

Strange, but True.

WE have been told—for really our ignorance of DEBRETT'S *Peerage* almost amounts to an insult to the House of Lords—that the English title of the DUKE OF ATHOLL is "LORD STRANGE." This is, to say the least, very strange; but, at all events, no one can call the liberal-minded Duke—considering the habit he has of blocking up public thoroughfares, and closing everything—"LORD *Passing* STRANGE."

ST. JAMES TURNING ST. GILES OUT OF HIS PARKS.

Dedicated to the Commissioners of Woods and Forests.

THE BRITISH FOUNTAIN-BUILDER TO THE WOODS AND FORESTS.

Some will level you a mountain,
Some will drain you dry a sea,
But I 'll build you *such* a fountain,
If you 'll trust the job to me!
I 'll amaze the little fishes,
All of silver and of gold,
With a thing that plates and dishes
Shall appear designed to hold.

From its apex, this dumb-waiter
Shall a jet of water spurt
Of a volume rather greater
Than the streamlet from a squirt:
Or, as if in piteous trouble,
Shed the slow and silent tear;
Or perhaps as briskly bubble
As a glass of ginger-beer.

I have only one petition,
That my model and design
In the monster Exposition
May appear next year as mine;
That the trav'ller over mountain,
And the pilgrim over sea,
May admire the British Fountain,
As devised, devised by me.

"VERY SORRY, BUT WE HAVE NO ROOM."

We do not know whether any patents have been taken out in England for balloons, but in France all the *savans* are busy constructing and improving that fugitive department of science. It strikes us that there must be some higher motive for this industry than merely navigating the air, and we at once jump to the conclusion that this sudden activity amongst our flighty neighbours must be owing to a desire to send over a prize balloon to the Great Exhibition of 1851. Depend upon it, this is the intention of Messrs. Arago and Bixio, and the only question is, whether arrangements have been made to do ample justice to their idea. Have any demands been made for sufficient space to accommodate bulky articles of the size of a balloon? and again, what corner of the Exhibition has been put aside for their reception?

We have our misgivings about the policy of admitting them at all, for supposing a balloon was to break loose from its bearings, only consider the havoc it would produce amongst the glass and crockery before it could be caught again! It would be infinitely worse than a bull in a china shop. Then there is a great doubt whether the runaway balloon would be caught at all. Is it not more probable that, after taking a large sweep of the interior, it might take a fancy to see what the exterior was like, and, rising with the thought, poke its head through the glass roof, and admiring the airy prospect of the Park, drag its heavy body through the big hole it had made, and disappear from sight altogether. Such a freak is not in the least improbable, and we hope the Committee, if they have resolved upon admitting balloons, will not allow themselves to be carried away with the largeness of the notion, but consider a few of the inconveniences such an awkward admission is likely to bring down upon their, as well as other people's, heads. We have seen the plan of one of M. Bixio's new inventions, and it is a large bunch of balloons tied together, like a stick of cherries. We are sure that with one or two little articles like that, the Exhibition will have room for nothing else, and if all the balloons should happen to combine and rise together, the building can never stand against the outbreak, and must infallibly be carried up to the clouds, which would be a pretty break up for the "Congress of the World." We would recommend, if a balloon knocks at the Exhibition for admission, that the door-keeper be instructed to say, as a fashionable hotel-keeper says in the busy season, when he does not like the appearance of his customer, "Very sorry, Sir, but we are quite full; we cannot take you in, you had better try somewhere else!"

At all events, if balloons are indispensably necessary for the advancement of science, let there be a separate building, of cast-iron, for their reception, and let it have a practicable roof, so that the young charges may be taken out occasionally for an airing, and have a little exercise in their "native element." It will be a curious sight to see a covey of balloons all springing into the air at the same time. But if all the balloons now hatching in Paris and London only take wing next year, we should recommend the householders of our smoky metropolis to look to their roofs. The mortality amongst the chimney-pots will be something dreadful!

ASSURANCE AGAINST RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

We believe it is generally known—for the comfortable intelligence is placarded at nearly every terminus and station—that a passenger losing life or limb on a Railway can, if he goes on his journey with the agreeable sensation that life and limb are in jeopardy, effect an assurance before starting that will give him pecuniary damages for any personal damage that may be done to him. There is, in fact, a Railway Accident Assurance Company, which publishes, from time to time, a list of its bonuses on broken bones, and tries to tempt the public, by showing how "a gentleman shaken was awarded six pounds"—no great shakes, by the by—in the way of compensation; and how another gentleman, who received his mother-in-law unexpectedly and forcibly on the point of his nose, was adjudged one pound for the disagreeable proximity. Now, there is scarcely a married man who would consent to receive a mother-in-law so completely *chez lui* on these moderate terms; and one pound seems a very poor equivalent for rendering still closer a somewhat disagreeably close relationship. A wife's mother is not always the most desirable person to be brought literally face to face with by a railway collision, for there are in most families enough of domestic collisions to render this sort of contact quite superfluous.

We rather think that the scale of allowances for railway casualties require regulation, though we admit the difficulty of finding any fixed principle to go upon. The Railway Accident Assurance Company will undertake to pay as much as £2,000 for the loss of a life, and will give a "proportionate compensation" for any other injury; but we do not see how the price of the life will enable us to get at the value of a leg, an arm, or any other portion of the body.

We cannot manage the matter by a rule of three sum; for if we state the question thus—If a life costs £2,000, what will a leg come to? we find ourselves in the old red-herring and sack of coals fix, which leads us to nothing satisfactory. Besides, legs vary in value according to circumstances; and the loss of a leg to a "fast" man, would perhaps deprive him of something more valuable to him than even his head; while the loss of a nose to a person always poking into his neighbour's affairs would deserve much less compensation than the loss of a proboscis confined to its legitimate purposes. There is one thing, however, that it would be utterly impossible to estimate by any rule, mathematical, philosophical, or otherwise—we allude to a woman's tongue, which, if it should happen to be lost in a railway accident, might be a calamity utterly irreparable to the owner, but a real blessing to all her friends and neighbours.

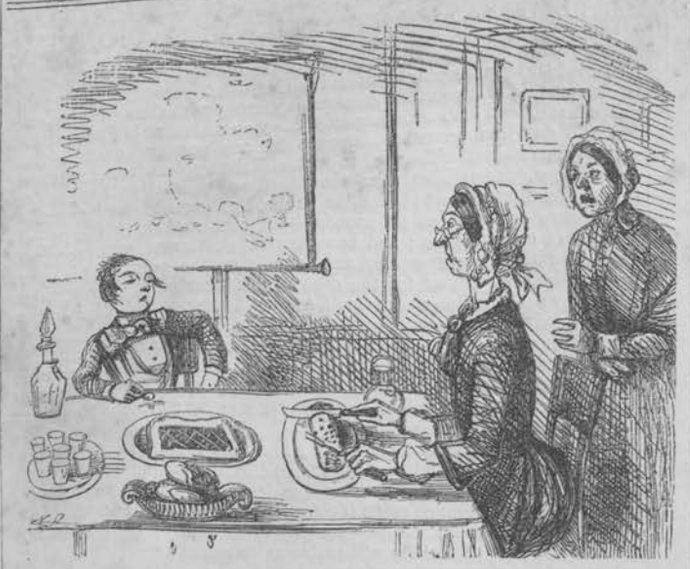
"BIRNAM WOOD REMOVES TO DUNSINANE."

We have seen an article in the *Morning Post*, headed "Visit of the Admiralty to the Britannia Bridge." This, we presume, is only a prelude to a regular exchange of cards and calls between the public edifices of this country, and that their movements will be chronicled with the same exactitude that the actions of Royal personages are noted down. We expect soon to see announced in the columns of our contemporary, that "the Mansion House transacted business with the Colonial Office yesterday," or that "Stafford House gave a grand entertainment in honour of the first appearance of Bridgewater House," and that Buckingham Palace had "condescended to be a partaker of the festivities, St. Clement Danes, Guy's Hospital, Temple Bar, Milbank Penitentiary, Westminster Abbey, Horse Guards, Reform Club, Waterloo Bridge, the Thames Tunnel, Devonshire House, and the Bank being present to meet the illustrious guest; the Royal Exchange, St. Paul's, and other noble edifices, having been unable to accept the noble host's invitations to celebrate the occasion."

Who knows how far these erratic propensities may be carried. Foreign structures, perhaps, will be on the move. The Invalides, for health's sake, will be paying a visit to the Cathedral at Milan, and the Campanile at Venice; and the Tuileries will be taking advantage of Mr. Crisp and cheap excursion trains to run over to London for a week; King Leopold's Palace of Lacken, or, as it should be called, Larkin', will come to this country, to have a spree with the Duke of York's Column; and the monument in the *Place Vendôme* will stay with Apsley House, to have a good view of the Exhibition of 1851. Nay, a paragraph may appear to the following effect:—"The Taj of Agra has arrived at Southampton, on a visit to Windsor Castle, Holyrood, and the principal seats of the Empire. The Taj is accompanied by the Mosque of Omar and other distinguished foreigners, and is attended by the Leaning Tower of Pisa, in the capacity of interpreter."

Let us hope that humbler buildings will have the same privilege; and that it may be a common thing, too usual to be publicly noticed, that the gaols of England will give place for schools, and its workhouses make intimate acquaintance with bakers' shops.

"Pray, after you," as the Glass of Water said to the Pill.



Old Lady. "NOW, ARTHUR, WHICH WILL YOU HAVE? SOME OF THIS NICE PUDDING, OR SOME JAM TART?"

Juvenile. "NO PASTRY, THANK-YE, AUNT. IT SPOILS ONE'S WINE SO. I DON'T MIND A DEVILLED BISCUIT, THO', BY AND BY, WITH MY CLARET."

(*Old Lady turns all manner of colours.*)

MELANCHOLY MUSINGS.

(*Being Mr. Punch's Subscription to the proposed new Irish Colleges.*)

IF Education were beef, and Paddy were invited to partake of a bellyful alongside of JACK, his neighbour, would he not be very thankful to FATHER M'HALE who should come and say to him, "Get out of that, Paddy, my son; that beef is cursed Protestant beef, and will be the death of you if you touch it. Give me half-a-crown, and try this good wholesome potato?"

The Thurles prelates are warning Paddy off from the Government provisions in this way, and inviting him to pay for, and feed upon, some potatoes which are not only not grown yet, but for which FATHER MAC has neither bought the seed nor got the land.

Having cursed the Irish Catholic gentry and middle classes out of the Colleges, their Right Reverences should curse the poor children out of the National Schools and send them back to the old seminaries under the hedges.

The best place for the new Irish University would be the centre of Connemara, where nobody lives, and, by consequence, no Protestants are to be found.

The Irish University is called Catholic, because Catholic means universal, and the universal university is to be founded on strictly exclusive principles.

In fact, if it were Oxford and Cambridge itself, it could not be more intolerant: and if the Bishops of Thurles were so many orthodox British Bigwigs they could not act more logically, nor would they, very likely, speak differently.

The outcry about the Godless Colleges is only an imitation of the cry raised against the London University College (when founded by the late MR. BROUGHAM and others), which was accused of teaching atheistical surgery, heretical chemistry, latitudinarian Latin and Greek, and was gracefully denominated Stinkomalee.

The Catholic Bishops have as good a right to make their students conform, as we have to make our young men swear to the Thirty-nine Articles. If a Unitarian refuses to recite the Athanasian creed, or a Quaker to wear a surplice, nobody forces them. They must go and learn elsewhere than at Cambridge and Oxford. If a Catholic cannot take a degree at either of those schools, why should he not have a University for himself?

That wicked *Times* newspaper proposes that the Irish Catholics should have "Halls" adjacent to the present existing Colleges, and march to lecture under command of a spiritual sergeant, as soldiers march to church. But what, on the other hand, would they say at Eton at the idea of a Roman Catholic boarding-house? Would not her hundreds of little Protestants be hurried away? I should like to know if the Dean of Christchurch or the Master of Trinity would receive a squad of Roman Catholic gentlemen, or a body of Unitarians or Baptists into their tutors' lecture-rooms?—and would welcome FATHER NEWMAN or MR. PALEY walking in at the head of their young men?

That sauce, which by cooks is considered suitable to the gander, is likewise deemed applicable to the female bird;—don't let us cry out against Popish bigotry, when we have among ourselves such a comfortable Established intolerance.

Talk about toleration! How *can* honest people be tolerant? How can DOCTOR PHILPOTTS be tolerant of GORHAM? or FATHER IGNATIUS of DOCTOR PHILPOTTS? Each holds opinions which, according to his view, must send the other to the deuce: each teacher must bring up his young men in his own manner. Why, there are hundreds of honest English clergymen now, who will not accept a penny from the Government for their schools, because Government desires to educate Catholics, Protestants, Dissenters, alike. These reverend gentlemen are not a whit more or less honest or intolerant than the pontiffs at Thurles; and are we, forsooth, to cry out against the latter only?

It is a maxim (we have their own word for it) that all education ought to be under the control of the priests.

Therefore, as they are always comminating each other (from the purest motives of course), and GORHAM differs dreadfully from PHILPOTTS: and PHILPOTTS differs fatally from FATHER BARELEGS: and the REVEREND OBADIAH differs from all three: and as each has the clear right of educating his people, it is clear that there should be a university for each sect.

So what a nice country ours will be to live in, if the people will but be obedient, and let the clergy have their way! How we will hate each other! How we will avoid each other! How, each side putting implicit trust in its black-coated general, we will fight, and abuse, and oppress each other!

And what will become of poor *Punch* then? They will take down his booth, and gag him, and shut the poor old miscreant up in his box. But the world has not come to that yet, though their Reverences are trying their best.

How to Rise in France.

THE way to rise in France is to take your stand, early in life, on an inkstand. The shortest cut to the Chamber is through an editor's room. To become a leader, you must have been in the habit of tossing off one every day, in some newspaper or other. The best plan of gaining a portfolio is to prove you are possessed of a pen; and, the portfolio once gained, it depends upon the power of your pen how long you can keep it. Every Frenchman, as soon as he has learnt to write, carries a portfolio in his head.

OFFICIAL LOVE OF MISCHIEF.

WE all know that the Ornamental Water in St. James's Park is not useful for much, but if the Woods and Forests are allowed to play all sorts of tricks with it, the water in question will soon be neither useful nor ornamental.

Fit President for such a Society.

THE Mansfield Poachers have been subjected to so many fines, that they have instituted a Protection Society amongst themselves. We recommend that stanch Protectionist and Poacher, who has lately distinguished himself by fishing in troubled waters in the river Eamont, to be their Standing Counsel and Chairman. For further information, we refer them to LORD BROUGHAM.

NO THOROUGHFARE.

A COURT is generally a *cul-de-sac*. This is why we call Chancery a Court; because when a person once gets into the Court of Chancery, he never can find his way out of it.

Loud Cries of "Name."

THE French Government seems to be sadly bothered since the signing of articles has been made a *sine quâ non* with the writers for the French newspapers. Some journalists try to evade the responsibility, by putting asterisks, or drawing a line between the separate paragraphs of an article; but the law advisers of the Government, when appealed to on the subject, are quite unable to say where the line ought to be drawn.

THE LEADING FRENCH ACTOR.

A MAN ought to be a good actor to govern the French; and some say that LOUIS NAPOLEON plays his part, as President of that melodramatic people, pretty well. But, in his acting towards the Press, he is a vast deal too liberal with his "gag."

THE FISHMONGER-POET.

ATELY, the fishmonger-poet, TAYLOR, who used to hang out his harp and his live sole at Lombard Street, has removed to Brighton, for the purpose, probably, of getting his fish more direct from the sea, and his inspiration more immediately from Nature. He is in more close contact than before with the Muses, as well as the mackarel; for the former love the shore, as the latter luxuriate in the deep, on the margin of which the fishmonger-poet has located himself. It is to be regretted that the productions of this great piscatorial, as well as poetical mind, should be confined to MS., and that we have no TAYLORIAN Collection, particularly now that the crowded haunt of Lombard Street has been exchanged for the breezy coast of Brighton, where the buds of poesy will become full blown by the invigorating wind, which does more for a poet than the utmost possible amount of artificial puffing. The little incident of LORD BROUGHAM and the fish-pond has been turned to account by the fishmonger-poet, who lately sang as follows:—

By Scotia's river, deep and slow,
His Lordship walked by night,
Waiting the treacherous hook to throw,
At which the fish should bite.

But sure his Lordship might have found
Some better fish to fry:
At TAYLOR'S, Brighton, they abound,
Come—all the world—and buy!

The salmon, leaping up with glee,
Caught in its joyous bound,
At TAYLOR'S, now, may purchased be,
For fourteen-pence a pound.

The solemn turbot, on its way,
By cunning net-work caught,
At TAYLOR'S fish-shop, Brighton, may
Be reasonably bought.

ALARMING BALLOON ACCIDENT.

(From our own Paris Correspondent.)

IT will be recollected by our readers, that a fortnight ago M. POITEVIN made a balloon ascent in Paris on a live ostrich. We should not repeat this stupid incident, only it was connected with an alarming accident, which proves more than anything else the danger and folly of ballooning.

Five minutes after the ascent, a MADAME EPINARD, the wife of one of the principal bankers of Paris, was seen coming out of the *Prince de Népaule*, one of the first establishments for bonnets and *cachemires*. She had on her head and shoulders, at that very moment, a handsome new bonnet, and a magnificent new *cachemire*, which she had been purchasing for 50,000 francs, the fruits of a happy speculation made by her husband on the Bourse, and presented by him to his dear wife as a birth-day offering.

She had not proceeded five steps towards the milk-white columns of the Madeleine, when she felt a heavy blow on the back of her head, which completely took away her senses, and sent her bonnet flying under the wheels of a passing citadine. The blow was so strong, that the lady had only sufficient time to run into a pastrycook's, and sit down in a chair, before she fainted. In that helpless state she remained full ten minutes. When she was sufficiently recovered to look at herself in the glass, she was so disfigured that she could not have been recognised by her bitterest enemy. Her new shawl was completely spoiled; her dress was ruined beyond the friendly redemption of either cleaner or dyer; her parasol was a melancholy ruin, whilst it was found necessary to sacrifice her gloves, for which at least thirty-two sous must have been given, as it was utterly impossible to bathe her hands as long as she had them on. Surgical assistance was sent for, and the suffering lady removed at last, after several hours of hysterical fits, pronounced perfectly genuine by all who witnessed them, to her splendid hotel in the Chaussée d'Antin.

Public surmise is at a loss to conjecture the origin of this terrible accident. It was supposed, at first, that some malicious hand had been at work—but, no such thing! It was the result of the most capricious chance. The police immediately proceeded to the spot, and soon collected evidence which justified them in instantly apprehending MONSIEUR POITEVIN and his ostrich. This difficult feat was accomplished the following day—when the intrepid aeronaut and his daring bird had to pass a most uncomfortable night in prison, some fifteen *lieus* from Paris. The criminals were locked up in separate cells, so that they might not be able to communicate together.

They have since been examined, and the origin of the accident has been fully explained. At the time that the lady received the blow on the back of her head, M. POITEVIN was passing over that very portion of the Boulevards. He looked down, and noticed a large white substance, not unlike an immense ball, falling to the earth. It fell on a lady's bonnet, but he could notice nothing further, for the balloon shot into the air immediately afterwards with such wonderful rapidity, that it required all his attention to attend to it.

This story agrees with the version of the police. They examined the ground, and picked up innumerable little pieces of broken shell, with which the pavement was strewed. These were produced in Court, and they left no doubt upon the judge's mind that the accident had been caused by AN OSTRICH'S EGG! It was a mercy that this modern instance of ostracism had not resulted in death!

M. POITEVIN was condemned in a new bonnet, cachemire, and parasol, of an equal value to those so pitiably destroyed, and in 10,000 francs for damages done to the lady's nerves. His ostrich was likewise bound over to keep the peace for two years. This will put a stop for the present to any more *Campagnes d'Autruche*.

PUNCH'S RAILWAY TRAVELLER.

WE have received the following from our Railway Traveller, for whom we were about to issue an advertisement offering several thousand pounds—the amount we happened to have loose in our till—for his discovery.

"MR. PUNCH,

"Sir,—You will have been surprised at not hearing from me, but the fact is, I have been occupied ever since I last wrote in trying to discover the difference between the second and third-class carriages—the great discrepancy in the fares raising the presumption that the former are some eighty to a hundred per cent superior to the latter.

"The uninitiated might imagine that the superiority belongs to the class for which the highest price is paid, but I am bound to say that facts lead one to a contrary conclusion. I find, Sir, that in each class of carriages there is a hard plank to sit upon; but in the second the passengers sit so completely face to face, and have so little space for their legs, that, unable to stretch out their contracted knees, they suffer what may be termed the *knee plus ultra* of uneasiness. We hear a great deal about Railway Extension, but the piece of Railway Extension that ought to be first carried out, is an extension of the space allotted to the legs of the second-class passengers.

"As far as ventilation is concerned, the third-class is much better off than the second, for the very small compartment in which the *habitués* of the latter are boxed up, subjects them to suffocation if the windows are closed, and to the operation of having their throats cut by the sharpness of the wind if the windows are open. In the third-class the space is at least sufficient to admit of something like an adaptation of the admission of air to the convenience of the travellers.

"It being quite clear that in point of comfort and convenience the third-class is superior to the second, there remains the question why any one is found to pay just double for a decidedly inferior article. Perhaps, Sir, it may be that the company is more select; but now that the Railways have taken to the practice of shuffling their passengers all together like a pack of cards, by stuffing third-class passengers into first-class carriages, the distinction may be considered to be at an end; and there is positively nothing to be gained, even in the 'look of the thing,' for which some persons are fools enough to pay exorbitantly, by going in a second in preference to a third-class on a railway. There used to be a sort of advantage in the semi-civility of the tone in which the collector asked for the tickets of the second-class; but since the railway officials have been curtailed in number, and cut down in salary, they have sunk into a state of sullen barbarism towards all classes, which vents itself in one gruff monosyllabic growl of 'Tickets,' addressed indiscriminately to all the passengers.

"My advice, Sir, is, that, until the directors make a decided difference in the quality of the accommodation, the public refuse to pay the double price, but make a practice of avoiding the inferior second-class and going by the superior third-class carriages. I have no fear that the directors will use my hint in order to make the third worse than the second, for that is happily impossible.

"YOUR RAILWAY TRAVELLER."

Court Cards.

IT is sometimes questioned whether the Ministers know sufficiently well how to play their cards. The "improvements" in the Parks, however, must convince any unprejudiced mind that the Woods and Forests, at any rate, are uncommonly good hands at Cribbage.

Old Gent. "CONFOUND THE BOYS AND THEIR TOPS! WHERE ARE THE POLICE?"

THE COUNTRY IN ALARM.

As every newspaper teems with letters and advertisements calling the public attention to the unprotected state of houses in the country; to the audacity of burglars; and the means of protection against them; such as gongs, bells, locks, patent albata plate, fire-arms, and other signals and weapons; we have ventured to print the copy of a letter which has been despatched to his amiable lady by a most respectable country gentleman now in town; and which contains an account of precautions, which, if followed at the present alarming crisis, will keep any family in the country secure from depredators and burglars:—

"MY DEAR BESSY,—A parcel will be sent per railway, and left at the Funkington Station, for which you will please to send, not any of our own people (for I do not wish anybody to leave our premises unnecessarily), but either one of BULL'S the farmer's men or CLINKER'S the smith's, with our cart and horse, as the parcel is heavy.

"Do not let candles come unnecessarily near it, as the package contains combustible materials which might blow the cart up. You had best open the parcel in a dry cool place, alone; and put the packages marked fireworks into one of the bins in the granary, keeping the key and the secret, and serving out the articles when necessary. If TOM gets hold of them, his infantine spirits might lead him into mischief, and we should have him setting fire to his sister's frock and blowing his own head off.

"The parcel marked A. is the Patent Exploding Detector, and Bow Street Fulminator, one of which you will please to hang upon every window of the house. The pyrotechnist informs me that it makes a noise equal to a twenty-four pounder, that each fulminator goes off six times, and discharges death-balls, which will dangerously wound the robbers if they are hit.

"B. contains the Domestic Rocket and Country Beacon. When the fires are carefully raked up of a night, you will put one of these up each chimney, and from our bed to the fire-place communicating with the beacon, you will put one of the C. slow matches, so that at an alarm, by putting your hand out of bed, you may light the match, which will light the rocket, which will send up blue lights and fire-balls, to point out the way the rascals take if they attack us, and to be seen all over the country.

"D. are canisters of gunpowder, which also, my dear, you will of course prevent TOMMY from getting at. E. are bullets.

"The revolver, with two cutlasses, in the parcel F., you will hang up in our bed. I think, my love, that you might as well take a few lessons in the first principles of the sword exercise from SERGEANT HOLSTER. A little dirk and pistol, for mere show, are for TOM'S room. Of course it will not be loaded, as the little rascal might make mischief.

"You will put the blunderbuss with the spring bayonet in ROGERS'S bed-room, and let the maids have a couple of stout cutlasses and a pistol between them. There is no need of fire-arms anywhere except in the bed-rooms: having them in the lower rooms is just a premium to the thieves, who would be nearer to them than we. And it will be as well, during the day, that the men and the maid servants should wear a serviceable dagger, and that you have one yourself at your side.

"I have written to CHIPPINGS to take down the stair-case, and to construct a moveable ladder, easily turned with a winch, and drawn up or let down at will. When the family have retired, this will be drawn up every night.

"Always have lights burning in the hall and the pantry window. They are barred, and the fulminators will preserve them.

"As it is dangerous to have plate, I shall send all ours to the banker's, and have bought everything in German silver. Money, beyond a purse to *satisfy victorious rapacity*, I need not say you will never have in the house.

"In box G., you will find three Chinese gongs and beaters, one for the maids' room, one for ours (it may hang in the bed between the cutlasses), and one for TOM'S, who will like to play on it. The advertisement says that these can be heard for five miles round, and whenever you wake, I would recommend my dearest BESSY just to give a blow or two, to show any scoundrels who may happen to be in the neighbourhood that we are on the alert.

"The other parcel contains locks, bolts, and chains, the arrangement of which CLINKER will look to. I intend to replace the Haha by a wall and spikes; and you will tell ROGERS that I expect the ditch to be complete by next week.

"I have purchased two bull-dogs at Bayswater, very savage, and either of which is big enough to pin a man; and I have engaged a stout fellow to take care of the dogs, which nobody can approach, but him; and to sit up armed, with beer, and make his rounds all night. He and his interesting charges will sleep during the days. Do not let dearest TOM get near the dogs. Kiss him for his fond father, and believe me ever, my dearest BESSY, "Affectionate Husband,

"*Old Hummums, Tuesday.* "H. MUFF."

THE BROUGHAM ARMS.

AMONG the various uses of heraldic honours is one that rather concerns the public than the possessor. The 'scutcheon of many a nobleman is the sign of a tavern. We hope, therefore, that a noble and learned Lord will not be affronted if we propose "The BROUGHAM Arms" as the style, title, and visible indication of a place of entertainment for man and horse. As the artist who shall have to execute the required painting may want some directions for his purpose, we subjoin them. The reader will perhaps be inclined to believe that the estimation in which heralds were formerly held, was owing to their possession of a prophetic faculty. Thus, according to LYSON'S "Magna Britannia," runs the description of the arms and crest of the BROUGHAM family:—

"ARMS—Gules, a chevron argent, between three fishes (luces) hauriant, proper.

"CREST—A sinister arm embowed, in armour, issuing out of a wreath, holding a fish."

THOMAS MOULE'S "Heraldry of Fish" contains a cut of the BROUGHAM Arms, representing them, together with the crest, enclosed in the mystical *vesica piscis*; thus it is evident that the BROUGHAM shield is ichthyologous within and without—fish all over.

It is needless to dilate on the relation between these armorial bearings and a recent transaction in the river Eamont. We cannot, however, refrain from noticing the particularly curious coincidence that the arm represented as grasping the fish is the *sinister* one. Could any thing be more appropriate to the irregular sportsman—the WALTON of the wire?

We must also call attention to the singular circumstance that the fishes of the Arms of BROUGHAM are *luces*. A luce is a full-grown pike; a pike is the well-known emblem of a pettifogging lawyer, a creature among whose tribe, we are bound to say, our great law reformer has been at least as destructive as he has to trout.

Yes; there must needs be established an hostelry to be called "The BROUGHAM Arms." It must be situated not far from a pleasant meadow intersected with babbling rills, well stocked, and having plenty of weeds in them; and it shall for ever be noted as "The House of Call for Poachers."

CONUNDRUM FOR FARMERS.

WHICH of the taxes is a perfect robbery?
The hop-duty; because it is a downright picking of pockets.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19th, 1850.

BROUGHAM HIMSELF AGAIN.

The Sea Serpent Crossing the Atlantic, as seen from the Yacht "Toby."—Capt. Punch.

LORD BROUGHAM, as everybody knows from his lordship's own announcement of the fact, is about to proceed next April to America. The illustrious peer is no doubt actuated in some degree by a feeling of consideration towards the Great Exhibition of 1851, and withdraws from all competition, saying to himself, "There will not be room for both of us."

Perhaps he contemplates appearing in a new character, and goes to America with the intention of reconciling all the political self-variations which he has exhibited through life, and becoming a really United Statesman at last. It is quite impossible that such a phenomenon can cross the Atlantic without causing an unusual commotion, and exciting quite as much attention as the sea-serpent, whom, by the way, his lordship goes very opportunely to succeed.

We may expect to receive accounts of the appearance of a most extraordinary animal at sea, in the course of next year; and though we should be sorry, by anticipating the penny-a-liner to take the bread out of his mouth, or the paragraph out of his inkstand, we may expect something like the following to be going the round of the papers in the course of next summer.

"THE SEA-SERPENT ONCE AGAIN.

"One of the oddest fish that ever was encountered, has lately made its appearance in the Atlantic; and though in some respects resembling an inhabitant of the land, the odd fish in question, shows such a wondrous power of self-adaptation to all circumstances, that it would be impossible for it to seem anywhere out of its element. An inspection of its coat proved it to combine all the various colours of the dolphin, and though it showed a decided affinity to the Great Seal, still on closer examination, the observer could not help exclaiming, 'Very like a whale,' when the idea of the Great Seal suggested itself."

Such is the kind of article that may be looked for under the head of Naval Intelligence when LORD BROUGHAM is fairly off for America.

MR. PUNCH TO PIO NONO.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HOLINESS,

I am sure I have always behaved as a friend in my humble way to your HOLINESS, and also to your HOLINESS's flock in this country, although your HOLINESS has never sent me any sugar-plums. I am still willing to do both yourself and them any reasonable service in my power, and that is why I take the present liberty of addressing your HOLINESS.

Will your HOLINESS please to tell me what I am to say next session to SIR ROBERT INGLIS, and MR. PLUMPTRE, and MR. SPOONER, now that you have created an ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER, particularly if you sanction the decree of the Thurles Synod against the QUEEN'S Colleges?

Of course, SPOONER, and PLUMPTRE, and INGLIS will argue that if you erect Archbishoprics in the QUEEN'S dominions there is no knowing to what extent you may choose to carry your interference in HER MAJESTY'S affairs; and that perhaps we shall have you absolving her subjects from their oath of allegiance next. And I really don't see how I am to answer them, unless your HOLINESS will inform me. You see, the behaviour of your Piedmont prelates in setting themselves above the laws, gives a very unfortunate plausibility to the arguments of those gentlemen.

Enactments, I believe, still exist in the statute-book rendering some of your clergy *ex officio* liable to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. Abortive attempts have been made, from time to time, for their repeal; but, through the pious care of INGLIS and others, those curiosities of legislation have been preserved. When CHISHOLM ANSTEY asks for their abolition, next year, he will be told, that it is necessary that such laws should be retained *in terrorem*. I used to pooh pooh this ratiocination; but now, unless your HOLINESS will instruct me to refute it, I shall be as completely posed as CHISHOLM will. Both our mouths will be stopped with the Archbishopric of Westminster.

Then, if you confirm the condemnation of the QUEEN'S Colleges, how am I to defend the Maynooth Grant against MESSRS. SPOONER and PLUMPTRE? By what logic shall I attempt to persuade the House of Commons that it is reasonable and right to vote the nation's money for the purpose of training up priests to defeat the ends of good government? And with what possible face can I continue to advocate the admission of Roman Catholics to take degrees at Oxford or Cambridge?

Here—though, of course, your HOLINESS understands your own business best—I venture to ask whether it will be quite politic of you to condemn the QUEEN'S Colleges, which are merely neutral institutions, whereas, you have all along allowed Roman Catholic youth to go to the positively Protestant University of Dublin? I always thought that Roman Catholicity never contradicted itself. Will your HOLINESS give a handle to the heretics?

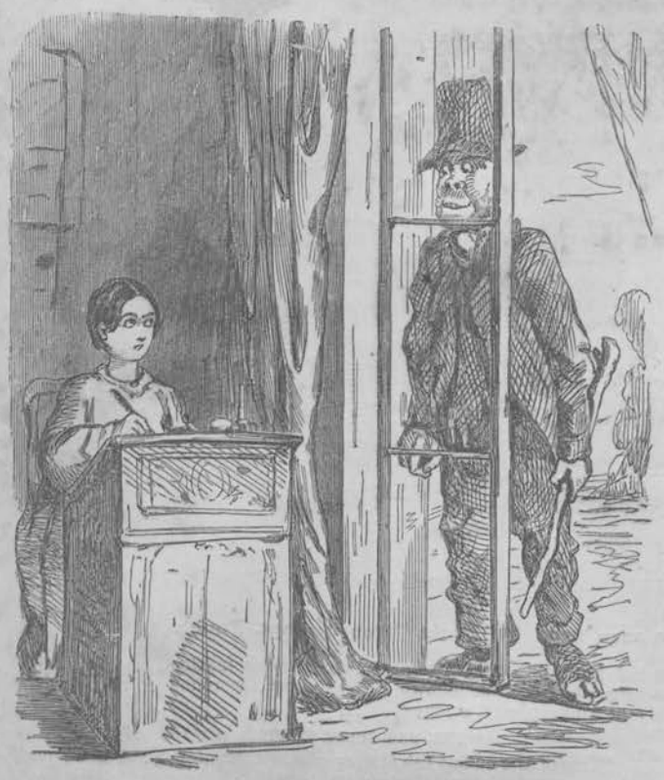
Whether Fathers ever differed from Fathers, and Councils from Councils, is a moot point of history. But there can be no mistake about contemporary inconsistency; and, if this can be detected in your HOLINESS'S system, it will be all up with it, your HOLINESS, as sure as my name is *Punch* and yours is MASTAI FERRETTI.

Your HOLINESS, I imagine I know what sort of influence your Thurles Bishops desire to exert on education. They want to make things pleasant to orthodox taste—to cook the accounts of science and philosophy, an't please your HOLINESS. The sun comes out of this culinary—or CULLENARY—process about two yards in diameter, I think. If this is so, and Truth is the food of the mind, what reply shall I make to those who, applying to stewed principles and hashed facts, a well-known proverb, remark, that Heaven sends good meat, but a personage from the antipodes to Heaven—saving your HOLINESS'S reverence—sends cooks? Pray, your HOLINESS, advise your HOLINESS'S sincere well-wisher,

PUNCH.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

A MOST extraordinary instance of mistaken identity recently occurred in Scotland. A Cambridge student, travelling through Glen Tilt, accosted the Duke of That Ilk as a gentleman.



A RETIRED NEIGHBOURHOOD.

MRS. BROWN *writing to* MISS SMITH.

"THE drawing-room from which I write to you has the most charming views over the most delicious country, seen through the most delightful French windows, which open on the most lovely lawn, where TOTTY and LOTTY play all day. CHARLES has gone out shooting, or he would send you his love. As I write to you, I—"

Enter TRAMP.

"I beg your pardon, my good Marm. Could you be so obleegin' as to tell me what o'clock it is by your watch?"

"GOOD" ROYAL DOMESTICS.

WE learn that HER MAJESTY, in consideration of the wants of the domestics of the late QUEEN DOWAGER has, "out of her own purse caused yearly bounties, varying from £30 to £50, to be awarded to those persons whose claims are most prominent." We are sorry for it; and are prone to attribute the advice given to HER MAJESTY to some spite in the breast of the ministerial councillor against MR. BENJAMIN BOND CABBELL. We are not sure if that ill-used gentleman has not a clear case of damages, a case to be argued before the advertising philanthropists of England against LORD JOHN RUSSELL, who would not move an appeal to Parliament on his own responsibility, and who, by his ill-timed counsel, has deprived MR. B. B. C., M.P., of a very touching opportunity of coming forward in advocacy of the claims of the virtuous and the pampered. Had HER MAJESTY's purse-strings remained undrawn, our eyes might have been rejoiced with an advertisement for another Testimonial. Such document was already agreed upon—drawn up—and would have appeared in the morning papers. However, as we have been favoured with a copy, it shall not be lost, and here it *is*:—

THE "GOOD" DOMESTICS OF QUEEN ADELAIDE.

AT a meeting held yesterday at the Goose and Gridiron, BENJAMIN BOND CABBELL, ESQ., M.P., in the Chair; it was resolved by a body of gentlemen too numerous to be nominally particularised, to appeal to the Breasts and Pockets of Englishmen, in behalf of the "Good" Domestics of Her Majesty the late QUEEN DOWAGER. When it was considered that all these "Good" Servants had devoted their lives to the promotion of the best interests of themselves—when it was universally allowed that these admirable domestics had shown a rare example of sagacity, by dwelling in a palace when they might have pigged in an alley—that many of them, with the most extraordinary heroism towards the flashy and beautiful, had worn scarlet and gold, when they might otherwise have gone in fustian or velveteen—when many of them, for the gratification of the public, had ridden on birth-days and drawing-rooms, behind a carriage, when they might have drawn a truck; when all these, and more than these claims of singular disinterestedness and self-denial are considered, then may these servants be emphatically denominated the "Good" Domestics of the late QUEEN DOWAGER.

Further, the Committee are touched with the liveliest happiness, feeling themselves enabled to assure a British Public, that the valuable and affecting epithet "GOOD," is not the exclusive property of any two, or three, or half-dozen of the aforesaid Domestics, but all of them,—it would seem by virtue of large wages, high living, snug lodging, and handsome clothing,—all of them, by virtue of such advantages,—being equally virtuous; that, in fact, one Domestic is quite as "GOOD" as another. However, a few—not invidiously, but only as a sample of the others—are below described.

No. 1. THE "GOOD" COACHMAN.—A man who has devoted all his life to the promotion of humanity; a man who, in the most ticklish turnings, always "cried gee, and spared the lash:"—a man who, though filling a high position, handled the reins of power with the lightest grasp;—a man who has condescended—*from his very box*, and that on a state-day—to grin at a chimney-sweeper, and chuckle at Punch-and-Judy;—a man who, in the Royal Kitchen, never touched neck of mutton, when venison smoked upon the board;—a man who, without hesitation, would refrain from beer, resolutely reserving himself for port,—in fact, the "GOOD" COACHMAN!

No. 2. THE "GOOD" FOOTMAN.—A most valuable member of the Human Family, standing six-feet-two; and yet with no more pride in him than TOM THUMB, with his two-feet-six. A man who had devoted all his life to the attainment and after nourishment of his own calves. His linen was spotless; and the maiden's cheek might have envied the blush on his silk stockings, upon levees and drawing-rooms. A Footman who, though presenting the rare example of being born to stand behind a royal coach, nevertheless knew "what *was* taxes;" for—and that for his own widowed mother—he once paid the water-rate! Many words might be built—like cheeses, one upon another—to paint him; but one word, in its full-bodied fullness, is sufficient: he is the "GOOD" FOOTMAN!

No. 3. THE "GOOD" HALL-DOOR PORTER.—From his earliest days, from the time he first stood upon a stool to open the wicket of the royal back door of a royal garden, No. 3, the Porter, has devoted all his life to bolting and unbolting. And yet, though born to be a porter, there is, throughout his whole existence, abundant proof that he never slammed the door even in the face of his poorest fellow-creature, no fragment of a nose—not even of the humblest classes—ever having been found between the royal door and the royal door-post. He was kind to all, saying nothing but yes and no; and if he growled a little, never attempting to snap. Whilst, in his unceasing love of art and letters, he never, though often known to be aroused from his slumbers, by the importunities of artists and authors, he never—though (as it could be proved) frequently advised so to do—he never kept a dog suspected of madness to turn loose upon and bite them! The Committee feel that if, in search of a word to declare the merits of No. 3, they were to open the *Dictionary* of the immortal DOCTOR JOHNSON, as often as No. 3 unclosed the portals of the royal mansion, they could find for him no epithet so abundantly expressive of his virtues as THE "GOOD" HALL-PORTER!

No. 4. THE "GOOD" TIGER.—Born as he was in the highest room of a royal house, and weaned upon ass's-milk, the property of royalty, No. 4 presents the singular spectacle of a Tiger devoting his whole life to the human species. A Tiger, nevertheless, of the most condescending and affable deportment, having been known to go heads-and-tails for bull's-eyes with ever so many charity-boys of ever so many schools—in which the metropolis abounds—and who, though a regal Tiger, has been seen more than once, yes, more than a good many times, eating kidney-puddings with the most unpretending of his species. Let other Tigers desiderate the epithet Royal; the Committee call, and that emphatically, No. 4, THE "GOOD" TIGER!

No. 5. THE "GOOD" DAIRY-MAID.—The Committee desire to recommend the virtues of No. 5; who, though born to a Royal Dairy, never watered the milk, never chalked it, and never was known, to the poorest of her species, to give a short ha'porth. It may be said of No. 5, in the words of one who knew the human heart, that butter would not melt in her mouth; unless,

indeed, melted by blushing at her own merits. The Committee may further say of *their* Dairy-Maid what SIR T. OVERBURY says of *his* Maid—she dare go alone, and unfolds sheep i' the night [*and therefore a desirable wife for any single grazier*] and fears no manner of ill, because she means none. In a word—the best word—the Committee confidently proclaim No. 5 to be—THE "GOOD" DAIRY MAID!

The Committee might proceed with numerals up to 30; but conclude with 5, thinking they have said enough to stir the hearts, and unbutton the pockets of a sympathising and liberal public.

In the event (which by the way is not to be imagined) of there not being a sufficiency of funds subscribed to erect thirty statues in Trafalgar Square to the honour of the 30 "Good" Domestics, *then*—

The Committee would recommend the establishment of a triple institution for the benefit of the aforesaid Domestics—an institution of a character as universal as philanthropy itself. With this view the Committee confidently suggest as an asylum for the 30 an Hotel—a Cook-Shop—and an Alamode Beef-House.

A. BEETROOT, *Hon. Sec.*

THE MILL OF ATHOLL'S GLEN.

AFTER OSSIAN.

(*Vide Times of the 14th and 17th instant.*)

WHY is the peeper of ATHOLL closed? Wherefore is the eye of STRANGE surrounded with a ring of purple?

It is the print of the Southron knuckle,—the fist-mark of the Cambridge Undergraduate, heavy-handed bruiser.

Cambridge Undergraduate, bruiser of the heavy hand, wherefore didst thou darken the eye of STRANGE? Why bungedst thou up the peeper of ATHOLL?

The Autumn winds were singing the coronach of the summer in Glen Tilt. A moaning, as of no end of ghosts, swept through the hollow glen. There, with the red and brown leaves falling around him, stood the CHIEF OF CLAN ATHOLL, with a party of ladies and gentlemen.

Shrouded in the mist of the distance cometh SANDY MACLARRAN. With him behold two stranger forms approaching. Onward they come, with the sturdy tramp of youth; stout are the cudgels which they grasp in their nervous fists.

Ho, there, ye that range unbidden the Glen of Tilt! Halt, ye wanderers from the land of Cockney! Stand, ye jumpers of the counter!

We are no jumpers of the counter; no wanderers are we from the land of Cockney. We come from the meadows that are watered by the Cam,—from the abodes where Learning dwelleth in her Colleges and Halls. Thither journey we on this beaten track. And who the deuce art thou that hinderest us?

Ken ye not the CHIEF OF CLAN ATHOLL,—the tourist-baffling Duke, of the impassable glen?

For the Chief of ATHOLL's Clan we care not a dump; the Duke of the impassable glen we value not at a farthing. We have passed the Asses Bridge, wherefore should we not cross thy glen? CHIEF OF CLAN ATHOLL, get out of the way! Duke of the impassable glen, stand out of the sunshine!

Fire flashed from the eye of ATHOLL; wrath blazed from the countenance of STRANGE. By the collar he seized the foremost youth. Back! Return by the way thou camest. Back! or, by the beard of my ten thousand ancestors, ye shall rue the day! Back, I say, on your lives, ye sons of Granta!

Unhand me, CHIEF OF CLAN ATHOLL, or whoever thou art! Unhand me, I say, or I will punch thine head. Thou wilt not? No? Here goeth, then; take that for thyself!

Together they rushed; the son of Granta and CHIEF OF CLAN ATHOLL. Furious was the Chief, and wild, and aroused was the Under-Graduate's monkey. Blow was exchanged for blow; lunge for lunge; slash for slash; heavy was the countering, and the knocks resounded. Loud shouted the gentlemen: shrill were the screams of the ladies.

The Chief was overcome with fury, and hit all abroad. Wary was the Cantabrigian youth, well trained on the pleasant banks of the Cam to encounter in stand-up mill the brawny bargee. Sharp fell the stinger on the proboscis of STRANGE; fast flowed the claret from the conk of ATHOLL. One, two, were planted on the optics of the Chief—darkness swam before him: then fell a stunner on his ducal frontispiece, and he was doubled up by a finisher in the breadbasket. He staggered—he fell into the arms of his faithful henchman—even the arms of SANDY MACLARRAN.

To the rescue! DONALD of the tufted chin. RODERICK of the red moustaches, to the help of your Chief! HAMISH of the Pipes—DOUGAL the breekless—claymore for CLAN ATHOLL!

The eight hands of the four bold grooms are at once on the collar of the Sassenach. As many more grasped the coat-tails of his companion—the Heelandmen were braw. From before the bruised face of their chieftain they drag away the sons of Granta.

Mourn; for ecchymosis encircles the ogle of STRANGE: lament; for the visual organ of ATHOLL is darkened. Raise the sound of wail upon a thousand bagpipes! Closed is the eye of him who would close Glen Tilt to the traveller. Contusion sits on the brow of the Chieftain: the countenance of the Duke beareth marks of punishment!

THE CAMPAIGNS OF LOUIS-NAPOLEON.

(*Written by some Coming* THIERS.)

"THE future Emperor displayed all his usual courage in the memorable review that took place on the celebrated plain of Cramboli, in the pretty little village of Fiddeldeedee. There could not have been less than 25,000 soldiers upon the field, but nevertheless our Emperor advanced boldly in the midst of them, and, seizing the glass of a Chasseur that was already primed, he put it deliberately to his lips, and drank it right off in the presence of his brave troops. This daring act of courage cannot be sufficiently appreciated, unless we state that the wine in question was a glass of Maçon, commonly known as the *vin de trois sous*. The Emperor-that-is-to-be had no sooner drained the glass than he turned away his head, and tears were observed to come into his eyes. This uncontrollable act of emotion has been attributed to the sourness of the wine, but such libels only increase our admiration for the object of them, and makes France love its future Emperor the more.

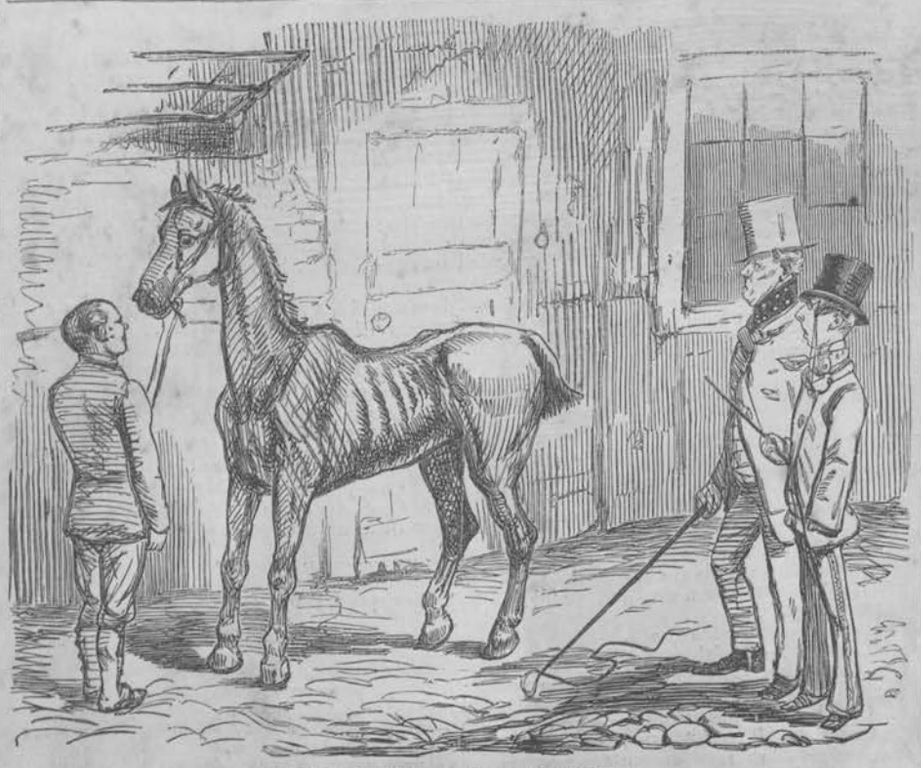
"Towards two o'clock, when the heat from the enemy's (kitchen) fire was the hottest, and the *batterie de cuisine*, that was stationed on the brow of the opposite hill, was keeping up an incessant discharge of *saucissons* and roasted chesnuts, the proud youth who has the honour of being the nephew of the "Son of Destiny," rode forward on his Arabian charger, and, dismounting, with the greatest coolness, picked up from the ground a *marron de Lyon* before it had time to explode, and, biting it with his teeth as if were a cartouche, eat it, amidst the cheers of his enraptured army.

"Our Emperor-President surpassed himself that day in acts of gallantry. The English Ambassador was endeavouring in vain to open a bottle of Stout, of the far-famed MONSIEUR GUINNESS, for the restoration of a party of ladies, who had followed the fortunes of the French army all the way from the *Rue Lepelletier*, when he was rudely pushed aside, and the neck of the recreant bottle was severed at one *coup de sabre*, that caused the precious liquid to pour forth in a flowing stream of the creamiest abundance. Need we state that the blow was levelled by the unerring hand of LOUIS-NAPOLEON, who immediately rushed from the spot to avoid the compliments that were awaiting him on all sides.

"Whilst the slaughter amongst the chickens and cold ham was at its fiercest height, the noble form of a National Guard was seen gallopping across the plain, surrounded by a dense body of dust. As the form approached, it was discovered to be the uniform of a captain of that distinguished regiment, and loud cries of "*Vive l'Empereur*" rent the air, when the captain was discovered to be no other than LOUIS-NAPOLEON. Being in want of a light for his cigar, he had preferred riding a distance of two miles right into the midst of the enemy's fire, sooner than take it from the hands of one of his own suite. Such acts of fearless heroism carry their own eulogy with them.

"The campaign commenced as early as one o'clock in the afternoon, and did not terminate until three. For two hours our Emperor-Elect never stirred from his saddle but once, and yet he did not look in the least fatigued.

"Two thousand bottles of champagne were left upon the field, and it is calculated that at least six hundred chickens must have perished on that fatal day. The Emperor that-is-to-be, some day, on riding across the plain, was distinctly observed to drop a tear as he looked upon the affecting spectacle of their mangled remains."



ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT.

Dealer. "THERE. HE AIN'T A 'ORSE MADE UP FOR SALE. HE'LL GO ON IMPROVIN' EVERY DAY YOU KEEP HIM—HE WILL."

The Church on the Continent.

THE QUEEN has appointed DR. SMITH to be Archbishop of Rome and Primate of Italy. This appointment, which has resulted from HER MAJESTY'S benevolence, will be hailed with great delight in the Roman States; and the Government will prepare a magnificent welcome for the Most Reverend Prelate.

MRS. SMITH and her numerous and interesting family will accompany his Grace, for whom the Palace of the Vatican, or, as some say, the Castle of Saint Angelo, is to be got ready.

The REVEREND THOMAS BROWN has been appointed Dean of Saint Peter's, Rome. The Dean's residence will be in the Palace of the Inquisition.

The REVEREND JOHN JONES will be the new Archdeacon of Babylon. DOCTOR HILLS, and DOCTOR SCARLETT, are mentioned as likely to have preferment.

The Last Protectionist Dodge.

WE understand that there has been some difficulty at the Custom House about the reception of some cattle from the Continent, in consequence of the possibility of some of them having arrived from Italy, and their admission would be a contravention of the act of QUEEN ELIZABETH against bringing in Bulls from Rome. It is intimated that a shrewd protectionist has suggested this difficulty to the Custom House authorities, as a sort of last kick against free trade principles.

A THOUSAND JOKES IN A THOUSAND HOURS.

THIS arduous task, undertaken by a veteran punster attached to the *Pun-ch* establishment, was completed at 7 o'clock on Saturday night last. At an early hour Fleet Street was crowded by persons of all grades, who were anxious to see and hear the veteran punster make his thousandth pun. The concourse was so great, that there was some difficulty in clearing a sufficient space outside the *Punch* Office, to enable the veteran to proceed with the completion of his thousandth pun, which it was understood beforehand would be one of a practical character. Some anxiety was manifested as to whether the veteran would be able to finish his arduous task, and bets were made, a quarter before seven, that he would not get through the entire pun within twenty minutes.

At a little before the hour, an apple-stall was placed at the corner of Bride Court, and it soon began to be rumoured that the thousandth pun would be in some way connected with the stall; an impression which gained strength when it was observed that the stall was unattended by any one in the character of proprietor. A few minutes before the clock was expected to strike, the punster emerged from the office door, amid the cheers of the bystanders, who were worked up to the highest pitch of excitement at the near approach of the moment for the completion or failure of the gigantic task that had been undertaken.

Presently the police force, under the command of INSPECTOR WAGGLES, cleared a way to the stall, when the veteran punster, throwing himself across the top of it, amid several lots of apples, exclaimed, "Here I am, in-stall-ed at last as the Prince of Punsters!" The cheering was deafening, and, it still wanting a few seconds to seven, the veteran ran through a course of puns upon apples—including every appellation of which they are susceptible—with apparent ease, amid the tremendous enthusiasm of the multitude.

The last pun was completed in ten seconds,—a fact, we believe, that has been unprecedented; and the veteran must, accordingly, be regarded as the swiftest punster of this or any former period. In order to show that his punning strength was not exhausted, he continued to make a pun every hour up to Monday night; and in the course of the day made four puns backwards, each of which he completed in less than fifteen minutes. He afterwards proceeded to be weighed, when he was found to have lost, during the days employed in the feat, seven pounds, supposed to be missing from the roof, or upper story. His health and spirits have been good; and he is said to have expressed his conviction that he could have endured his task for a week longer; but whether his hearers could have endured him is another question. The only difference in him was a little excitability, and irritability of temper at the last, showing that his head was beginning to be affected, and that his senses were "on the go;" but as his nonsense has always been considered the "go," this did not much signify.

THE GRAND PACIFIC JUNCTION CANAL.

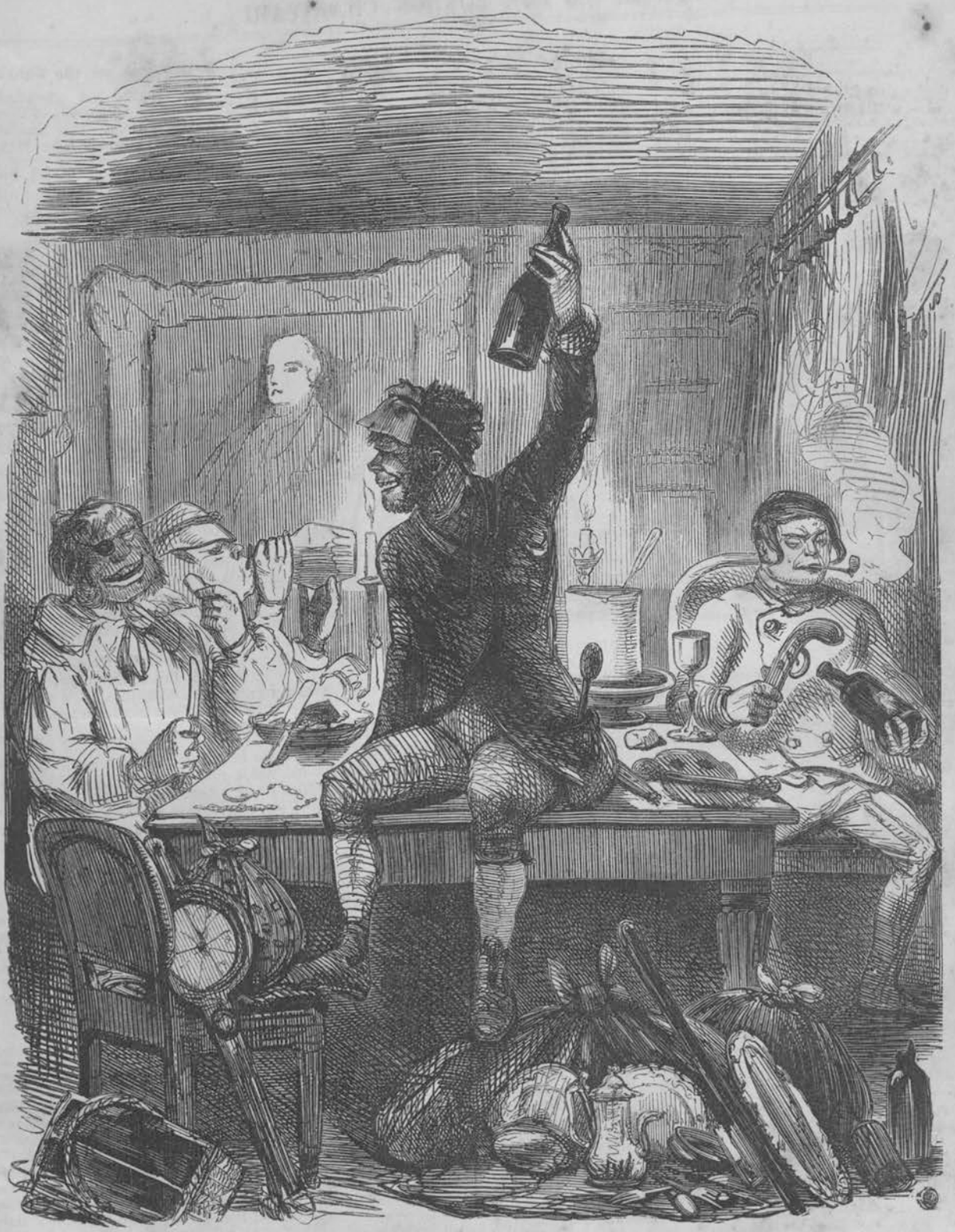
FROM the melancholy alterations taking place, under the name of improvements, in the Parks, it is a relief to turn to the operations now just ready to begin, for connecting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans by the formation of the Nicaraguan route to California, under the joint auspices of America and Great Britain. To most of us, timid harmless Englishmen, who had rather not go to war any more if we can help it, because it is expensive as well as murderous, the following announcement in the *Times* City-article in reference to this undertaking, will give additional satisfaction:—

"The two Governments of Great Britain and the United States have bound themselves to the enterprise by a treaty of protection. All the other powers will accord to it the same advantage. The territory around it will consist of the first neutral ground whence, by the pledged faith of all civilised nations, strife must be for ever banished."

This will be trying the Utopian experiment—as your hard-headed, strong-minded men of the world call it—of a treaty of universal peace on the small scale. To be sure this may not answer just yet, and the advocates of peace must be content in the mean time to be ridiculed by the strong-minded, who must have some good cause or useful invention, struggling upwards, to laugh at for the time being—vaccination, copper-caps, gas, steam—no matter what. However, international arbitration, like other wonders, may astonish their strong minds one of these days; for all their present exultation at beholding the Danes and Schleswig Holsteiners cutting each other's throats for nonsense. Strong minds will be strong minds; they will chuckle at the early discouragement of a good cause; just as they will make sport of the disasters of an invention in its infancy. This remark is not, though it may seem, a digression from our point; which is the fact—however our statement of it may be hooted and groaned at—that the conjunction of the Atlantic with the Pacific must necessarily have a peaceful tendency.

A SEASONABLE SENTIMENT.

IT is sweet to hear the first notes of suburban cuckoo; but sweeter and considerably sweeter the first tinkling of the muffin-bell!



ENGLAND IN 1850!—BURGLARS CAROUSING.

POLICEMAN Y to booze is gone,
No watch patrols the lea,
The house that yonder stands alone
Invites to burglary.
The footpad prowls on heath and fen,
No crusher stops his way:
Uprouse ye, then, my merry merry men,
For now 's your time of day.
Chorus.—Uprouse ye, &c.

Both man and wife are fast asleep,
And one o'clock 's the hour;
We ope the pane, and in we creep:
Their lives are in our power.
The county grudges, as you ken,
Constabulary pay:
Uprouse ye, then, my merry merry men,
For now 's your time of day.
Chorus.—Uprouse ye, &c.

No scream of "Murder!" fear we now,
When we break in a door;
Nor watch-dog, trained with loud bow-wow
To guard a rich man's store.
There 's no Police to mark our den,
And baulk us of our prey:
Uprouse ye, then, my merry merry men,
And plunder as ye may.
Chorus.—Uprouse ye, &c.

THE EMPEROR IN A BOTTLE.

GREAT events have been shadowed forth in a strange manner. Hens have laid eggs, with a change of dynasty written in legible characters, upon the shells; and little boys have been exhibited with words—prophetic words—apparent in the iris of the eye. Some years ago, a child appeared at the Egyptian Hall, with NAPOLEON in both eyes; a wonder that, now interpreted, prophesied the advent of the French President. A newer and later wonder has come to light; for a bottle of champagne opened at the review at Versailles, was found to contain a complete effigy, in little, of LOUIS-NAPOLEON, drest as the Emperor. Of course, we could not expect anything to make a large figure in so small a thing as a bottle—even in a bottle intended to contain imperial measure. The figure was, we repeat, extremely small, but who can mistake the design?

NO MORE BABIES AT THE THEATRE.

"DEAR SIR,

"I AM a bachelor, and necessarily agree with the very sensible observations you made two weeks ago, upon 'Babies at the Play.' I do not mind confessing that babies are my especial horror, and I believe they regard me with pretty nearly the same feelings, for a baby no sooner sees me, than it immediately begins crying. One half of my existence has been spent in an implacable warfare with children—more especially those under twelve months of age, in long clothes.

"Thank goodness! my exertions have not been totally unrewarded. I have lived to witness the glorious day when they were first excluded from omnibuses. Formerly babies enjoyed a monopoly in every 'bus. They could come in in any numbers they pleased, occupy the best places, make as much noise as they liked, and never pay anything for the privilege. But at length came the triumphant 'BABIES MUST BE PAID FOR.' Since then, they have gradually dropt off, and one can actually ride, at present, from Paddington to the Bank without having one's shirt-collar and whisker nearly pulled out together by the roots, or the symmetry of one's wig entirely disturbed by having the back part brought right in front.

"Now, Sir, I would recommend the application of the same law to babies at the theatre. I believe that at present no charge is made for a baby that is carried in its mother's arms. Hence the evil, and its abundance. But if a baby was charged the same price as anybody else—and, for my part, I would have them charged double—you would not have so many mothers indulging in this unmotherly practice. They would leave their babies at home, which is certainly, in my opinion, the best place for them at all times, but more particularly at that time of night. Only recommend, Sir, that over every gallery and pit door in London, be written up, as in every omnibus, the fearful warning, 'BABIES MUST BE PAID FOR,' and you may depend upon it, from that time, a baby will be as rarely seen in a playhouse as a Quaker, or the members of the British Aristocracy.

"From the tenor of my observations, Sir, you will at once be able to see that I am

"NOT THE FATHER OF A FAMILY."

FROM AN EX-LUNATIC TO THE DUKE OF ATHOLL.

MY LORD DUKE,

WITH a feeling of tender interest I address you. Pardon me, I cannot do otherwise. I feel myself irresistibly called in to your case, and giving myself up to the influence, cannot do otherwise than fancy myself seated beside you on your native heather—the unprofaned heather of Glen Tilt, sacred to Dukes and deer. At this moment, your Grace, I am taking the most affectionate survey of your countenance—am watching your eyes—and have the most sensitive two fingers upon your Grace's pulse. Will your Grace condescend to allow me to look at your tongue? Thank you.

And now, my Lord Duke, whilst there is yet time, let me address to your understanding a brief narration of my own experience. It is fit I do so. Knowing what has befallen me—a person, I confess, very contemptible in the eyes of gods and men in comparison with your gracious self—you may in your own majestic mind consider whether or not the same sort of brain-work, fed by the same blood, touched by the same nerves, is alike common to Dukes and to men who are not Dukes. There may, there is—I allow it—the like difference between the noble—the hereditary brain—and the brain vulgar, as between the web of the finest cambric and the coarsest towelling; nevertheless, both have the like cross-work constituting web, however different the texture. This, up to the present hour, even your Grace may be disposed to allow; let me then, whilst there may yet be time, warn your Grace by a short narration of my own story.

For these last fifteen months—(I became unmanageable last dog-days twelvemonth, when the moon shone on nights as mellow, almost as ruddy as any one of your Grace's red gold salvers)—I have been an inmate of DOCTOR STRAIT'S Asylum, Clapton. At first, I was considered all but incurable; but phlebotomy, blistering, with cool, thin, depleting diet, has brought me back my brain, I am confident, better than new. I only remain under the roof of DOCTOR STRAIT until my hair is quite grown, not wishing to appear among my friends with any visible mark of my past lunacy, and having, I hope, a wholesome and manly objection to the hypocrisy of a wig. And now, your Grace, listen to the warning contained in my story.

I am a man of large landed property. The whole of Glen Battersea is a part of my present estate; to say nothing of every inch of the Isle of Homo parted with—I may almost say, given away to the crown—for a consideration. Well, my Lord, being a man of landed property, I considered it mine—mine to the very antipodes—all mine, under my feet; and, as I grew to believe, all mine over my head. The moon that shone on Glen Battersea was my own moon; to be produced or put by like a cheese in a cupboard, as I willed, to treat myself and friends: the stars burning blue above Glen Battersea were my own lucifer matches, burning to light my own cigars. I had, as I believed, a very extensive freehold in heaven—although I had scarcely time to think of the tenantry. All this grew in me every day: and after a while I became, as I thought, so large—so vast—that I was too immense for the globe. I had at times a weeping compassion of the world; for, like a cucumber growing in a bottle, I feared that my greatness might out-grow my limits; that I might wax and wax, until I split the whole mundane system, bringing down sun, moon, and stars, like so many pewter-platters from a kitchen shelf. But—thank goodness!—your Grace has none of these symptoms yet: no, with eye on your eye, and my fingers still on your wrist, I am assured of that.

My anxious friends—and I can never forget the solicitude of my nephew, sole heir to my property—became alarmed at my growing sense of magnitude. However, they took no steps to confine me until I manifested the following delusion. Every day I would walk round Glen Battersea with a key in my hand—an iron key, my Lord Duke, not unlike the key in the left hand of the naked man, your Grace's crest—and, pausing at every hundred yards, with this key I would take a resolute turn in the empty air, believing that I had thus double-locked Glen Battersea (like a butler's pantry) against all men, women, and children; and resolving to treat all intruders, after such rigorous double-locking, as trespassers and burglars. Ha! your Grace smiles a pitying smile at my delusion; I am glad to see it. Let all your friends be thankful for the growing consciousness of that smile.

The fact is, your Grace, I had in Glen Battersea, as I believed, a magnificent variety of rabbits; single, double, and butterfly-smuts, with the flop-eared and every other sort, dear to the fancier; whereupon, I resolved that my rabbits should be held sacred from human intrusion. Upon this point, I was inflexible; and when the barge of the Spectacle-Makers' Company, during a heavy stress of weather, put in at Battersea Reach, I ordered the Warden and all the Company to be taken into custody by my gardener, cook, and housemaid; nor could I be pacified until assured by those faithful domestics that they had marched the trespassers beyond the Glen, across the boundary, to await the railway at Wandsworth. They tell me, that I had a slight scuffle with the Master Spectacle-Maker; but of this, of course, I remember nothing.

Well, your Grace, not to be tedious—although your sense of attention gives me increased hopes—next morning I was coaxed into a glass-

coach and soon found myself here, with DOCTOR STRAIT, at Clapton. After a time, I ceased to be violent; when—so wise, so humane, so beneficent is the system perfected by the noble DOCTOR CONOLLY—I was permitted, for amusement, to have the use of scissors and any amount of foolscap paper. Thus set up, I did nothing for months, but cut out ground plans of Glen Battersea; with thousands of every variety of rabbit; together with a beautiful moon, a nicely vandyked sun, and stars to match—all, all in paper. And then, I cut myself out a coronet of the same material, (and once docked my trowsers to the knee, and opened the inner seams to flap as a sort of kilt)—and then, with an imaginary key in my hand, would walk round and round my chamber, continually locking up the empty air, and believing that so locking, I locked up Glen Battersea and all my rabbits.

My return to reason was gradual; but—they tell me—it is complete. A part of the discipline was curious, but very effectual. When my lunacy was at the worst, I was taken to the side of a hill, and—wearing the proper waistcoat—was laid upon the grass and left out all night: my head shaved anew, and nobody with me but a solitary keeper, charged at certain periods, to wet my lips with the thinnest oatmeal porridge, and now and then permitting me to take a hearty draught of decoction of thistles. Your Grace can hardly believe in the efficacy of this treatment. Should any friend of yours in your parts be afflicted with anything like my late delusion, do try upon him the hill-side, the porridge, and the brewage of thistles. I say emphatically, "any friend of yours," for *now* I have great pleasure in acknowledging in your Grace's looks, speech, and demeanour, the sanest and most tolerant Duke of all the realm of dukedom. However, as the mad young woman says in *Hamlet*—"We know what we are, but we know not what we may be." Therefore, in case of any relapse, remember—the hill-side and the thistles.

I have the honour to remain,
Your Grace's lucid Servant, AN EX-LUNATIC.

P.S. I do not give my name, because as I am about to stand for Parliament, the electors might have a prejudice against a late madman.

P.S. No. 2. What is the meaning of your motto, *Furth, and fill the fetters?* Had it, think you, any prophetic reference to the mental conditions of any future ATHOLL? The key of the crest is, of course, not to be mistaken—that is the key to lock up against all trespassers the air "encasing" Glen Tilt. EX-L.

A SCOTCH DOG IN THE MANGER.

CAUTION.

As there is a person very generally going about, assuming the name of one GEORGE HUDSON, who pretends to be a perfectly spotless character, and a poor injured being, who has received nothing but abuse and ill-will from all the companies he has benefitted, and ingratitude from the innumerable railway shareholders whom he has enriched with moneys taken out of his own pocket: THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, that I am not that MR. GEORGE HUDSON, and that there is nothing in common between him and me; and I do hereby trust, hope, and request, not merely as a favour, but as an act of common justice, which those who know me will readily grant, that my friends, the nobility, and the public in general, will take care not to confound me with such an arrant impostor as the aforesaid GEORGE HUDSON, but that, out of respect to me and my reputation, they will treat his fabrications with the contempt they deserve.

(Signed) GEORGE HUDSON,
(Ex-Railway King).

MR. PUNCH'S REGISTERED DESIGNS.

THE Copyright Amendment Act, passed last Session, allows designs to be provisionally registered for a year, which will secure the benefit of the design to the proprietor. *Mr. Punch* has registered a design to procure an equitable adjustment of the income-tax, and a repeal of the window-tax, a design to confer the elective franchise on every honest man who is intelligent enough to exercise it, and several other designs of great value and importance. *Mr. Punch*, however, has no idea of securing the benefit of one of these magnificent designs solely for himself, but intends, with his accustomed liberality, that the public shall enjoy all the advantages that can be derived from them.

LATEST LAW AGAINST THE PRESS.

THE children of all editors and writers for the French Press, must henceforth be signed with the names of the authors of their existence. —*Extrait du Moniteur.*

THE GRAND NATIONAL CONCERTS.

(By our Impartial Critic.)

URED by an advertisement much exceeding in grandiloquence the last puff of MOSES, I went to hear the grand National Concerts at Her Majesty's Theatre, on the second night of performance.

I paid my half-crown for a stall, like a man—I mean, like a fool. I took it for granted that the promenade would be crammed; but I learned—at the cost of 1*s.*, which was the difference between the promenade and stall prices—that I must not take things for granted.

My eye, instead of alighting on a sea of heads, fell on comparative vacancy, relieved by two policemen in glazed hats, leaning against a sort of isolated stile that stood between the orchestra and the side-boxes.

The decorations of the house delighted me with their extreme simplicity. The absence of the bush, I thought, betokened that the wine would be good. Seeing no fillagree, I expected to hear music.

The entertainment mainly consisted of BEETHOVEN'S *Sinfonia Heroica*, divided into two parts, between which intervened a succession of frivolities, all insufferably tedious to me, and unredeemed by anything of the slightest interest, except *Robert, toi que j'aime*—very beautifully played, in the course of a fantasia, by MR. PIATTI.

Don't tell me to consult a medical man, or to take a blue-pill. I am not bilious; nor was I then. It is nonsense to talk about a jaundiced ear, of course; but I had nothing of the sort. The orchestra which performed all that rubbish was a magnificent one, and played the fine symphony of BEETHOVEN, as far as I could judge, gloriously.

But what is the sense or wisdom of setting a first-rate band to accompany wretched ballads, and to execute the most unmeaning pieces of commonplace dance-music, which a harp, a drum, and a fiddle would do abundant justice to? You might as well have MR. MACREADY, MR. PHELPS, and MR. VANDENHOFF, and such-like artists, to read vaudevilles from the French—I had almost said, to play the Merry-Andrew in the ring at MR. BATTY'S.

Then, dividing the heroic symphony is doing things by halves; and filling up the interval with ball-tunes and sing-song, is just equivalent to playing *Macbeth* in two portions, and introducing between them a burletta, a farce or two, and a monopolylogue, or the acrobats.

MR. BALFE and his splendid orchestra may command success, if their directors will play their cards as well as they themselves will play their violins, &c. We are not a MIDAS of a public, and if our young sparks are to be captivated by the Polka's ponderous levities, the Polka, with its accessories—illuminations, statues, gongs, blue-fire, gilding, refreshment-*salon*, coffee, and *ponche à la Romaine*—must be the stunning, screaming, flare-up *tout-ensemble* of the unapproachable JULLIEN. The attempt to rival that man of genius must be a failure; but if MESSRS. BALFE and Co. will turn their attention to other great masters, whose style is more in their way, I have no doubt they will soon obtain better audiences than that of which your humble servant formed part the other evening, at the irreparable sacrifice of half-a-crown.

THE FIRE ANNIHILATOR.

MR. PHILLIPS threatens to put out all the Fire Assurance Offices. There are men, whom we could name—men both East and West of the Bar—who, in our patriotic moments, have caused us much uneasiness, when we reflected upon what they could, if they so minded, do with the Thames. Well, we have read the account of MR. PHILLIPS'S fire-annihilating power, and we snap our fingers in security. Even SIR PETER LAURIE is harmless, and the Thames is safe. Here is a barge blazing:

"A number of materials were placed in the hold, as turpentine, saltpetre, wood, shavings, straw, and such like combustibles, and set fire to. The chemical vapour was introduced after the fire had been allowed to burn four minutes and a half, and in three minutes and a half the whole was extinguished."

So far so good; but a great triumph remains to be achieved by MR. PHILLIPS. Let him without delay remove his Fire-Annihilator into the Diocese of the BISHOP OF EXETER: a diocese full of combustible matter, continually igniting. At the late consecration of the church of St. Peter, at Plymouth, the power of the Fire-Annihilator might have been instantly tested. However, there is little doubt that another opportunity will soon arise, when if the Fire-Annihilator put out a PHILPOTTS, the glory of the invention is complete; all other tests being needless.

"HIS FIRST CHAMPAGNE."—LOUIS-NAPOLEON'S review at Versailles.

LORD STANLEY AND THE BOSWORTH FIELD OF PROTECTION.

THE DUKE OF R—CHM—ND . . .	*Richard the Third.*
THE MARQUIS OF GRANBY . . .	*Norfolk.*
MR. CHOWLER	*Ratcliff.*
MR. YOUNG	*Messenger.*

Duke. O CHOWLER, I have read a fearful speech!
What thinkest thou, will all our chiefs prove true?
Chowl. Hope so, your Grace.
Duke. CHOWLER, I fear, I fear,—
Chowl. Naw, good my lord, don't be afeard o' language.
Duke. By an apostate Lord language I've read
That strikes more terror to the soul of LENNOX,
Than can the clamour of a thousand Leaguers
Armed in proof, address'd to "shallow RICHMOND."
'Tis not yet Session time. Come, go with me;
Under our camp I'll play the eaves-dropper,
To hear if more intend to rat from me.

* * * * *

What did DISRAELI say as touching COBDEN?
Chowl. That he has never whistled at the plough.
Duke. He said the truth. And what said SIBTHORP then?
Chowl. He winked, and said, the better for our purpose.
Duke. He was i' the right; and that, indeed, 's a fact. [*Rings bell.*
Send for the *Times* there. Bring me a newspaper.
Who saw the *Post* to day?
Chowl. Not I, your Grace.
Duke. They say our prints don't shine; for by their book
We ought to have been ruined long ago.
A fool's-cap there will be for somebody.
CHOWLER,—
Chowl. Your Grace?
Duke. Our prints are very sad to-day;
And *Punch* doth rhyme and jest upon our army.
Would all our bread were grown on British ground!
Our prints so sad! Well; what is that to me,
More than to COBDEN?—for the self-same papers
That sadden me, prate dismally to him.

Enter GRANBY.

Gran. Arm, arm, your Grace; the foe vaunts in the field.
Duke. Come, business, business! Register my votes.
Stir up that STANLEY with the hope of power:
I will bring up my tenants to the scratch,
And thus our contest shall be ordered:
My arguments shall be drawn out in length,
Consisting equally of sense and truth;
Our speakers shall be cheered in the midst.
Thou, GRANBY'S Marquis, and bold COLONEL SIBTHORP,
Shall have the leading of the county 'squires.
This, and SIR JOHN to boot! What think'st thou, GRANBY?
Gran. A wise arrangement, sapient nobleman.
This had I, sent by post this morning. [*Gives a paper.*
Duke (*Reads*). "MARQUIS OF GRANBY, be not so bold,
For LENNOX, thy leader, is done and sold."
A joke devised by the enemy.

* * * * *

What shall I say more than you 've often heard?
Remember whom you have to strive withal,—
A sort of weavers, tailors, and shoemakers,
A scum of Cockneys, and base cotton-spinners, &c. &c. &c.

* * * * *

Spout, land-owners of England, spout fiercely, landlords!
Draw FERRANDS, draw your arrows to the head!
Press your statistics hard, and plunge in mud,
Amaze the public that shall hear you rave!

[*Enter a* Messenger.

What says LORD STANLEY? Will he lend his power?
Mess. Your Grace, he doubteth if he'll come.
Duke. Bother his own and his son's head!
Gran. Your Grace, the Parliament will meet in March;
After it opens, serve LORD STANLEY out.
Duke. Ten thousand pounds are nothing to my pocket.
Read up your *Standard*, pitch into our foes;
Our country friend, good TYRRELL, stout SIR JOHN,
Abuse them, with the rage of fiery dragons!
Upon them! 'Squirearchy sits on our helms. [*Exeunt.*

LAST BALLOON NEWS FROM PARIS.

YESTERDAY M. POITEVIN made an ascent on the back of a dromedary. The dromedary went up with an ass.

A REFLECTION.

"MON CHER PUNCH,

"I am one Frenchman—I beg you no laugh, if I send to you my littel count of my infortunes. I am in one great rage—so big I cannot hold myself—and am reduced to the bottom of despair.

"I arrive *à Londres* by the *chemin de fer*. I take one which you call cab. I put on myself my spectacels. I place out my head of the window—*et voilá que* one littel *gamin* throws at my nose one large *paquet* of *papiers*. I almost lose my head with the blow—and which is above that, I almost lose also my spectacels which is in gold. But what is twice worse still is to come. I put my head out of the other window. I desire to see *le célébre pont de Londres*—but Sir, you believe me, or no believe me, one grand *blacky guardé* comes up and he smiles to me, and I say 'Bonjour Mister,' and then, without say one word, he plants me in the figure one tremendous buñdel of papers, which is one treatment I never do receive before out of the hands of *personne*. Oh, Sir, I did smell myself—*je me sentais—tout* blue with *colère*. I did tear the air with my cries—I swear *comme un enragé*. But still worse is behind. I again put out my head of the window, and from this side, and that side, and all sides, I did get papers and bills, and *pouffs*, and *paquets*, hundreds thrown all together at me in my face, and I do fall back smothered on my back without knowledge for ten minutes. Oh! Sir, I was completely out of myself with the *indignité*, and not that only, but I was nearly out of the cab also!

"It is too bad, Sir! Is it so am I treated because I am the stranger? *Dans ce cas, c'est pitoyable, c'est honteux, c'est humiliant, c'est même écrasant!* England, I cry shame on him! Whatfore, I can no come to your *belle cité* without I am wanting to lose my hat, my spectacels, my *sérénité d'âme*, and I shall tell to *tous mes citoyens* when I return myself into France, that you do pelt each Frenchman worse than the most mad dog that bites. It is a *conduite* without *paralléle*. I shall write my complaints to your LORD PUMMISTONE, and ask for my passport without delay of one minute.

"And these papers, what they be, do you know, Sir! What are your *paquets* that they should be thrown at the heads of each Stranger. I will tell you! They was about the 'Fashions.' *Ventre-bleu*,—what you call him, Sir, *Blue Stomach*—has it then been coming to this? Does a Frenchman come to London to follow the 'Fashions?'—the Frenchman him what does supply *le monde entier* with them *en gros et en détail!* And then, because he will not run after your 'Fashions,' you run after him, *comme des sauvages*, and pelt him all the way with them. I cry aloud to Scandal, and I only hope she will hear me. You throw your 'Temple of Fashion' at me; you throw your 'MOSES,' and a quantity of other *saletés* in my face. Well, Sir, I throw back in your face the inhuman insult, and do tell you that I will not have your 'Temple' to disfiger my forehead—that I will not have your 'MOSES' forced down my throat, not at no price. *Ce sera même trop cher à rien.*

"Once in my hotel in Leicester Square, I shall certainly write *à votre fameux* LORD PUMMISTONE, and demand him to refuse at his peril, my passport!

"Sir, I am in a great tremble of passion,

"HECTOR GROGNARD, *Négociant en Cuirs.*"

PONTIFICAL NEWS.

HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL PANTALEONE, Legate of His Holiness, has arrived at the Golden Cross, Charing Cross: and is bearer of a message to the Chief of the British Government, demanding the usual acknowledgment on the part of the Sovereign of Great Britain, which has been always and from all time a fief of the Holy See.

In case of obstinate recusancy (which is not apprehended) his Eminence is commissioned to proclaim the PRINCE OF LUCCA as sovereign of these Islands, the prince being direct and undoubted descendant of those legitimate monarchs of England, who were driven by rebellion, the one to death, and the other to exile, from their neighbouring palace of Whitehall.

The Holy Father has appointed MONSIGNOR SNOOKS, Lord Chancellor of England, *vice* LORD TRURO, who has not resigned. But the Office of Lord Chancellor was always held by ecclesiastics in England in the good times of the Church, and MONSIGNOR SNOOKS will take his seat in the Chancellor's Court at the commencement of next term.

Driblet.

His Holiness has conferred upon MONSIGNOR SNUCCHI, the new Lord Chancellor of England, the title of Marquis Saint Bartholomew's of Smithfield. *Diaro di Roma.*

Lodgings have been taken in the New Cut, Lambeth, for his Grace the LORD ARCHBISHOP OF VAUXHALL, until the (titular) ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY has vacated the palace which belongs of right to the primates of England.

MR. SUMNER has been offered the place of Parish beadle, which it is believed he will accept.

The RIGHT REVEREND DOMINIC BAREFOOT, Bishop of Paddington, looked over the outside of London House in St. James's Square yesterday, and thence proceeded by the Omnibus to Fulham, his lordship's residence near London.

Until the palace at Fulham is ready for his lordship's accommodation, the revered prelate has engaged a temporary residence, No. 42, River Lane, Putney, over the muffinman's, where the faithful who wish to attend his levees will please to ring the two-pair bell.

Very few alterations will be requisite in the churches of the archdeaconry of Pimlico, which will be given over to the orthodox clergy at the new year. It has been judged, however, that the ornaments of the church of Saint Barnabas are of so exceedingly antiquated and cumbrous a nature, that the ecclesiastical architects of H. H. are engaged in whitewashing the interior of the building, and simplifying the arrangements, so as to suit the present time.

On Wednesday morning last, the statue of Saint Mary Axe, opposite the Post Office, began winking its left eye in so convincing a manner, that thirty-three letter-carriers, and two commercial gentlemen, staying at the Bull and Mouth, were instantly converted.

MR. MUNTZ and COLONEL SIBTHORP have signified their intention to become Capuchin friars; and it is confidently reported that the members for Aldbury and Oldham are in retreat previous to receiving the tonsure.

The cathedral church of Saint Peter, in Westminster, will, of course, be restored and resumed by its rightful proprietors; but it is not intended to make any ecclesiastical use of the large Heathen building, erected on the site of the ancient Basilica of Saint Paul, on Ludgate Hill, opposite to DAKIN'S tea warehouse. We understand MADAME TUSSAUD is in treaty for it, and will exhibit her ingenious wax-works there, at a price little differing from the present charges.

The residence of the Primate of England will be opposite the New Cathedral Church of St. George's-in-the-Fields; and the Palace of BEDLAM will be prepared for him.

The Very Worst that was ever Made.

WHY is Exeter Hall, or the GORHAM controversy, or the National Debt during a Whig Administration, or the king in a five-act tragedy, or a supper of cold Irish stew, like a person getting inside an omnibus that is going to Kew?

[*An interval of ten minutes is allowed to enable the reader to take breath.*

Because it 's an incubus (*In-Kew-Buss*).

SHOP!—It may be a prejudice, but we must say we do not like seeing a tea-dealer taking the chair at a teetotal meeting!

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their [illegible] in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25th, 1850.

ROBBERIES WHICH THERE IS NO NOISE ABOUT.

Just now much excitement is prevalent on account of the numerous burglaries which have been committed of late; but the robberies which have provoked a universal outcry are nothing to those which are submitted to in silence. Between the Government, the Prerogative Office, the Proctor, and the officials, legatees are robbed in the Ecclesiastical Court to the amount of three or four per cent. An inventor, before he can secure the benefit of his own device, is plundered to the tune of some £400 in the Patent Office.

The householder's pocket is picked by means of the Assessed Taxes, as at present levied; and the tradesman, artist, or author, with a large family, living from hand to mouth—if the rogues who commit these depredations can only find out that he gets £150 a-year—is subjected to spoliation in the shape of an unequal income-tax.

A PRIVATE PROTECTIONIST DINNER.

A small but select party of Protectionists dined together yesterday at Lord Slide and Scale's. Among the guests were the Earl of Mountbushel, the Marquess of Granary, Viscount Wheatfield, Sir Simon Ears; and Cornelius Barlee and — Oates, Esqrs.—with their respective ladies.

The cloth having been removed, after the usual common-place observations,

Sir Simon Ears, without rising, proposed a toast. If their noble host had no objection, and the ladies would not think it too horrid a breach of *bienséance*, he would ask them to drink "Confusion to Free Trade."

Mr. Punsonby was sure that the proceeding suggested by Sir Simon could in no sense be regarded as an offence against Manners. (*Oh, oh! and mild laughter.*)

Viscountess Wheatfield declared it was quite dreadful. She did not mean the toast, but Free Trade, and that sort of thing.

The noble host said it was exactly so; and in point of fact it was "that sort of thing" which was the most objectionable part of the affair. "That sort of thing" was the social change that would follow—egad! was following—in the wake of Free Trade. Mr. Thomas Carlyle was very severe upon Flunkeydom; but give him Flunkeydom rather than Yankeedom, into which he feared English society was fast degenerating.

The Marquis of Granary was exactly of the noble Earl's opinion. The immediate effects of Free Trade were of little consequence, comparatively. Competition would keep up rent. Yes; but competition would bring a totally new set of farmers into the occupation of land—a parcel of independent fellows who would treat the relation between landlord and tenant simply as a commercial one, and would see you at the deuce before they would vote your way if they didn't think fit. What would be the consequence?

Cornelius Barlee, Esq., said, the consequence would be that the law of primogeniture—for one thing—would be abolished; for the new race of farmers would be a part of the shopkeeping interest, and your shopkeepers would want to get at the land of the country, in order to be paid their confounded debts. And then what would the nobility and gentry do?

Viscount Wheatfield should send all his boys into the army.

Lord Slide and Scale said, that by Jove there would be no army to send children into by-and-by, with those peace-notions continually gaining ground. He hoped he should not live to see it, but if things went on as they were going on now, their grandchildren would have to be apprenticed to linendrapers and tailors, as sure as fate.

The Honourable Miss Faddell would not think of such a thing—the idea was so shocking!

Mr. Oates saw clearly that, if Free Trade should lead to doing away with entails, there would soon be an end of the old families of England.

A gentleman named Higgs, who happened to be of the party, suggested that it was possible that an old family might perpetuate itself by proper conduct, as well as an old firm.

Lord Slide and Scale, though he did not quite like the comparison, certainly thought there was something in that.

The conversation then turned on the last large cut in *Punch*, and the distinguished company separated at a fashionable hour.

A COSMOPOLITE MOTTO FOR THE EXHIBITION OF 1851.

Mr. Paxton, in his speech at Derby, which had sound, strong sense running like gold thread through every word of it, let fall a sentence, that, in letters of coloured glass, should appear over the doors of the great crystal palace. He said—"He believed it was a good thing to have the conceit taken out of us. He had often had it taken out of him, but, the next morning, he started with new vigour, and a greater determination to reach success." A capital truth, with hope still brightening it. More; *Punch* suggests Mr. Paxton's own words as a motto for his own structure. Here they are; in good, plain, unmistakeable English; for the eyes and heart of John Bull.

"IT IS A GOOD THING TO HAVE THE CONCEIT TAKEN OUT OF US."

Now, when John beholds any manufacture soever, in which he, John, has heretofore considered himself as eminent over all, and in which, to his astonishment, he confesses himself outdone; let him confess to the wholesome medicine recommended in the Paxton prescription; and on the morrow morning, let him follow out the Paxton regimen, "starting with new vigour, and a greater determination to reach success."

Punch thought the axiom of Mr. Paxton so admirable, so fitting to the occasion, that he immediately forwarded a copy of the words to each of the Foreign Ambassadors at our Court, requesting of their several Excellencies, a good translation of the English; that the Ambassador's countrymen might, in their own language, enjoy and lay to heart the wisdom of the apothegm. In almost every instance, *Punch* met with the most frank and cordial treatment at the hands and pens of their Excellencies, whose various translations are subjoined.

IL EST BON QUE LA PRÉSOMPTION NOUS SOIT EXTIRPÉE.

The Frenchman, wandering along the Crystal Palace—or threading its six mile gallery—may, haply, acknowledge the beauty of this when he finds that he does not as *yet* make quite as good knives and forks as John at Sheffield.

HET IS EENE GOEDE ZAAK ALS ONZE INBEELDING WAT GEFNUIKT WORD.

And the Dutchman reads and ponders this, and allows that butter-churns may be made in England, that would not be despicable at Amsterdam.

STA BENE CHE CI SIA TOLTA LA SOBERCCHIA OPINIONE, CHE ABBIAMO DI NOI STESSI.

This Italian has been forwarded to *Punch* by Cardinal Wyseman, and has at the present time a touching significance. Pope Pio Nono's workmen visiting the Exhibition will, we trust, lay it reverently to their hearts; and so, let a little of the conceit be taken out of them.

HÈ HUMA BOA COISA O TIRAR-SE-NOS APRESUMPÇÃO.

And we have little doubt that every Portuguese, with the humility that is his great national characteristic, will touch his beaver, and own the touching truthfulness of the adage.

Es ist schön die Eitelkeit aus uns getrieben zu haben.

The German, with his eye upon a butt of Barclay and Perkins—a sample quadruple XXXX—will think of his own white beer, and confess that the product of the British vat may take the conceit even out of a hero from Vienna.

ESTÁ BIEN QUE SE NOS QUITE EL ALTO CONCEPTO QUE TENEMOS DE NOSOTROS MISMOS.

And the Spaniard, with the words in his memory, returns to his hotel, and, calling for a glass of his native sherry, may haply declare, with a sigh, that the English wine-merchant has taken all the conceit out of it.

FODUL CHURMEZDAN ICHLAS OLA BILIRSEK NETIGCHAIR.

And Effendi, the Turk, strokes his beard, and, looking at English beauty, thinks of the flowers of Stamboul, and crying "Allah Bismallah," confesses that the lovely infidels do, somehow, take all the conceit out of them.

Can there be any doubt, that the Paxton axiom, translated into fifty languages, and emblazoned throughout the glass edifice, will do a world of service, proving to all nations of the world, that "IT IS A GOOD THING TO HAVE THE CONCEIT TAKEN OUT OF US?"

RAPID VIEW OF THE ENGLISH STAGE.

(From the Observer.)

THE *Daily News* complains that in all the French pieces that have lately been translated, and are now performing on the London stage, no allusion is in the least made to the original authors, whilst the names of the translators are paraded at full-length in the bills. Now this is being, we think, a little too fastidious. Perhaps the *Daily News* would wish the French authors to receive half the proceeds paid for the translation, and to bow from a private box, or to walk across the stage, and to receive the applause and bouquets usually showered upon the happy translator in consequence of the success? Perhaps, also, the *Daily News* would like to see the names of the French authors on the title-pages of the printed books of the play, and to claim half the proceeds, when there were any, of the sale? This would be rather too preposterous, and we are sure that our English translators would be the last persons in the world to wish such a state of things enforced in this country.

The English Drama is flourishing remarkably well as it is, so pray leave it alone, and do not attempt to ruin it by introducing stupid foreign fandango notions into it. We have a right to steal the French dramas as much as we like, but only let the French authors, or actors, attempt to come over, or to interfere in any way with our stage, and we tell them that they will be hooted off the boards in the same ignominious manner as the company of the *Théâtre Historique* was hooted and gloriously expelled, two years ago, at Drury Lane. We only want the French Dramas, that is all. As for their actors, we have far better than any they can send us; and as for their authors, we do not want them at all, so long as we have such an experienced body of translators, who produce pieces even better than the originals. Away, then, with the canting cry that the English Stage is in a state of decline—we are positively sick of it!

A DREAM OF WHITEFRIARS.

DO not know how it happened the other day, that after reading DR. ULLATHORNE'S letter in the *Times*, in my back shop, over a glass of brandy-and-water, and thinking what a mild, moderate, artless letter the Bishop's was, I fell into a doze, from which I was awakened by the appearance of a Friar, with a map of London in his hand, who had lost his way to Smithfield, whither he said he was bound, having been just appointed Master of the Charter House and Archdeacon of London.

"Is DR. RAIN then dead," said I, in the Italian language, of which I don't understand a word.

"Yes," said he. "Have you not heard? All the Archdeacons, Deans, and Bishops, and the two Archbishops are dead; and we have come over to take possession. Your religion is dead: it died the night before last. I am to bury it; and I am walking about this confounded town since morning. Pray, show me the way to the Chartreux."

My daughter *Fanny Punch*, who has just come home from a finishing school in Belgravia, fell down on her knees at the sight of this ragged old hermit and begged his blessing. Whereas my son *Jack*, who is a student at Saint Bartholomew's, looked as savage as might be at the interesting foreigner; and muttered something in his teeth about "confound the old GUY FAWKES, I'll HAYNAU him:" and he was for sending the Friar to Pimlico (to Jericho he might go if he liked, *Jack* said) had I not reproved him for his discourtesy to a stranger.

Miss Fanny went up the chimney to get a bottle of Eau de Cologne to wash the dear Father's feet, and to work him a pair of slippers, she said: and *Jack* was, in the meanwhile, so struck by the spirited nature of my rebuke, that he begged pardon of the "old Buck," as he called him, and offered his Reverence my glass of brandy-and-water, and a penny Pickwick, which the old man, putting on his mitre, began to smoke.

It was a very handsome mitre, made out of a copy of the *Daily News*, containing the Pope's letter: and, having a bottle of red ink before me, I painted a few devils on it, with my finger, so that it became the Friar very well. And *Toby*, smelling his wallet, began nuzzling his nose into it, where he found a rack, a thumbscrew, and a stake ready for roasting.

The Friar turned rather red when *Toby* pulled them out, and hid them away up his sleeve as a dentist hides his pincers. I was of course too well-bred to make any remark, though I saw that my name was on the stake with a Latin inscription; but went on painting up the mitre until it was complete, when I presented it to him, and he fell to drinking my brandy-and-water, till his eyes began to wink as if he was for all the world a miraculous picture.

Whilst partaking of the brandy (which is MOREL'S, and the very best in London), he sang, to a melody of MOZART, that beautiful canticle of an early English divine, GUALTERUS DE MAPES, beginning "Mihi est propositum in tabernâ mori, vinum sit appositum morientis ori," &c.; and as I looked at him, I remembered that I had seen him twenty years ago, when I was making a tour with my friends the IVYLEAFS.

I remembered him perfectly well. He was the first friar I ever saw—a regular Rabelaisian Friar, a dirty, lazy, red-bearded, thick-lipped, leering vagabond, crawling along a wall in the sunshine—looking, if ever man did, stupid, brutal, and idle.

What was the impression on my mind on looking at that fellow? If I had been a sovereign prince, and administrator of the law, I should have liked to begin by kicking him soundly, and then would have said, "Take a pickaxe and dig, you lazy swindler—take a musket and march, you big beggar—take an oar and pull, a hod and get to work—do something to earn your life, stupid! You shall fill your paunch at other men's charges no more."

Our friend MRS. IVYLEAF was one of that company, and saw like me a Friar for the first time—and what was the impression upon that good woman, that kind Puseyite soul? MRS. IVYLEAF confessed that she should have liked to kneel down and get a blessing from that venerable man. So different, in our minds, were the impressions of each, at the view of our bare-footed friend. One wanted to kick him: one to kneel down at those red shanks, and beg a blessing from that beggar. The fellow represented quite different emotions to each of us. To the one, Friend Barefoot was the symbol of piety, austerity, celibate purity, charity, and self-denial. Touching pictures of convent gates crowded by poor, and venerable Fathers feeding them; sweet images of pale-faced nuns, in moon-lit cloisters, marching to church, singing ravishing hymns; magnificent minsters, filled with kneeling faithful, and echoing with pealing organs; altars crowned with roses, and served by dear old bald-headed, venerable, priests in gilt vestments, and little darlings of white-robed incense-boys; confessionals, and O such dear, melancholy, wasted, consumptive clergymen, with such high foreheads, and such fine eyes, waiting within!—MRS. IVYLEAF knelt to all these, no doubt, in her adoration of her First Friar.

Whereas, what was the feeling of *Mr. Punch?* Think of hard pinched peasants, and simple women and children, depriving themselves of their meal to feed that lazy, besotted, ignorant boor; that pampered Flemish Obi-man, thought I! Think of *that* fellow's blessing carrying a supernatural grace with it!—of yonder vagabond assuming to be one of the celestial chamberlains, without whose introduction one can't get admission to the Courts of Heaven! *Camérier* of HIS HOLINESS, he carries his key, along with begged sausages and onions, in his wallet. That man means ignorance: that man means superstition: that man means priest-worship: that man means assumption of divine powers by one man over another; powers to curse and bless; to deny hope and Heaven; powers to separate wife and man, child and father; powers of occult domination, or open tyranny, or ruthless and bloody persecution, as it may be.—Powers divinely transmitted, says FATHER BAREFOOT, sealed with the seal of the Fisherman, and handed down these eighteen hundred years—Powers Infernal, I say, to be fought with all weapons, with hate, with scorn, with ridicule, with reason.

"Hatred—scorn—my son!" says FATHER BAREFOOT. "For shame! You have good feelings—why do you malign us so unjustly?"

"Look at this image," says he, taking one out of his bag, "this little figure of a Sister of Charity. Can anything be more beautiful than she? Think of her denying the world and its vanities; gathering together the little children of the poor, and teaching them; watching the pallets of the sick; hanging over the lips of the fevered patient, whispering consolation, and catching infection and death for her reward. Here is a missionary in China or England. Death is the end of his career—he knows, and braves it; and TUY goes to the sword, or CAMPIAN to the gallows, martyrs to the Truth which they serve. Or look at this venerable figure, this white-haired priest with the infant in his arms, the Almoner of Providence, the Father of the poor. Can all History show a character more beautiful—can any heretic, however hardened, refuse his love and reverence to ST. VINCENT DE PAUL?"

"Yes, reverend Sir, Saints and Martyrs you can show in abundance; faith and charity among your people, goodness and virtue, who denies them? I suppose the most sceptic among us would take off his hat to FENELON, or ask a blessing of PASCAL. But these, O pious Father, are not the only figures in your wallet. Show us ALVA; show us TILLY; show us the block and the fagot all over Europe, and by the side of every victim a priest applauding and abetting. Show us BORGIA burning SAVONAROLA; show us GREGORY THE GOOD singing *Te Deum* for the glorious day of BARTHOLOMEW, and all the Friars of Paris, with gun and dagger, achieving the victory. You say that HENRY and ELIZABETH

persecuted as well as MARY and PHILIP? Yes, and by the same right, and by the same logic. Grant to you or them the ordering of belief and the possession of the truth infallible; and persecution becomes a necessary and laudable means of strengthening doctrine. If by taking me out of my shop in Fleet Street, and carrying me to Smithfield, and there roasting me, you can stop my wicked tongue, put an end to my pestilent publication, and frighten my family and their children after them into orthodox faith and certain salvation; it is much better that I should be roasted. I daresay FATHER NEWMAN would think it a duty to look on. Ask him whether his Church has been a persecuting Church or not? Ask him whether persecution is lawful or not? Ask him, who loves the flogging of the discipline, whether its application to heretic shoulders would not be useful? I declare solemnly, and vow, O BAREFOOT, that if I held your belief, and if I had the power, I would begin persecuting to-morrow: and I would give a dangerous philosopher who doubted about the age of mankind, a touch of the rack, just to admonish him, as GALILEO was laudably admonished by the Holy Office.

"Your Reverence says, Psha! old-world bigotry, wicked persecution, and that it is we who are persecutors now—not you.—My dear Sir, look at the Synod of Thurles. It was bigotry on our parts twenty years ago to doubt that the spirit of the Roman Catholic clergy was not one of meekness and brotherhood. What did they want but that our children and theirs should be educated together? What other desire had they but that little heretics and little papists should learn A, B, C, on the same benches, and the rule-of-three off the same slate? Who could be more quiet, genteel, loyal, and retiring than a poor persecuted Roman Ecclesiastic before the Catholic Repeal Act, desiring nothing so much as fraternity; nothing but equal rights; having no wish to ask anything from Government beyond that fair share which should belong to every citizen? Now there is a Blessed spelling-book and a Cursed spelling-book: now there is a Godly rule-of-three and a Godless rule-of-three: now division is requisite: hatred must be organised. How are the Godly and Godless to live together?

"Do you suppose the story is a new one? The REVEREND MR. TARTUFFE began in this way. The worthy man, kicked out by a neighbour with whom he had been playing the same game, first entered into ORGON'S house by sufferance; hung about as a humble retainer; made himself useful by a thousand means; was so good, so gentle, so correct in his morals and edifying in his speech; ate so little, and was really so agreeable and clever, that everybody was glad to give him house-room, and pitied the poor fellow for the monstrous persecutions to which he had been subject, and the unkind things said of him in his former place. We know what came next. He slowly went on winning favour, the dear man; and setting the family by the ears. He put the father against the son, and the wife against the husband. He worked on the terrors of some; the follies of all: until, one fine day, when he announced that the house was his own, and that he was no longer dependent, but master.

"And what happened? The good-natured dramatist (that kindest and gentlest of mortal men), who had the power over his little creation, brings condign punishment on MONS. TARTUFFE; and the curtain falls as he is marched off to prison, to the applause of all the spectators; and with a compliment to the author's gracious Prince, the hater of hypocrisy, the lover of freedom and justice. It was the gracious Prince who revoked the Edict of Nantes; who (with the applause of the reverend the clergy) carried fire and sword amongst hundreds and thousands of honest citizens, his best subjects; and who died a driveling old dotard, wife-and-priest-ridden, his pride trampled down by Protestant victories, and defeated by Anglican Schismatics.

"That is what HIS HOLINESS calls us Christians in his kind letter, which creates our country into a province again, and provides us with a dozen Bishops and a Primate. Welcome, gentlemen! Welcome, my Lords and your Eminence! Come with cross and banner, shaved heads and disciplines. Come with a winking picture, if you like, and let it wink on Ludgate Hill. Come with your gentle nuns and ardent missionaries: come with roses, and wax candles, and pretty hymns, and brilliant processions—and with hatred and curses, and tyranny and excommunication, such as you know how to use in due season, when you dare. What? Is POLE alive again, and BONNER only dead? Is ST. VINCENT DE PAUL resuscitated, and holy DOMINIC shut up? Has IGNATIUS left off swindling; and shirking disguised amongst families, and is his fraternity only going to teach in schools, and missionarize the Indies? Not so. Other institutions change, but theirs is one, and always remains the same. You brag of it. HIS HOLINESS says the Church is always the Church. And so it is: with the same art; the same arrogance; the same remorseless logic; marching pitiless to the same end.

"And so, FATHER BAREFOOT, your Reverence, with the beard and sandals, is welcome, as the Oratorian young gentlemen with the black cloaks and broad brims, who parade our city. Why not these as well as a Quaker's beaver, or a Bishop's shovel-hat? You can't give us, Englishmen, a Church in Rome; because you are avowedly tyrants, and intolerant of any creed but your own. But that is no reason why we should refuse *you*. Walk in, gentlemen, and you, old BAREFOOT, give us your hand, as the practice of Englishmen is, before they set to."

"My good Sir, you are growing angry," the Monk said. "This conversation must end. I want to get to the Charter-House, I tell you, before the Angelus; and see the place where our Monks were murdered by your Protestants."

"You go through Smithfield," I said, "where our Protestants were murdered by your Monks."

And he got up in a huff to go away. But I suppose I must have been in a dream, for when he went out I thought my Monk had turned into DR. PUSEY.

PREROGATIVE WRONG.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY cannot but pray that the heart of Parliament will be turned towards a due consideration of the manifold iniquities, the growth of time—the *fungus* of antiquity—that make the Prerogative Court, his Lordship's own Court, little better than a den of thieves and a board of cannibals. In the Prerogative Court, the fatherless and orphans are served up as the standing-dish—the nominal daily bread—to clerks, registrars, and surrogates. Then there is the seal of the Court, with its most expensive impress, with warrant and stamp, stamp and bond, that, according to a correspondent in the *Times*, show that "a charge of £4 7*s*. per cent. of the net property must be paid into this Court before the deceased's children can receive their lawful portion of the hard earnings of a provident parent." Now the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, grieved and oppressed by the continual consciousness of this robbery of the helpless, for the fattening of sinecurists, will be compelled to bring the matter into the House of Lords, unless reform originate with the Government. The prelate, as the highest ornament of a Church, whose VOICE said—"Suffer little children to come unto me," cannot endure the reflection that they come into his Court only to be plundered. He must put down the atrocity. The spirit of SAWNEY BEAN, the child-eater, must not continue to hold the scales of Justice (late the property of *Shylock*) in the Court of Prerogative.

The Victory of Trafalgar.

THE Naval Club celebrated the anniversary of the Battle of Trafalgar at the Thatched House Tavern. The Chairman, in an eloquent speech, gave—"The immortal memory of NELSON." Drunk with silence. And then *Mr. Punch*—who had received the honour of an invitation—begged to be allowed to give, in his own way,—"The Oblivion of NELSON'S Daughter." Drunk, with blushes.

THE GREATEST BULL EVER KNOWN.

THE Bull by which the POPE has appointed DR. WISEMAN Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. Perhaps the individual thus singled out for Papal favour will furnish an example of the greatest Misnomer ever known, if he should proceed to act upon the instructions the See of Rome may have given him.

Officer (loquitur). "WELL! MY FINE FELLOW, SO YOU'VE BEEN IN THE REGULAR ARMY?—IN THE WARS, TOO, I SEE—EH?"
Stout Yeoman. "NOA, COLONEL, I NEVER WASN'T IN NO WARS; BUT MY OLD SOW GAINED A SILVER MEDAL LAST COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY; SO I THO'T AS 'OW I MIGHT WEAR UN!"

GAME DUKES.

ADAM was made before red-deer, grouse, and partridge. Nevertheless, in the high, serene opinion of certain Dukes—of him of Atholl, and of him of Rutland—red-deer, grouse and partridge, are things of higher account than biped humanity. The DUKE OF RUTLAND makes the druidical remains near Stanedge Pole, Yorkshire, sacred to birds. All antiquarians, naturalists, and artists that were wont to visit the Druid relics, are warned off by the Duke's keepers. Two-legged man frightens the birds. Back, ye antiquaries—give place, ye naturalists—shut up your portfolios, and tramp, ye vagabond artists, for the great DUKE OF RUTLAND, the gusty Duke, has willed that his grouse (grouse for the huckster poulterer, the Duke being a coronetted dealer in game)—should have the Druid ruins to themselves: birds can better understand, enjoy, and fatten on them, than antiquarian man.

The DUKE OF ATHOLL has found an admirer and apologist in one SANDY MACKLICKSPITTLE, who yelps for the *Glasgow Constitutional*. SANDY, with a fine touch of *wut*—dry wut—says:—

"It is certainly to be regretted that two Cambridge boys were not allowed to stand in the run of the deer, with their knapsacks on their backs, and MURRAY in their pockets."

Moreover, MACKLICKSPITTLE—

"Would like to have seen the puppies taking down the Duke's name in their note-books."

MACKLICKSPITTLE would like to see a puppy; a fawning, crouching puppy. Oh, SANDY, is there not in the office of the *Glasgow Constitutional*—is there not such a thing as a looking-glass?

A Relief for our Panes.

ABDALLAH-SIDI-HAMET-BEN-HASSAN PAXTON'S improvement upon the finest palace described in the *Arabian Nights*—his grand glass cathedral of industry—is an illustration of the saying that like begets like. This splendid idea will be the parent of many fine ideas; and here is one of the family. Build your house entirely of glass, and then how will the tax-gatherer be able to charge you for windows?

REFORM YOUR LAWYERS' BILLS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the movement in favour of cheap law, and the conversion of the Palace Court into a Police station—in which form it discharges the expiatory function of helping to check roguery, instead of to encourage it—notwithstanding the appearance of the Turk's head of enlightenment among the webs and cobwebs of Chancery, there are still many dark recesses of legal chicanery—the word chancery is evidently a corruption of chic-anery—into which Reform has yet to penetrate. The administration of the effects of deceased persons is one of those barbarisms that are still permitted to exist under the name of law, whose sanction enables certain persons called Registrars and Surrogates to take very large slices off very small properties. The very name of Surrogate seems to imply supererogation, and the items of the charges connected with him are quite characteristic; for he is, according to a bill recently published in the *Times*, paid twice over for the same thing; inasmuch as "attending before the surrogate" and the "surrogate's fee" are two distinct and separate charges.

We wonder how long it would be tolerated in other professions and trades, if the system of law costs were to be adopted. Suppose a dentist were to send you in a bill for "drawing your tooth;" "attending drawing;" "Filing decayed part of tooth;" "attending filing;" "Drawing your attention;" "engrossing same;" "making extract;" "attending extracting;" with a variety of other particulars that could easily be set forth, if any other bill were to be made out, on the principle of a lawyer's. An omnibus cad might as well charge *6s. 8d.* for "a summons to stay," if you hailed him to stop; and, if you got into a cab, the driver might as well insist on 10*s.* 6*d.* as "fee to horse for drawing same," in addition to the fare properly payable. We trust the time is coming to an end for the existence of these legal extortions, which are facts quite as oppressive as any of the legal fictions that have been exterminated within the last few years by an improved spirit of law-making.

DREADFUL PANIC IN THE BRITISH DRAMATIC MARKET.

OUR letters from Paris inform us that MONSIEUR SCRIBE is studying English, with the object of translating for the future his own pieces.

SCENE FROM THE BURLESQUE RECENTLY PERFORMED AT GLEN TILT.

"These are Clan Atholl warriors true,
And, Saxons, I'ᴍ the reg'lar Doo."

THE LORD OF THE GLEN.

A Rough Companion to the "Lady of the Lake."

Two enterprising Cambridge men
Were traversing Tilt's famous glen:
Passing the known but guarded way,
Through copse and cliffs they boldly stray;
'Till, at a rock's huge point they stop,
And out they see a Chieftain pop.
Up, up he springs, with stick in hand:
"Your name and purpose, Saxons! stand!"
Thus they reply: "Laird of the kilt,
There 's right of way across Glen Tilt."
"You think so, eh?" He whistled shrill,
And he was answered from the hill.
Wild as the yell of the yahoo,
From crag to crag the signal flew.
That whistle garrisoned the glen,
With two great raw-boned serving-men.
Waiting their laird's imperial will,
They stood awhile stupid and still;
With sturdy bludgeon forward flung,
Upon their master's nod they hung.
He scowled, and cried—with sable brow—
"Intruders, say, what think ye now?
These are Glen Tiltian gillies true,
And, Saxons, *I'm* the Reg'lar Doo."

THE MONASTERY OF PIMLICO.

A MONASTERY of Pimlico is to be founded, to match the Convent of the Belgravians, as the gander, though in a state of celibacy, matches its female. This institution will be dedicated to ST. HISTRIO of the HUMS, and ST. SIMIUS, ABBOT OF JOCKO.

The Superior of the Monastery will be an eminent clergyman, recommended for the situation by his ingenuity in interpreting the Articles of the Church of England in a non-natural sense.

The Monks are to be young Anglican ecclesiastics of a class now not uncommon, whose state of mind needs a temporary seclusion; and who, if they had not an Abbey to go to, would require to be sent to some other asylum.

The establishment will derive its support from the resources of the inmates, until Covent-garden and other alienated Abbey-lands can be resumed by the Legislature, and re-applied to their original purposes.

In winter the Friars will be clad in a black serge gown with a cowl, over the ordinary clerical attire. They will also wear a partial hair shirt—not next the skin, however, but only under the waistcoat. The gown will sometimes be worn open, so as to exhibit this penitential dickey. The trousers must either be short, or tucked up, because they would not accord with the *chaussure*, which is, of course, to consist of sandals. Stockings, together with the latter, would be a violation of costume; therefore, to save appearances, and avoid chilblains too, their place will be supplied with tight silk fleshings, which will have all the effect of bare legs, as displayed by the gentleman who enacts the Franciscan in *Romeo and Juliet*. The tonsure, too, which the Monk may wish to relinquish on re-entering public life, or forsaking celibacy, will be managed on the same principle, namely, by recourse to a scalp, such as MR. CULLENFORD assumes, to give a physical verisimilitude to his personation of age, at the Theatre Royal, Adelphi.

The employments of the Monks of Pimlico will be, for the most part, such as are diametrically opposed to the utilitarian spirit of the day. Copying Bibles and Testaments—that have been unhappily vulgarised by printing—into manuscript, will be one of their principal occupations. Rubbing monumental brasses will be another; and every Monk will be recommended to rub his brass up well every day, before he ventures to show his face in the streets.

There will be a soup-kitchen attached to the Monastery, for the distribution of soup, in subservience to the dissemination of Puseyism. The soup will be mock-turtle, a viand, as the public already knows, corresponding to the system in question, which is a mild imitation, concocted to suit the taste of those who affect, but cannot quite swallow, the original. In order to represent this analogy to the eye, the symbol of the Monastery will be a calf's head, which will figure conspicuously among the corbels of the edifice, together with the emblematic mask and mystical jackanapes—the cyphers of S. S. HISTRIO and SIMIUS.

The plate of the Monastery will consist of Britannia or Anglican metal, to typify, further, the imitative character of the institution.

Among the recreations of the Pimlico Monks will be, the scenic presentation of some of the more producible of the "Mysteries" and "Moralities" of the precious middle ages, by which performances they will amuse themselves, whilst they edify the public.

They will occasionally ride in the Park, with a view to court, rather than shun observation. The Father Superior will use a mule; and as many donkeys will be kept in the Monastery as there are Friars in it.

GOING RATHER TOO FAR.

"SIR,

"I HAVE not the honour of knowing the Recorder of Birmingham, MR. M. D. HILL. Professional people I only know professionally, and, I must say, my dealings with lawyers have not given me any desire of a more intimate acquaintance. But whoever or whatever this MR. M. D. HILL may be, he is clearly an impertinent and short-sighted person. His proposal to the grand jury at Birmingham is, that the police shall have authority to arrest such persons as may lie under their suspicions, and to require them, on pain of imprisonment, to give evidence that they possess means of support, 'either from their property, their labour, or the assistance of friends.'

"Good gracious, Sir, do we live in a free country or not? Why, Sir, *I* should be liable to arrest under such a tyrannous and inquisitorial law, although I write 'Honourable' before my name, and belong to the best set in London. I have no property (except a few personals of no consequence, such as dressing, gun, and pistol cases—my wardrobe, and so on). I have not yet, I am thankful to say, been reduced to the humiliating necessity of labour, and my friends (confound them!) have long ceased to give me any assistance whatever. MR. M. D. HILL would surely never be so preposterous as to contend that *I* should be arrested—a member of the Travellers' and the Coventry, with a stall at the French Plays, a prospect (*entre nous*) of getting into the House, when our people (the Protectionists) come in, the *entrée* of some of the best boxes at the Operas (both of them), and the run of some of the most exclusive houses in town.

"The fact is, MR. M. D. HILL has omitted altogether the most *répandue* and *distingué* means of support—I mean CREDIT—that which is always, I am happy to say, open to the man of good family and address, and the facilities for which are so much greater in this country than under the wretched democracy across the Channel.

"I suppose that under this precious scheme I am to be liable to be hauled up by the police, at the request of any impertinent tradesman, and treated as a swindler, because I don't happen to be able to pay ready-money to my tailor, my hatter, my haberdasher, my wine-merchant, my tobacconist, and my livery-stable-keeper!

"All I can say is, that if such a law ever come to be passed, England will be no place for gentlemen. In the mere broaching of such a proposition I see a working of the same levelling spirit, which has done its best to do away with that great safeguard of our institutions—the privilege of freedom from arrest of Members of Parliament.

"Of course, the idea will never be seriously entertained in influential quarters, but I felt it a duty to society not to let it be even mooted without recording my indignant protest.

"I am, *Mr. Punch*, your constant reader,

"A MAN ABOUT TOWN."

Beef from the Vatican.

AMONG the recent importations of foreign cattle, the most remarkable is that of the extraordinary bull from Rome, though the bull from Nineveh will probably be the more useful of the two. On arriving in this country, the Roman bull gave such indications of being likely to prove mischievous, that it has been found necessary to take him boldly by the horns. No intention, however, exists of placing him under any forcible restraint; and he will be suffered to range at large, unmolested. It is hoped, that, after all, he will turn out perfectly harmless. Should he begin to be troublesome, the clergyman mentioned in the papers, the other day, as having mesmerised a bull, or some other clergyman equally clever, must set to work and quiet him.

WHAT A LUCKY ESCAPE!

IT is very lucky that MOMUS's proposed plan, that everybody should have a window in his breast, so that the world might be able to see what was passing inside, was never carried out, or else there would not be a native of this country—man, woman, or child—but who, at the present day, would have to pay for the Window-Tax!

Starvation of Mind and Body in Ireland.

THE Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland, we are told, are going to establish a University of their own. If they can command funds sufficient for the purpose, where was their money during the Irish famine? If they cannot, it is highly improbable that their flocks will be much better taught than fed.

FOREIGNERS MAKING FREE WITH ENGLAND.

Pio Nono having divided this country into Catholic bishoprics, it becomes absolutely necessary that, if Britannia is really to continue to rule the waves, she must rule the Sees also. We shall have to say No-no very peremptorily to Pio, with reference to the arrangement he has made for planting the crosier, or crook—which he will be allowed to do with a hook—in the soil of England. If the sort of thing contemplated by the Pope of Rome is to be tolerated here, we must expect other alien potentates to amuse themselves by cutting up the United Kingdom into little bits, after their own hearts, and sending the dignitaries of all sorts of creeds to supersede the ministers of our own religion. Unless a quietus is rapidly put to the arrogant pretensions of Rome, and unless we rap the Pope's knuckles, as the only alternative left to prevent our being obliged to kiss his toe, we may expect a few such paragraphs as the following to figure very speedily in our foreign intelligence:—

The Hindoo Government has sent over Hoki Poki, to commence his functions as Brahmin of Battersea. Messrs. Laurie, of Oxford Street, have received directions to build without delay a car, with Collinge's patent axles, for the accommodation of Juggernaut.

The Mirzam of Moolrah has sent over Bow Wow to commence his sittings at Marylebone as Mufti of Middlesex, and Rusti Khan goes to Westminster Hall, to take his place in the Court of Chancery as Cadi of Chelsea. We had forgotten to state that the Bow-string is to be introduced at Bow Street, and Kooley Fooley will preside at the burning of a widow, on a pile of weeds collected from all the widows in the Metropolis.

The Emperor of China has written to the officer in charge of the Junk at the Temple Stairs, desiring him to take possession of the Temple, and devote it to Budd; but we are happy to say that the scheme has been frustrated by the firmness of the Jack-in-the-water, who declared emphatically that Budd should go and be blowed before he—the Jack—would allow any trespassers on the ground committed to his charge. There have been further directions forwarded to the Junk, desiring that Poo Loo should cement the power of China in this country by assuming the title and powers of Mandarin of Mile End, with the privilege of issuing chops to any extent, and Slater, the eminent butcher, is to be called upon to provide, gratis, the whole of the materials.

Such are a few of the arrangements that may be looked for, as the *suite* of the recent measures taken by the Pope of Rome for establishing his authority in England—provided always that the measures in question are found to be effectual for the purposes desired.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

There is this difference between the two countries—and it requires a long experience to decide which is the worse of the two to live in—that whereas the people in France are always breaking out, the people in England seem to be always breaking in.

Caution!—Two cart-loads of puns, on the names of "Newman" and "Wiseman," having been shot on *Mr. Punch's* premises, *Mr. Punch* hereby gives notice that he has taken measures to ascertain the perpetrators of the same, and that, if the offence be persisted in, he will publish a selection, with the names of the offending parties.

CATALOGUE OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

All the thing 's a farce,
And all the time and labour merely wasted.
It has its entries and its indexes,
And one man with his time plays but the fool
In poring o'er the pages. First the Volume,
Bulky and ponderous in the porter's arms,
And then the heavy binding, with its edges
And greasy leather backs, letting it slide
Gradually to the ground. And then the titles,
Mixed up like hodge-podge—here a book of ballads
Publish'd by Beale or Boosey. Then a quarto,
Full of strange types, and letter'd all in black,
Printed on vellum—ancient in type and paper,
Cramming the author's reputation
Right down the student's mouth. And then the law-book,
In pale brown calfskin, with gross humbug lined,
With rules severe, and forms of rigid cut,
Full of strange laws and musty precedents:
And so this forms a part. The volume shifts
Like change to clown or slipper'd pantaloon,
To subjects no one knows—from side to side
The eye may roll—the topics are too wide
To be embraced—and the loud public voice,
Turning again to childish treble, pipes
And whistles for its wants. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange mysterious catalogue,
Is perfect uselessness and mere oblivion,
Sans head—*sans* tail—in fact, *sans* everything.

A Gentleman, wishing to refer to the Catalogue of the British Museum, is shown a very small portion of that work.

THE MEETING OF THE MAYORS AT YORK.

(From our own Correspondent.)

FRIDAY, the 25th of October, 1850, will be a great day in the civic annals of England, for it was devoted to the return visit of the Lord Mayor of London to the Lord Mayor of York—that illustrious couple having within the present year exchanged calls at each other's Mayor's nests.

Before speaking of the banquet, we may say a few words of the city itself, which was formerly governed by a Mayor and three bailiffs—the bailiffs being no doubt descendants of ISAAC, the Jew of York—but in 1397, two sheriffs were, by royal authority, substituted for the three bailiffs; and by this Shrieval arrangement, the city was shrieved of its impurity.

York has been long celebrated for three things—York hams, Yorkshire pudding, and York biscuits—all of which were to be had in profusion at the late banquet. The bill of fare was of course magnificent, for—

"When Mayor meets Mayor, then comes the tug of turtle;"

and *trente-deux potages* opened the campaign, including *huite à la tortue transparente*, or, in other words, eight of transparent turtle—or turtle which could be seen through, or, to come to the point, mock of the clearest character.

There were also four soups, *à la* PRINCE OF WALES, which, we presume, is an elegant little idea of SOYER'S, who has given to hare soup the title of what he, in his foreign accent, might call the hare apparent.

Among the *relèves* we find *six chapons à la* NELSON, by which we understand half-a-dozen capons sent up without their tails, for to render them *à la* NELSON, they must not have shown the white feather. *Six saddleback de mouton* would, of course, give sufficient sadlery to enable every guest to have a bit in his mouth, and a stirrup-cup to have washed it down would have been very acceptable.

The *entrées* contained, among other delicacies, *huit cotelettes de mouton à la vicomtesse*—eight mutton chops *à la* viscountess; but as we never took a chop with a viscountess, we can give no explanation of this dish, and cannot say if the bone is to be admitted to the mouth as a sort of *bonne bouche à la Bourgeoise*. Among the sweet stuffs, we find *dix paniers de fruits glacés à la Lady Mayoress*—ten baskets of fruit glazed *à la* Lady Mayoress; who might be thought to be very cold and stiff, from this comparison of her ladyship to glazed fruits; but the fact is, there is no foundation for this culinary libel.

The guests were many of them of the highest distinction, but we miss a few names that we think should have been included. For example, we find "the High Constable of Margate and friend," and "The Chief Constable of Ramsgate;" but we look in vain for the "one policeman of Herne Bay," who, as part of the Kentish force, should have been, we think, invited with his brother constables. The "Lord Mayor of London's Common Crier" was in attendance, but found nothing to cry about, and judiciously kept his tears bottled up for some more appropriate occasion.

The first toast was given by the Lord Mayor of York, who proposed the QUEEN—a toast which was received with the enthusiastic loyalty that is always excited by the mention of the name of HER MAJESTY. His lordship very properly remarked, that though the days of chivalry were gone, when a thousand swords would have leaped from their scabbards in her defence, the QUEEN was still surrounded by thousands and tens of thousands of honest blades, and by millions of hands, which had substituted, for the warrior's steel, the loom, the shuttle, and the spade; while, better far, every spade was a trump, and every shuttle would help to shut up every battle-door.

The health of PRINCE ALBERT having been drunk, His Royal Highness returned thanks in an excellent speech, which we hope will be read by every one, and which we will not attempt to mutilate by curtailment in these columns. The compliment paid to the late SIR ROBERT PEEL is far too good in its idea, and in its expression, to be spoilt by any sportive abridgment, and we leave it, therefore—with the whole speech—to produce its legitimate impression on all who read it *in extenso* in the reports of the newspapers.

Other healths followed, and the Army was acknowledged by COLONEL CAMPBELL, who in the Queen's Bays had won his own laurels. The Lord Mayor of London was proposed in the honourable, but rather sombre, character of the "setting sun," which caused him to "rise" suddenly to return thanks, and the setting sun ultimately resumed his seat, amidst a series of "hoo-rays" of the most brilliant and exhilarating description.

The healths of the Ministers were then proposed, and LORD JOHN RUSSELL was compared to the captain of a ship, in allusion, perhaps, to his Lordship's alleged readiness to take command of a fleet, should his services be required. The Premier, looking at the wine before him, expressed, *sotto voce*, his wish that, if ever he undertook the office of a sea-captain, he should be always in sight of port, particularly such port as that he now looked upon.

He then made a very fair average Ministerial speech to the general company, which told extremely well; and after a few more toasts, the company separated at a late hour.

While we give this meeting of the Mayors the benefit of our own peculiar version, we by no means under-rate the value and importance of these social meetings among the municipal bodies of our large cities; and they are of still more value as the means of bringing royalty into communication with, and enabling it to show its sympathy of idea and feeling with, all classes of the people.

THE EXHIBITION PLAGUE.

GOOD MR. PUNCH,—I am a wife, and the mother of, at present, five healthy children; and write without my husband's knowledge, who—except that he will have his own way, which was never meant for men, whatever they may say to the contrary—is as good a creature (for a man) as ever broke bread. I write, I say, about this show that they're going to put under a glass case in Hyde Park. I am told—and I believe it—that the Exhibition, as they call it, will bring another Great Plague of London. I hear that in the *Union Jack*, evening newspaper, we're promised the cart and the bell again; and all along of the millions of foreigners that, like herrings in a barrel, will begin to wedge up London in the spring; getting closer and closer through June and July. It's reckoned, *Mr. Punch*, in that paper, that every family's circle will be widened twice its size, just as if you stretched a tea-cup into a slop-basin; and that hardly a cupboard will exist that hasn't a lodger. In the scramble that's to come, it will be a mercy if—for a day together—people find their own relations. But, Sir, it's the Plague—or rather the many Plagues—that's to be brought among us by the swarming millions: the Plague on one hand, says the *Union Jack*, and the famine—for how are these millions to be boarded—on the other? I'm told we may expect, among many other contributions to the Exhibition of 1851:—

"THE BLACK JAUNDICE, FROM AMERICA;
PALSY, FROM RUSSIA;
CONVULSION FITS, FROM FRANCE;
THE MUMPS, FROM GREECE;
THE KING'S EVIL, FROM NAPLES;
RICKETS, FROM SPAIN;
ST. ANTHONY'S FIRE, FROM PORTUGAL;
DROPSY, FROM HOLLAND; AND
THE SCARLET FEVER, FROM ROME.

"Now, *Mr. Punch*, it rests with you to prevent all this. It's clear enough, according to the *Union Jack*, that there's no houses for the millions; and if they're only attempted to be taken in and boarded, what's above must follow. In this pickle, the country looks to you. Couldn't the foreigners be pitched in tents on Blackheath and in Battersea Fields, and their pulses felt, and their tongues looked to by the Board of Health, every day before they came to London?

"I put this as a simple question, and awaiting your reply, I am, *Mr. Punch*,

"Yours,
"AN ANXIOUS WIFE AND MOTHER."

Consecration of St. Mary's Church.

MR. GODWIN'S new and beautiful church of St. Mary's, Brompton, was consecrated last week by the BISHOP OF LONDON. The structure had been most liberally contributed to: the pile is, indeed, a monument of charity and piety. MR. GUNTER gave the ground; and even on the day of consecration, the collection, we are told, was most liberal. And this brings us to the rite of consecration. Were the fees remitted? The report of the ceremony, otherwise so full, is silent on this head: we are sorry for it. We should be happy to learn that the ground was consecrated gratis; for, judging from the usual costliness of the ceremony, the heathen might almost think that money, and not devotion, was the episcopal element of consecration—Cash, not prayer.

BRITISH AND AMERICAN ELECTRIC FLUID.

COMPLAINTS are being made of the tardiness of the Electric Telegraph, as if its flash of electricity were sometimes a flash in the pan. The superiority of the American mode of transmitting messages by this wonderful invention is notorious; and if we did not know that it was owing to their Companies being more active, as well as liberal, than our own, we should ascribe it to the electric fluid which they employ, being "greased lightning."

THE POPE "TRYING IT ON" MR. JOHN BULL.

PREVENTION BETTER THAN THE BEST CURE.

NOTHING can exceed the activity of the Police *after* a great crime or robbery has been committed. They will run their legs off in pursuit of the stolen horse, as soon as they have been informed it has been stolen; but to keep a watch upon the stable-door, or to try whether it is properly locked, is a thing that never enters the area of their imaginations.

The recent burglary in the Strand furnishes us with another proof of this tremendous activity that always comes too late. The accounts agree unanimously in saying that "The Police are in active pursuit of the delinquents." Now it strikes us strongly, that if the Police were only to bestow one half the zeal in preventing a robbery, which they generally display in finding it out, many thousand pounds, and probably a few lives, would be saved in the course of every year; and that, also, there would not be so many inquiries and cries of wonderment heard, after reading every fresh case of burglary, as to "Where *could* the Police have been?"

THE STEP NOT TAKEN.

THE Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's have very recently shown a most praiseworthy deference to the wishes of the people, and to justice in the abstract. The Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's have taken decided steps in the right direction: namely,

The Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's have adopted two steps at the north entrance of the Cathedral.

The Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's have further vouchsafed to the public two steps to the south of the Cathedral.

But towards the abolition of the twopence to the interior of the Cathedral, the Dean and Chapter have taken no step whatever.

THE CARDINAL'S HAT.

ALL the world—or, in other words, all the readers of *Punch*—may not know that the hat, the scarlet hat, the Cardinal's hat of CARDINAL WOLSEY, yet remains among us. It was poked out of a lot of bye-gone rubbish lying in the Great Wardrobe by BISHOP BURNET, when Clerk of the Closet. From BURNET'S son, the judge, it passed to the COUNTESS DOWAGER OF ALBEMARLE, who gave it to HORACE WALPOLE, who treasured the relic among kindred rarities, in the Holbein Chamber at Strawberry Hill; until the glories of Gingerbread Castle were knocked down and dispersed by the Hammer-Bearer—the Auctioneer THOR—GEORGE ROBINS, under the Piazzas in Covent Garden.

The Hat, when sold from Strawberry Hill, was in a miserable condition; stained, faded, moth-eaten; hardly thread hung to thread. Divested of its historical associations, it was doubtful whether a chimney-sweeper, intent upon his May wardrobe, would have accepted the hat from any large-hearted housemaid. Equally doubtful is it, whether any boy of decent spirit, with a proper pride in the appearance of his GUY FAWKES, would have clapt the hat upon the effigy of that magnificent ruffian; a sad fellow who, nevertheless, has met with scant justice from posterity. For there are extenuating circumstances—shown in a recent biography—that ought to tell kindly upon the memory of FAWKES; since it is now proved that, by his own confession, his principal object in blowing up Parliament "was to blow the Scotch back to their own country." An endeavour that, we think, ought to be charitably considered by an unprejudiced generation. But to return to CARDINAL WOLSEY'S hat.

The hat, within this week or so, has marvellously recovered itself. Nay, a miracle has been worked in the hat. The thing so old and faded has become bright and better than new. The scarlet has returned, and is as vivid in colour as the blood—that thaws every year, to be continued in the next—in the phial of ST. JANUARIUS. And more than this; the hat that was shapeless, and lopped like a sick ass's ears, has gathered itself up, as though instinct with the knowledge that it is about to be called upon to appear again in public, after the neglect and long sleep of centuries. Haply the hat remembers the glories of its Cardinal Master.

The hat—for miracles must work in the web—may thrill with the recollection of the time, when CARDINAL WOLSEY—

"Came out of his privy chamber about eight of the clock, apparelled all in red; that is to say, his upper garment was either of fine scarlet, or taffety, but most commonly of fine satin engrained; his pillion of fine scarlet, with a neck set in the inner side with black velvet, and a tippet of sables about his neck; holding in his hand an orange, whereof the meat or substance within was taken out, and filled up again with the part of a spunge, wherein were vinegar and other confections, against the pestilent airs. * * And before him was borne first the broad seal of England, and his CARDINAL'S HAT by a Lord or some gentleman of worship, right solemnly."

And so the Cardinal would go to Westminster Hall door; and there he "judged every estate." And the Hat, the WOLSEY Hat, that has survived to the nineteenth century, like LANDOR'S shell, "remembers its august abodes," and by the renewed blood-red freshness of its colour, and the sudden arrogance of its cock, evidently hopes to become a WYSEMAN in the present generation.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2nd, 1850.

EXPECTATIONS FROM ROME.

THE GENTLEMAN whose probity and magnanimity, no less than his sturdiness of frame and amplitude of person, whose solid understanding, equally with his capacious habiliments, are well known to the readers of these pages—the gentleman in whose welfare we are all deeply interested—would be glad to know what are the limits, if any, of the authority which the POPE OF ROME claims to exercise in Great Britain and Ireland, and where the interference of his HOLINESS in the concerns of these dominions may be expected to stop. MR. JOHN BULL, in short, will thank any learned Doctor of the Roman Church, or other competent persons who will satisfy his anxious mind on these particulars.

MR. BULL has been told that the supremacy pretended to by the Roman PONTIFF in this realm is confined to spiritual matters. If by matters spiritual are simply meant moral and theological doctrines, and rites of worship, MR. BULL says, well and good. Let the POPE lay down the law on these subjects, and welcome. MR. BULL will be happy to return the favour.

But if, in the pontifical view, spiritual matters are all matters that may possibly have a spiritual bearing—institutions founded by the Legislature for the diffusion of common information, for example, like the Queen's Colleges—and the POPE holds himself entitled to dictate respecting them,—fair and softly, says MR. JOHN BULL; for MR. BULL would like exceedingly to be informed, whether there is any one of our political or social arrangements of which his HOLINESS does *not* think he ought to have the control. All of them are capable of being considered under the head of good or bad; all, therefore, have a moral, therefore a spiritual bearing; and therefore are all subject to the jurisdiction of the POPE OF ROME, for aught MR. BULL at present sees to the contrary.

Will his HOLINESS—possibly, one of these days—take it into his head to condemn MR. BULL'S railways, as being too convenient and comfortable, and opposed to the spirit of mortification and asceticism, and tending, by the promotion of intercommunication, to propagate a dangerous freedom of opinion, and an increase of knowledge independently of faith?

Will he be pleased to fulminate an edict against sanitary regulations, and precautions against plague and pestilence, on the ground that they are based on a heterodox belief in the natural laws, and that we ought wholly to trust to litanies and supplications instead? Especially as the axiom of the heresiarch WESLEY, that cleanliness is next to godliness, is an error, being refuted by the practice of divers remarkable saints.

Is it not considerably probable that he will take upon himself to anathematise MR. BULL'S whole system of legal provision for the poor, because it discourages mendicity, and therefore charity, or indiscriminate almsgiving, as the profession exists, and the virtue is practised, in orthodox cities on the continent, to the great temporal advantage, as well as spiritual benefit of their inhabitants?

Has not MR. BULL fair reason to apprehend that the POPE will, as soon as may be expedient, declare his clergy to be irresponsible to the law of the land, and amenable only to ecclesiastical tribunals?

May not his HOLINESS be expected to decide, in due time, that a Sovereign and a Parliament of his own communion are vastly preferable to a Protestant QUEEN and Legislature, and to invoke all his subjects, on their allegiance, to aid and abet in carrying his decision out?

Lastly, will the POPE OF ROME ever be satisfied with the authority possessed by him in this country, 'till JOHN BULL becomes a Papal BULL entirely, and he has that stout and worthy gentleman—beaver, broadcloth, boots, breeches, crabstick, watch, chain, seals, and all—at his foot, kissing his shoe?

An Attorney-General for Everybody.

IT has often been said, that, to secure the ends of justice, we want a Public Prosecutor in this country. The truth of that assertion was never so manifest as it is now, when everybody feels how much such an officer is wanted, in order to prosecute the Public's right of way through Glen Tilt.

THE MANCHESTER BOYS' AND GIRLS' SCHOOL.

A CARD.

MR. R. COBDEN, M.P., and friends, invite the attention of Parents, Guardians, and Ministers of all denominations, including those of the Downing Street persuasion, to the advantages offered by their comprehensive educational establishment, hitherto known as the MANCHESTER SCHOOL, which now presents itself to public notice in a character which must secure for it the patronage of all rational persons, whatever may be their opinions respecting the corn-trade and import-duties on foreign commodities. This celebrated Commercial Academy has hitherto almost wholly confined itself to rearing the politico-economical thought, and teaching the young financial idea how to shoot: a delightful task, certainly, but limited in the sphere of its usefulness. The enlightenment of the sort of darkness that prevails among clowns and 'squires was an object of great importance; but MR. COBDEN and his coadjutors feel, that the time has arrived when the popular teacher must do something more than instruct rural simplicity to distinguish between the right hand and the left, and to discriminate the caseous product of Cheshire from the material which constitutes the Hampshire Downs. To the general inculcation of the fact that two and two make four, they intend to add instruction in all the rules of arithmetic, and in mathematics, as also in the English and other languages, living and dead, together with history, geography—including, of course, the use of the globes—geology, chemistry, natural philosophy, and the elements of anatomy, physiology, medicine, and jurisprudence.

For further particulars relative to their contemplated undertaking, see the proceedings of the "Conference" of its friends and supporters, who met on the 30th ultimo, at the Mechanics' Institution, Manchester, and resolved themselves into a Society, entitled the "National Public School Association." The "National Public School" will be a juvenile extension of the original Manchester educational establishment. It will be a real seminary for young ladies and gentlemen composing the mass of the community, intended to imbue them with common sense and common information, notwithstanding that their frocks may be made of calico, and their trousers of corduroy. The clergy of different persuasions are particularly invited to patronise this Academy, as the reverend gentlemen may each rest assured that no doctrines contrary to his own will be inculcated there.

In other words, the instruction given in the National School will be simply secular. Matters of faith and opinion would by all means be taught in the School, as well as matters of fact and science, were it not that equity would demand that every variety of clergyman should be allowed to preach to the pupils in turn; an expedient which would be attended with much inconvenience, and some confusion, and after all, most probably, would not answer the end proposed. For the funds necessary to the success of their grand undertaking, its promoters look to the Government; on which they intend to call for the institution of "a general system of secular instruction, maintained by local rates, and managed by local authorities." The prime object of their Association at present is to arouse public opinion to the urgency and importance of their demand, which is opposed only by stinginess and bigotry. But the stinginess which grudges a school-rate is punished with prison-expenses, and the bigotry which denies information has had already some return in kind; and, in case of continued obstinacy, may reap its final reward in a papal interdict.

MR. C. and his colleagues hope that these considerations will have due weight, and trust to be enabled by the good sense of Parliament to meet their young friends shortly after the vacation.

A NEW COLOUR FOR A CARDINAL.

THE odd conduct of the POPE OF ROME towards the QUEEN and Legislature of England, in creating an ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER, has made a deal of noise, wherein the groans preponderate largely over the plaudits. Now if his HOLINESS wishes to constitute an extraordinary Archbishop, with the approbation of the whole civilised world, *Mr. Punch* will put him in the way of doing so. What the pontifical arrangements are, in the Southern States of America, *Mr. Punch* does not know; but he conceives they do not include what he proposes they should.

What does his HOLINESS say to a negro metropolitan—say a black Archbishop of Charlestown, with jurisdiction over South Carolina particularly, and in general over the whole of the Southern States of America? Make the black man a Cardinal as well; give him a scarlet hat, carefully engaging him, of course, not to go to a hop in it. Here would be a fine opportunity of reading the Yankees a lesson of humility,—of proclaiming the great Catholic dogma of the essential equality of the human race,—and, withal, of dealing a heavy blow at slavery. Will the only answer to this suggestion be, that the idea of making a nigger a Prince of the Church, is too ridiculous?

MORE ABOUT HATS.

By our own Commissioner in search of one.

UR blow at the British hat has been severely felt; and the British public is at length wide awake to the importance of a sweeping hat reform. But we will not leave our work half accomplished. It is not enough to tear the crown from the reigning hat; we are bound, also, to find a successor more worthy of a place at the head of British humanity.

The subject is acquiring an increased interest from recent events in Rome. What has the POPE given DR. WISEMAN? A hat? And see what a storm-cloud is gathering out of it,—black and threatening, like the Djin out of the bottle, in the *Arabian Nights Entertainment*.

Having, by order of *Mr. Punch*, completed a Hataphobic tour on the Continent, with a mission "to observe the cities and hats of many men," I now proceed to record my experience, under its several ethnical heads—I should say hats.

I did not include France in my journey, for several reasons. In the first place, the French are a light-headed people, and light heads are satisfied with lighter hats than would suit the solidity of the English nature. Again, people's heads in France having been a good deal turned by recent political events, there has been, in consequence, such a turning of hats (and coats), that the observation of to-day may turn out quite valueless for to-morrow. The *bonnet rouge* quite put the hat to the blush, for a few months after February, '48. Yet to-day we find every Frenchman eager to put his mob-cap into his pocket, and mount some kind of a hat. There is, for example, the *chapeau à tricorne*—the little, old, three-cornered hat, which the President, and the Society of the Dix Décembre have been making a desperate attempt to bring up, and clap at the head of everything in France; but it has gone by with the Emperor—France refuses to be three-corner-hatted, just as she refused to be bonneted after February.

Then there is the wonderful Socialist Hat, which LOUIS BLANC, CABET and COMPAGNIE declare will fit everybody. This must be a descendant of Fortunatus's wishing cap, for they assure us that those who wear it will have everything they want. But the world has never yet seen a specimen of it tried on. From a momentary glimpse I *have* seen of one (brought over to London by one of the exiles of June) it strikes me as very like the old cap of liberty turned inside out, with a new trimming. Somebody in France *must* have the famous wind-cap of KING OLAUS of Norway, of which we are told, that when he put it on, all winds blew as he listed, and the most dreadful tempests and storms prevailed. The gentleman who has this headdress in his possession has certainly been too fond of trying it on for the last two years or so. But, we repeat it, these are not the sort of articles for English wearing.

Again, France has helped very much to perpetuate the reign of the chimney-pot. Had we been left to the English beaver, not all the industry of the whole beaver community could have kept its hat above water. It was positively too hot and heavy, and dear, to be tolerated even by conservative Englishmen. But in stept the Frenchman, so clever at giving a new *forme* to an old *fond*, and invented the French velvet hat, a lighter, cheaper, and altogether more wearable shape of the old nuisance, and we continued to wear the chimney-pot in its French fashion.

It is to France also that we owe the *Gibus* or spring-hat. Here was another ingenious attempt of our inventive neighbours to reconcile the irreconcileable—to make a hat, which, while a chimney-pot on the head, should become a soup-plate in the hand, and which thus ventured where the British beaver never could have thrust itself, into routs and balls, and under chairs of public dinners, and in the pits of theatres. These two inventions, we say, have been most injurious to society. They were palliatives of an evil, which but for them must have been swept away long ago. They were the Reform which has staved off for a time an inevitable and wholesome Revolution.

For these reasons I determined to avoid France, and took the steamer to Ostend, with the intention of proceeding by Germany to Italy.

In Belgium I found evidences that even here the days of the chimney-pot were numbered. Even imitative Belgium has pronounced for felt. No great amount of taste is displayed in the insurrectionary head-pieces as yet. The sugar-loaf form is extensively prevalent; but the brims loudly demand extension. There is, however, a disposition to recur to the old form in the new material, which we must describe as re-actionary. It is the effete monarchy of the chimney-pot attempting insidiously to re-establish itself under the shelter of the social wide-awake. But there are not wanting those who are sternly bent on shaking off every vestige of the doomed cylinder—that Bourbon of hats, which never seems to learn anything or to forget anything. I noticed with pleasure, in the train between Bruges and Ghent, a growing breadth in the brim and lowering of the crown, which spoke the old spirit of those free burgher communities, who gave the Counts of Flanders such a lesson under the Arteveldes. But hats will never develope themselves thoroughly in Belgium. There are too many soldiers—an army of 50,000, to a population of between four and five millions, besides 590,000 National Guards! The bravery of the Belgian is proverbial, but the schako has crushed the hat. In every railway carriage, you may calculate on three soldiers to every four civilians, and though their bodies are puny their head-pieces are preposterous. Roman helmets of black leather, with spikes a-top, crested Greek helmets, with great brass cones; hour-glass Lancer schakos, Infantry cylinders, with shaving-brushes a-top, bear-skin muffs, *képis*,—and every other variety in which the genius of the small German or Belgian potentate runs riot, are seen in place of well-devised civil coverings of the head.

Moreover, of the above four civilians, two are certain to be priests, and the priest's hat is an object of our uncompromising opposition. Its original is the noble *sombrero*, but superstition has crushed the crown, while narrow-mindedness has clipped three cantles out of the brim, and formalism has turned up the edges, till it now resembles nothing but a triangle of spouting set round a black jelly-mould—taking up a great deal of room, but casting no breadth of shade—wide as the pretensions of the Church of Rome, but shallow as her foundations in this Island. Such a hat can never take root in England, any more than the broad-brimmed, stiff-crowned abominations of FATHER NEWMAN's Oratorians.

On the whole, I saw little in Belgium to recommend for direct imitation in the new hat era which I trust is dawning for Great Britain. There was an evident disposition in hats, as in books, towards the *contrefaçon Belge*, and the servile reproduction of French originals had obviously cramped all free development of the hat of the Netherlands. Still, the Belgian hat, though not yet wide awake, is struggling to throw off its nap, and I see that here also new ideas in head-coverings are striving to express themselves. My German observations I reserve for a future communication.

THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

"MR. PUNCH,

"THE new Lord Mayor has reformed his show, bringing it up to the intelligence of the times. He has a camel, an elephant, stags, (not railway), and so forth. Why he has omitted the hippopotamus, he perhaps *can* answer to his midnight pillow. But why he has left me out from the procession, it is impossible for human ingenuity to invent an excuse. Therefore, let him answer to the Corporation of London why, in the reformed procession, he has omitted the presence of,

"Yours, *Mr. Punch*,

"A LIVELY (BUT INDIGNANT) TURTLE.

"P.S.—Indeed, half-a-dozen of us, harnessed to a shell chariot, (MR. WEBSTER, of the Haymarket, would, with his customary benignity, have lent the article,) must have had a very pretty effect, drawing the slowest Alderman of the Corporation. There would also have been a significance in the crawling pace of the turtle, illustrative of the progress of Smithfield reform in the City.

"P.S. No. 2.—Though we, turtle, are left out of the procession, I suppose we shall be found in the tureens."

TALENT WILL MAKE A NAME.

IT is a somewhat remarkable fact, that whenever native talent tries to make a name, it begins by making a foreign one. Through even the humblest walks of the drama, we find JEFFERIES expanding into JEFFERINI, the SILVER family Romanising themselves into the SILVANI, and one REDISH—a suburban mimic, or "country clown"—flourishing away in the tea-gardens and tavern bills as MONS. REDISHA. We almost wonder that the infection has not spread from the musical part of the profession, in which it pervades the very highest ranks, to the corresponding point of the dramatic world; in which case we should find MR. MACREADY advertised as SIGNOR FAR PRONTO, and MR. WRIGHT announced as SIGNOR DIRITTO, in the Haymarket and Adelphi play-bills.

It was with some surprise we learned the other day that the DISTIN family, who have become distin-guished for their trumpet performances, and who announce themselves as Frenchmen, by the aid of a Monsieur prefixed to each of their names, are in fact, all Englishmen; and indeed, that though wishing to be mistaken for foreigners when playing on their Saxhorns, they have, all of them, the real Sax-horn blood in their veins.

ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

It is reported that BISHOP ULLATHORNE, who has lately been distinguishing himself by his correspondence with the *Times* Newspaper, will henceforth assume the title of "HIS OILINESS."

THE DESTRUCTION OF WESTMINSTER HALL.

(Being a Legal Lament for "Cras Animarum.")

COUNTY-COURTS BILL came down like a wolf on the fold,
And the agency houses were savage and sold;
And in the Exchequer, the Pleas, and Q. B.,
Was one declaration where ten used to be.

Like prize cauliflowers, in the garden so green,
The wigs of the leaders last "*cras: an,*" were seen,
Like the same cauliflowers, when a blight hath come down,
Those wigs, on this "*cras: an.*," look rusty and brown.

For MR. FITZROY'S County Courts Bill hath past,
Despite of JOHN JERVIS, and lawyers aghast;
And the hearts of sharp-practice attorneys waxed chill,
As their clients fell off, and their practice stood still.

There sits the Q.C. at his table so wide,
But on it no briefs with red tape neatly tied,
And his parchment-hued cheek turneth white as his shirt,
As he thinks what he 'll come to, now law 's cheap as dirt.

And there frets the Clerk, discontented and pale,
With no half-a-crown now paid down on the nail.
The Courts are all silent, the judges all yawn,
O'er demurrers unargued and pleadings undrawn.

And the Westminster ushers are loud in their wail,
There 's no motion of course in the sad Court of Bail;
And the cause of dear law, by attorneys adored,
Thank the new County Courts Bill, hath gone by the board!

TAKING THE NONSENSUS OF THE COUNTRY.

To the Government falls the duty of taking the census of the country, but it is the peculiar province of *Punch* to take the nonsensus of England. As we look around us, we cannot help fearing that when the returns come to be published, the latter will far exceed in amount the former.

First of all, there are the Houses of Parliament, both old and new. In the old House of Commons sit some 658 members, who represent the collective wisdom of the country. We can scarcely tell whether this term, "Collective Wisdom," applies to the members themselves, or to the persons who sent them there. If the former, it says but little for the amount of wisdom in the country; and if the latter, it says still less; for what must those persons be themselves when they select such poor specimens to represent them. But, in either case, the old House of Commons is fairly entitled to figure at the head of the Nonsensus of England.

The new House of Commons promises to claim the same proud distinction, for what can we say of a House that is wanted to hold upwards of 500 members, and will only accommodate half that number, unless we murmur an expression of wonder how, in the name of Nonsense, such a House came to be erected at all?—an expression which at once would introduce the new Houses of Parliament within the limits of the Nonsensus of the country.

Smithfield Market will also figure in the returns; for a market to be placed in the centre of a large capital, where it can only be productive of obstructions, nuisances, accidents, and deaths, is such an arrant piece of nonsense, as could hardly find a place anywhere else but in the Nonsensus of England.

From Smithfield Market to the City Corporation is a natural jump, for it is the sticks of the one who uphold the sticks of the other, and really it would puzzle a greater judge than we profess to be, to decide which was the greater piece of nonsense of the two? But for ages past, aldermen and common-councilmen have been known for their extreme love of talking nonsense, and, therefore, it would be an act of great injustice to omit their names on the present occasion. The claims of SIR PETER LAURIE will be particularly attended to, in a document that addresses itself exclusively to nonsense.

It is not necessary to particularise any more names just at present. We are busy collecting evidence in every institution, in every court, in every office, in every vestry, in every tap-room, in every nonsensical little corner in the kingdom, and we are sure that when the astounding result is laid before our readers, that they will scarcely believe their eyes when they see what a tremendous amount of nonsense there exists in England! We can safely declare that the Nonsensus of 1851 will be in every way worthy of the country.

JENKINS FOR ATHOLL!

MR. JENKINS is a gentleman who follows his leader. That is to say, the *Morning Post's* leading article of any given day, is generally an attack—very dull and tiresome—on one which appeared in the *Times* the day before.

Last Friday, however, MR. JENKINS thought fit to honour *Mr. Punch* as well as the *Times*, with his abusive observations. Both of us have had the misfortune to offend MR. JENKINS by the line we have taken in reference to the closure of Glen Tilt by the DUKE OF ATHOLL, in whose service we presume he is. And yet by MR. JENKINS's own showing, our offence should be a light one against his master—if the DUKE OF ATHOLL *is* his master, and the subjoined piece of writing is not from the pen of the Duke himself:—

"The ownership of this land is maintained by the Duke to be as exclusive as his Grace's property in his own drawing-room—in the coat which he wears on his back—or the kilt on which the *Times* and *Punch* concentrate their facetiousness."

MR. JENKINS's veneration for his master's wardrobe would seem to be extreme, to judge from the indignation he expresses at the Ducal kilt having been held up to ridicule. But then, to be sure, the Duke was in it.

Great stress is laid by MR. JENKINS on the alleged fact that the question of the public's right of way through Glen Tilt is yet undecided. We don't care a button—a button with the ATHOLL crest upon it—for that. JENKINS himself, says—shuddering, of course, at making the hypothetical admission—

"The DUKE OF ATHOLL may have acted selfishly, or unwisely, or unadvisedly, but"—&c. &c. &c.

May, JENKINS? nay, he has—we know not, May. And the appropriate emblem of selfishness is a small creature of the canine species, and there is no harm in drawing it; no, nor in adding to the sketch a Flunkey, set to wash the little animal; which would do for the figure of Servility, MR. JENKINS.

But although we concentrated our facetiousness on the DUKE OF ATHOLL'S kilt, a cry had been raised against him, and, says JENKINS,

"The cry was taken up by the scurrilous prints which disgrace our press; the subject of the libel started in the *Times* was abused, caricatured, and vilified with every species of malice."

Further, complains JENKINS, although it has not been settled that the Duke has the legal right to shut up Glen Tilt—

"Foul abuse and vile caricature continue uncorrected and unchecked."

JENKINS, if *Mr. Punch* were the owner of Glen Tilt, and were to close it against the traveller, whether legally or illegally, *Mr. Punch* would be a curmudgeon, and would deserve to be drawn and described in his true character.

You are not much to be congratulated, JENKINS, on having exchanged the plush for the plaid. Best keep to cleaning the DUKE OF ATHOLL'S boots; and leave his fame alone.

BACON'S NEW BRAZEN HEAD.

IN the sincerest spirit of penitence, we beg pardon of the publishing world of America, whom we have from time to time criticised in what we now feel to be a harsh and uncharitable spirit, for their wholesale conveyance of English books to their own profit and advantage. The REV. DR. BACON, an American, at the Educational Conference, held at Manchester, has put the matter in a true and startling light. American booksellers, by printing English books, only show their intense admiration of the commodity. The boa-constrictor, that gorges his half-dozen rabbits, merely manifests a complimentary taste for rabbits. But hear Parson BACON, of the Brazen Head—

"The credit of having their books printed on the other side the Atlantic helps the sale of a book at home. There is another of your writers, MACAULAY. I believe he has more admirers, that there are more who have read his writings with rapture in America, though it is understood he is no great admirer of the American people, than here. How many copies of his last work have been printed in the United States? Tens of thousands? No. You may count them by hundreds of thousands! (Hear, hear.)

We repeat it; we are more than satisfied; we are confounded by the arguments of the modern ROGER. How large, too, is their application! A pickpocket twitches your Bandana from your poke. Ought you to cry "Stop Thief," if the knave be detected; or, if you know your loss, when the thief—that is, the abstractor—has made clear off with your goods, ought you to visit that man with anathema, with uncharitable thoughts? Certainly not; for know, that MR. JAMES TWITCHER, the possessor of your Bandana, has a great admiration for the style of the article; its elegant pattern and vivid colour have, moreover, found many admirers in the Minories or in Field Lane. Your stolen handkerchief is highly praised, and you ought to be correspondingly delighted. Again, should you lay down your gold spectacles on a coffee-room table, and should they, perchance, be carried off; consider the loss as the highest personal attention. The gentleman who takes your spectacles feels it impossible to do otherwise—the gold is so pure; so touchingly seductive. You are robbed, but how you are complimented in that very act of thieving!

THE PLEASURE TRIPS OF BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON (UP THE RHINE).

ROBINSON, IN THE SOLITUDE OF HIS CHAMBER, ON RETIRING FOR THE NIGHT, WATCHES WITH ANXIETY THE GROWTH OF HIS BEARD

THEY ARE ON THE POINT OF STARTING. BROWN "WILL BE READY IN HALF A MINUTE; HE HAS ONLY TO BUNDLE ONE OR TWO THINGS INTO A BAG."

JONES "IS NOT GOING TO BE BOTHERED WITH A QUANTITY OF LUGGAGE, BUT WILL TAKE ONE SMALL BAG, AND THAT'S ALL."

FROM THE FIRST MOMENT OF GOING ON BOARD THE OSTEND BOAT, BROWN SEEMED DETERMINED TO BE UNWELL.

BROWN IS WORSE. JONES AND ROBINSON "NEVER FELT BETTER."

TWO HOURS LATER. BROWN WISHES HE WERE DEAD. JONES AND ROBINSON DON'T FEEL SO WELL AS THEY DID.

THE GUY FAWKES OF 1850

PREPARING TO BLOW UP ALL ENGLAND!

PUSEYITE COSMETICS.

To PUSEYITE CLERGYMEN.—Under the patronage of the LADY ABBESS and SISTERS of the Convent of the Belgravians, and of the FATHER SUPERIOR of the Monastery of Pimlico, with the BRETHREN of that Establishment.—*Mr. Punch* begs to offer his PATENT ECCLESIASTICAL ACHROMATICON, or PALLEFACIENT FLUID, for blanching the COMPLEXION, and imparting to the FACE that delicate PALLOR which is the recognised indication of severe Thought and Study. Also his MACERATIVE ELIXIR, or ASCETIC SOLUTION, for the ATTENUATION of the FRAME, warranted to reduce the stoutest proportions to the most interesting slenderness, and produce, in the space of a few days, a personal appearance not to be distinguished from the results of years of Abstinence. A few doses will occasion such a wasting of the cheeks as to render the exertion of sucking them in quite superfluous.

Mr. Punch can also confidently recommend his ILLUMINATIVE DROPS, for communicating that peculiar GLOW to the EYE which is the natural result of enthusiasm exalted by frequent vigils, meditations, &c. These infallible specifics will confer on an Oxford graduate all the external characteristics of a young priest from Maynooth, and enable him, however plump and rosy before using them, to pass easily, in a short time, for a zealous Roman ecclesiastic. Persons desirous of obtaining a sanctified appearance, as soon and with as little trouble as possible, should have instant recourse to these preparations, which are to be had genuine only of *Punch and Son*, 85, Fleet Street, and at the Depositories attached to the Anglican monastic establishments in Pimlico and Belgravia; where may be likewise had

PUNCH'S CLERICAL DEPILATORY SHAVING SOAP,

which will materially facilitate the proceeding of taking the tonsure by sacrificing the whiskers, a step—contrary to what was of late the fashion—so necessary in order to become a popular Clergyman among the Ladies of Belgravia.

N.B. The ACHROMATICON will effectually eradicate the stains of port, or any other wine, from the face and nose.

WHAT'S TO BECOME OF WESTMINSTER HALL?

IT will soon be a very serious question, what is to become of Westminster Hall? It would be little better than letting it stand empty, to devote it exclusively to the Courts of Law and Equity, for such is the decrease of business, that there will soon be no occasion for any sittings whatever, as the whole work of the day may be got through standing, without its being worth the while of their lordships to take a seat at all. MR. BRIEFLESS, who adheres stoutly to the old institutions of the country, has commenced, in default of regular instructions, the desperate practice of instructing himself, and is continually sending in imaginary motion papers to the usher, in which DOE is computed to owe so many pounds to ROE.

Once or twice, MR. BRIEFLESS has burst out somewhat eloquently in the respectable but rather superfluous character of *amicus curiæ*, by suggesting the pulling up or letting down of a blind; and the other day, in defiance of all professional usage, he rushed into one of the Equity Courts, and joined in helping Counsel to take a decree in some suit in which he was not at all concerned.

Poor DUNUP goes the Bloomsbury and Brompton circuits, where he hopes to lead at the County Court bars of those salubrious and slightly litigious suburbs; but hitherto he is understood not to have cleared his cabs.

It is expected that a large emigration will take place from Westminster Hall to the precincts, and that the travelling barristers, or blue-bagmen, will grow into a class as numerous as the commercial bagmen themselves.

Should this event occur, Westminster Hall will be almost emptied, and as it will only be required for the administration of the law during a few minutes each day in term time, it will become a question to what use such a magnificent building can be conveniently turned. JULLIEN, it is said, has had his eye upon it for his Promenade Concerts; or perhaps a Panorama of a Chancery Suit, which would rival all other panoramas in length, would be an exhibition most appropriate to the place, and would also serve as a record of that which promises very soon to become a "thing of the past."

Hale, Archdeacon—Well Met.

ARCHDEACON HALE has addressed a spirited letter to the clergy of the Archdeaconry of London, in reference to the papal aggression. We regret to learn from it that the reverend gentleman has been labouring under indisposition; but we hope that he is now not only HALE but hearty, like the tone of his epistle,—the pluck of which is singular, whatever may be the preferment of the writer.

THE "GOOD" BUTLER.

MR. INIONS, Secretary to the Forlorn Hope Monument to the good DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE (through the columns of *Punch*) presents his good wishes to MR. PAUL, butler to MR. HOLFORD, of the Regent's Park.

MR. INIONS, as Secretary to the above Monument, has read with some alarm, the report of an intention to present MR. PAUL with a testimonial, commemorative of his valour in the defence of his employer's house; and further, and particularly, of his aiming and firing at the head of the burglar in the bush.

MR. INIONS has, he hopes, a proper respect for the good behaviour of MR. PAUL; but MR. I. puts it to MR. P. whether any attempt at the present time, to reward him with a testimonial, may not divert the stream of charity now it is hoped beginning to set in towards the Cambridge Testimonial; or, in plainer words, whether the national gratitude about to be paid to the memory of the late inhabitant of a palace, may not in the most untoward manner be dwindled into an instalment for the immediate benefit of the present holder of a butler's pantry?

MR. INIONS feels a lively conviction that the habits of MR. PAUL are habits of inborn respect towards his betters, late Princes of the Blood, and Royal Cousin at £12,000 per annum included. The *Observer*, in a very affecting manner, remarks of MR. P., "it is not because he is a servant that he, too, should not have a testimonial to his deserts; in his case, at least, it has been proved that a livery may cover a hero in humble life, who only lacks opportunity to be really a great man." It is proved in tens of thousands of cases that a livery—red turned up with blue or yellow as the regiment may be—may cover heroes in humble life; such heroes, for instance, who won Waterloo at a shilling per day, making three shillings for the entire fight,—but MR. I. agrees with the Editor of the *O.* that that is no reason for slighting the claims of plush. No; MR. I. hopes that, holding up his head and laying his hand upon his heart, he can ask for MR. P.—"Is he not a butler and a brother?" Nevertheless, MR. I. has his duties to fulfil; and he must—even to MR. P. himself—protest against any Pantry Testimonial, until the Palace Testimonial shall be put upon as sure a ground as an architect and bricks-and-mortar can fix it.

When the Cambridge Monument is up—a monument, large enough to characterise the universal philanthropy of a man, who gave every minute of his life to the consideration of his species—for it is too well known to be here insisted upon that the royal HOWARD never slept but with one eye at a time, that the claims of his fellow-creatures might be always visible to him—when the monument is up, in its universal philanthropy, such monument will inevitably require a butler. Indeed, cooks, butlers, and waiters, are inextricably woven in with the memory of the Good DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE; therefore, it will afford MR. INIONS very great delight to forward the claims of MR. PAUL, as Perpetual Butler to the Cambridge Forlorn Hope; MR. P. being permitted, in memory of his heroism—in like manner as the Peninsular Hero wears a medal—to be decorated at the button-hole with a silver corkscrew.

As MR. PAUL will no doubt see the propriety of waiving any claims he may possess to a Testimonial in deference to the prior claims of a Duke of the Royal Blood, MR. INIONS will thank MR. PAUL to forward to him (MR. I.), and that without delay, any money or moneys that unthinking persons may, in the ignorance of their liberality, forward to MR. PAUL, wherewith to purchase any trifle for himself.

2, *Charlotte Row, Mansion House.*

CHEAP GAS, AND WHY NOT CHEAP WATER?

Now that we stand a tolerable chance of getting cheap gas, we think a stir ought to be made to get us cheap water also. The new City Gas Company, by putting its pipes into the ground, has put out the pipes of the old monopolists, and we do not see why the water companies should not be subjected to the same sort of competition. Light and cleanliness being both necessary for the preservation of health, we would ask why economy should not visit our cisterns as well as our gas-meters? If we were consulted as to what would be a fair price for the water at present laid on, we should say that it ought, at all events, to be "as cheap as dirt," which is the article it bears the closest resemblance to. The only advantage to be gained by the present water supply is the chance of a fish occasionally being included in our bargain with the Company; but as the fish cannot notify his arrival, he often dies in the cistern before his visit is known, and we see nothing of him till his bones, forcing their way through the tap, come up to us unexpectedly in the toast-and-water, or the tea-urn.

SOME WAYS ARE IMPROVED NOWAYS.

EATON SQUARE has been paved recently. A gentleman who has had the misfortune to reside there for the last three years, was asked what he thought of the improvement. He replied, looking on the nearly level highway, "*Passable*, but nothing more."

OXFORD COSTUME.

Small Oxford Man. "NOW SNIP, REMEMBER, NOT SO TIGHT IN THE ARM!"
Snip. "VERY GOOD, SIR, (*to the Clerk*) 34 AND A ARF!"

WESTMINSTER HALL IN MOURNING.

THE Extension of the County Courts jurisdiction has produced a perfect panic among the barristers, who are undergoing a thorough famine of fees. The unfortunate dogs of juniors look up imploringly in the hope of having a bone of contention thrown among them; but there is really nothing forthcoming to satisfy their forensic cravings. The other day we entered Westminster Hall, and found there had been nothing distributed among the hungry bar, but a few wretched rules absolute, one of which was in the mouth of one who had been accustomed to more sumptuous fare; and in the Exchequer we perceived a silk gownsman lazily "mumbling the bones" of a motion of course.

The utters talk of utter starvation as inevitable; and there has been something said about dividing equally the little that is left, as would be the case in shipwreck with a scarcity of provisions; and it is urged that the legal craft may be looked upon as reduced to that sad condition. A desperate proposal has been made, that the laws of motion should be removable by *certiorari* into the Queen's Bench, for the purpose of being there administered; for otherwise, it is to be feared, that there will be neither law nor motion to be met with in that august tribunal. It is expected that many of the bar will emigrate into the County Court districts, and that the congestion which has so long existed in Westminster Hall will be cured, by a more equal distribution of the forensic circulation, which has hitherto been so much confined to one spot, where there has been a deficiency of action.

A Solecism to Slaveholders.

OUR American friends in the Southern States will stare to read in the *Times* the announcement following:—

"LIVERPOOL, Wednesday.—The American Mail Steamship *Atlantic*, CAPTAIN WEST, sailed about 3 o'clock this afternoon with the usual mails. Her saloons are now entirely *manned* by coloured servants."

Gentlemen who sell negroes like cattle, and lash them like hounds, will naturally ask whether we *man* carriages with horses, or ploughs with oxen?

THE POPE'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE EXHIBITION OF 1851.

A SUBJECT that is now exciting very general attention is, the contribution evidently designed by PIO NONO for the Exhibition of the Industry of All Nations in 1851; and as all nations are included, the Pope imagines that the produce of a decided halluci-nation will not be objected to. The specimen of Roman manufacture will consist of a Cardinal, carried to such an extraordinary length as to amount to a cloak, and far to exceed the bounds of a mere *visite*, to which Papal manufactures have been understood to be hitherto limited. The attempt to introduce the Cardinal into this country is a bold experiment; and it is probable that certain duties, proving the Cardinal to be an offence against the Customs of this country, will cause the authorities to regard it in the light of a prohibited article. The Cardinal, which is, no doubt, a very ingenious contrivance, is the result of a web that has been for some time weaving, and the manufacture in Rome has been greatly encouraged by the knowledge that a vast quantity of yarn of the same sort has been spun, and very warmly patronised in England, where it has become "the fashion," particularly among some of the weak-minded females in the neighbourhood of Belgravia. The Cardinal is intended eventually to supersede altogether Bishop's sleeves, which have not for some time been so popular as they would assuredly become if the material were of a closer texture, and were not so liable to split as it has been known to do in some recent cases, for it is impossible that the very richest and finest material will maintain its repute if it will not hold together. The manufacture employed in making the Cardinal is, on the contrary, all of a piece, and if there are any differences, they are fine-drawn so cleverly, that no division is perceptible; whereas the Bishop's sleeves present some disagreements painful to the eye, and offensive to the taste and judgment.

We should be sorry to see the Popish manufacture brought regularly into this country; but if such a calamity should occur, it would be easy to point to the shoulders the Cardinal ought to be put upon.

EPITAPH FOR THE DUKE OF ATHOLL.—Stop, Traveller!

A SHOW UP FOR THE AMERICAN SHOWMAN.

EVEN the American press, ashamed at last at the figure cut by the Model Republic, in its recent sacrifice of good sense at the shrine of BARNUM—who seems to be the impersonation of Gammon and Mammon combined—has lately taken to showing up the showman, but not until his object has been pretty well attained. In order to put the Americans on their guard against being betrayed into another disgraceful exhibition of the same folly which they have lately been guilty of, in allowing the flame of their enthusiasm to be raised to the highest pitch by BARNUM'S puff, we beg leave to intimate to them that a monster piece of humbug is in preparation to succeed poor JENNY LIND, when the Showman has got all he possibly can, by converting her, as he has done, into an "alarming sacrifice."

We have heard on somewhat good authority that BARNUM has given orders in this country for the manufacture of a Sea-Serpent, complete with scales, on a scale of magnitude never surpassed, and several hundred feather dressers are already employed upon a marvellous headdress, intended to be worn as a crest by the monster when completed. The body, it is said, has been entrusted to a large gutta percha house, and the fins have been placed in the hands of one of the cleverest horse hair workers in England, with instructions to spare no expense in the production of an article, which for size and fineness of texture, shall surpass any natural curiosity ever yet exhibited.

The ivory trade has received an impetus, in consequence of an order for a set of teeth, *en suite*, with the other parts of the Sea Serpent; and a celebrated artist has, it is said, received a liberal commission to design—regardless of outlay—an appropriate tail. The Sea Serpent, when complete, will be several acres in length; it is understood that it will be removed from this country by the process of towing, and its arrival in New York will add probability to the story, intended to be given out, of its having been caught on the voyage.

LIGHT FROM IRELAND.—There are hopes for Erin. Having been too long clouded and enveloped in the smoke of her patriots, MR. REES has succeeded in extracting gaslight from her bogs.

LORD HOWDEN AND THE MADRID BULL-FIGHTS.

THE celebrated MONTES, bull-fighter at Madrid, having at the request of our Ambassador, furnished him with the complete set of weapons of a matador and others, with the bull-slayers' costumes to boot, LORD HOWDEN addressed to SENOR MONTES a letter, of which we exclusively subjoin a faithful copy:—

"ILLUSTRIOUS SENOR,—With the profoundest sense of obligation, I have to acknowledge at your hands, a complete set of weapons, with the due variety of costume employed and worn in Spain at the *Fiesta de Toros*, the feast of the Bulls—the term 'Bull-fight,' as I am proud to understand, being denominated vulgar.

"Most Illustrious Señor,—Your gifts could not have been bestowed at a happier moment. I shall immediately dispatch them by a ship of war, that they may be laid at the feet of HER MAJESTY, the Queen of England and Defender of the Faith, who, in full council will, I doubt not, entrust the weapons to those hands the best knit, and the best skilled to use them.

"Most Illustrious Señor,—It may have met your distinguished ear, that a Bull—perhaps the most tremendous bull yet made—has very recently appeared in England: a Bull of a glaring, yet sinister gaze; of horns of portentous size and curve; with a roar that has made itself heard throughout Great Britain; and, finally, a Bull of a magnitude of body, that threatens—with the blight of its shadow—to cover at least thirteen cities and towns of the United Empire. This Bull is not from the valleys of the Jarana, but from the Chamber of the Vatican; not fed on green pastures, but gorged with old, rotten, jaundiced parchment.

Now this huge, blatant Bull is doomed. The people of England shout for their *Fiesta de Toros*—they will have an end put to the Roman Bull; die he must; and there can be no doubt that the honour of sacrificing the beast will be awarded to CARLOS JAGO BLOOMFIELDOS, of Fulhamos; a matador of distinguished subtlety; of wonderful cunning at fence, and (when he likes) strength of resolution; a brother matador—Illustrious Señor—who will strike the bull in the very spinal nick, albeit, to judge ordinarily of the man, you would scarcely think him capable of the slaughter of a guinea-pig.

"And, therefore, Illustrious Señor, in the name of my imperial mistress, I again thank you for your timely presents. The Bull-fight will, I have no doubt, take place in Smithfield; and great will be the rapture of the people when they behold CARLOS JAGO, in his light dress of lawn, mounted on the high horse, in his right hand firmly holding—as though it grew out of his fist—his long Toledan blade; and in the left waving the *muleta*, or red flag, to distract and madden the Bull, and so to spit him at the lucky minute.

"You shall have the earliest, and I trust best account, of the *Fiesta*, with the precisest relation of the feats of the *matador* of Fulhamos, CARLOS JAGO BLOOMFIELDOS. In the meantime, illustrious Señor, vouchsafe to accept the assurance of my consideration.

"*To the* SENOR MONTES, *Matador, Madrid.* HOWDEN."

PUNCH'S RAILWAY TRAVELLER.

To Mr. Punch.

"SIR,—I have not lately troubled you with a line, as I have not been troubled with a line myself until a day or two ago, when I took an afternoon's trip on the North Western. The fact is, I got so cramped on my last journey that I have had a complaint in my legs, which prevented me from having a fresh complaint on my hands to send to you until the recent trip I have already spoken of. There being no third-class carriage attached to the train, I was compelled to put up with the second-class, and suffered the inconvenience of the inferiority of the latter to the former; for, as the Directors are compelled to put lights in the third-class carriages, and not in the second, they leave the public, travelling by the second-class, completely in the dark; which I am determined they shall be no longer, if you will enlighten them through your columns.

"My excursion was taken in the company of some odd looking persons with mustachios, whom I never saw before, and, in fact, never saw at all after I once entered the carriage with them, for we were in total darkness all the while; and I should certainly never wish to see my fellow-travellers again, unless I thought there might be some chance of their returning me my pocket-handkerchief at our next interview. A lady in the same carriage, who had also been quite in the dark during the journey, was unpleasantly enlightened, under the gas lamp on the platform, by the discovery that her purse was missing.

"Now, Sir, I would beg leave to suggest that if the Directors will not of their own accord, and cannot be compelled to put lights in their second-class carriages, they might at least allow lanthorns to be sold at the stations, or fix sconces inside the vehicles, so that the traveller might set up a candle, or even a rushlight, of his own, according to the extent of his means, should he prefer that course to the uncomfortable and frequently expensive obscurity which he is doomed to by the present arrangement. "YOUR RAILWAY TRAVELLER."

MR. PUNCH'S TRIBUTE TO SOYER.

ALEXIS SOYER!

How I admire you!—You appear to me to be the only man of our time who has adequately comprehended the mission of the cook. In your hands the *casserole* becomes eloquent, and the *marmiton* utters its moral. SHAKSPEARE tells us of the

—"tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones"—

and shall the dinner-table be mute?—shall there be no voice in a *pièce de resistance*, no revelation in a *relevé substantielle?* You have seized this want, and in your hands every *plat* has its point, every *entremet* its epigram.

I was an honoured guest at MR. LUMLEY'S *fête*, last season. You presided over the culinary part of the entertainment; you pleased the palates and you appeased the appetites of 800 guests. You had only four days' notice. In your own simple, but sublime words, "*C'etait impossible, mais c'est fait!*"

I remember that luncheon with gratitude. With your own hands you pointed out to me a table, and attended to my wants. What charming invention was there exhibited by you that day! The *fête* was in honour of MESSRS. SCRIBE and HALÉVY. Do you remember—or do these inventions pass from your mind like the inspirations of a SHAKSPEARE—given to the world carelessly, as treasures prodigally given from a mind of exhaustless invention?

But if you have forgotten, I cannot forget. Indeed I write with the *carte* before me. That *Round of Beef à la* MAGNA CHARTA!

What a thought in that! It is the very philosophy of English History put into the compass of a dish. Plain, solid, somewhat heavy, cut-and-come-again, satisfactory. Such was that round of beef, happily illustrating the legislative bulwark of British liberties.

With what grace you passed from history to art. Your *entremets* were criticisms, only more palatable. There were your "*Aiguilettes de petit poussins à la* SCRIBE." Is it possible to characterise better the pointed turns and epigrammatic sallies of the accomplished dramatist, than by "*Aiguilettes*," "little needles?" Then your "*Escaloppes de petites solles à la* SONTAG," crisp, delicate, yet little, exactly like the vocalisation of that charming artist. Then your centre piece—at once a compliment—a satire—and a criticism—

"*The Croustade* SHAKSPERIENNE *à la* HALÉVY-SCRIBE *Tempesta!*"

The shattered ship in a *pain d'Espagne*, with the characters of the *Tempest* in sugar, gaudily coloured, tossed by a sea of trifle, and stranded on a reef of *bon-bons*—illustrating, how happily, the treatment that the illustrious WILLIAM had received at the hands of MESSRS SCRIBE and HALÉVY—the guests of the day.

The Nepaulese princes were there. You felt their nationality, and symbolised it, at once, how gracefully! in a

"*Turban d'Escaloppes Aspic de Chevreuil à la Nepaul.*"

The race is there, and the man. The "*turban*" of Orientalism, the "*aspic*" of Eastern treachery—the "*chevreuil*," symbolising the lightness and agility, the deer-like step of the illustrious stranger.

This tribute comes late; but my admiration has been revived by the bill of fare for the York Meeting of the Mayors, over which I have just been shedding tears of mingled admiration and appetite.

Here, again, I find combined the graceful courtier, the profound satirist, and the accomplished archæologist. To say nothing of the colossal conception of a dinner, with its *trente-deux Potages, trente-deux Poissons, trente-deux Flancs*, and *quarante-huit Entrées* in one course—mark the appropriate invention that can create, *à l'improvise*, a

"*Blanc de volaille à la York Minster.*"

The bold and biting sarcasm that, at a dinner of Mayors, does not shrink from uttering itself in an

"*Extravagance culinaire à la Alderman.*"

The knowledge of antiquity that reproduces in the nineteenth century, a

"*Paon à l'ancienne Rome garni d'ortolans.*"

The courtier-like adulation that breathes from the sweetness of a

"*Créme de la Grande Bretagne à la* PRINCE ALBERT."

And the painter-like fancy that closes all with a

"*Désert floréal à la Watteau.*"

And so crowns the meal, as we crown thee, O SOYER, with flowers!

Shocking Case of Expected Cannibalism.

IT is feared that LORD GROSVENOR and the LORD MAYOR, despite the exertions of LEEKS, the Hon. Sec., to extract subscriptions from the pockets of the unwary, for the "GOOD" CAMBRIDGE Testimonial, will nevertheless be compelled to consume their own protestations; or, in other phrase, like *Parolles*, they will have to "eat their LEEKS."

THE SHORTEST CUT TO ROME.—New Cut, Lambeth.

JUSTICE FOR BACHELORS.

"*Snugton, Great Bedstead, Hants.*
"*Oct. 30th*, 1850.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I AM a bachelor, and my friends, I believe, allow that, in the main, I am a tolerably good-natured fellow—but just look here! I was invited a few days ago to spend a week at a country house, and here I am; but I must confess that I was a little put out when taken to the very top of it, and told that this was my bedroom.

I have since been led to suppose that unmarried men must expect to sleep in the worst rooms there are; for see—this is the bedroom of a married couple, friends of mine.

Now—confound it!—I say the comfort is monstrously and unfairly disproportioned. The ladies—bless them!—ought, of course, to be made as cosy as possible; no man could object to their having their nice little bit of fire, and their dear little slippers placed before it, with their couches, and their easy chairs, &c.—of course not—but that is no reason why we single men should be treated like so many Shetland ponies. There is no fireplace in my room, and the only ventilation is through a broken window. As far as the shooting, the riding, the eating and drinking go, I have nothing whatever to complain of. But I want to know why—why *this* mature female always answers *my* bell, and that great

brute SNAWKINS (whose mind, by-the-by, is not half so well regulated as mine)—merely because he is a married man—has his hot water brought by *this* little maid? I don't understand it. You may print this, if

you like; only send me a few copies of *Punch*, when it appears, that's a good fellow, and I will carelessly leave them about, in the hope that MRS. HAYCOCK may see them—and by JOVE! if the hint is not taken, and my bedroom changed—or, at least, made more comfortable—I'll—yes—(there's an uncommonly nice girl stopping here)—I'll be hanged if I don't think very seriously of getting married myself.

"Believe me, my dear *Punch*,
"Yours faithfully,
"CHARLES SINGLEBOY."

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at the Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9th, 1850.

THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

We rose early on the 9th of November, having been awoke before dawn by the ringing of the old Lord Mayor out, and the new Lord Mayor in; and when we heard the peal ringing in our ears, we wished we had the wringing of the ears of those who disturbed our slumbers.

Having made for the city, we repaired to the comfortable quarters of Mr. Quarterman, at the Royal York Hotel, in New Bridge Street; and our host being accustomed to entertain the Ministers with white bait, at his other hostelry, the Crown and Sceptre, at Greenwich, had abated none of his usual courtesy in giving a reception to ourselves, who are the recognised Ministers to the public entertainment, improvement, and enlightenment.

The procession having been advertised to start punctually at eleven, we took our places on the elegant dais prepared for us at the window; and we remained for some time on the tiptoe of our highlows and of our expectations. The assurance offices opposite were filled with some very pleasing specimens of modest assurance, in the crowds of ladies in the balconies, who were looking at us with evident admiration, from over the way. We were much gratified, also, by the sort of preliminary procession that preceded the real one.

In the continuous stream we noticed several individuals smoking short pipes,—intended, no doubt, to represent the Calumet of Peace, for Peace was to be one of the Great Guns of the Show; and among these were scattered several persons with tressels and planks, inviting people to pay for the privilege of standing upon forms, from which those who stood on neither forms nor ceremonies occasionally pushed them off again. Lads came next with small ladders, and a variety of speculators with boards of deal, but these got so shuffled about the pack in all directions, that many a deal was lost in the confusion.

Not the least agreeable part of the show was the immense mass of pleased and good-humoured faces, which not only thronged the thoroughfares, but replaced in the shop windows the "sacrifices," the "look here's," the "all at one-and-nine's," the "town-made kids," the "double-sewn gentlemanly superior dog," and other labelled articles of London merchandise. Every one seemed to be cheerfully disposed; and not even a policeman lost his temper; but a playful poke in the ribs with his truncheon was all that was needed when a polite request to "keep back" failed of its usual efficiency.

At length it became evident that the real procession was approaching, for a body of police being drawn up in Bridge Street, backed with beautiful prolusion on to all the toes that happened to be too prominent, while a few officers on horseback assisted to clear the way by the playful switching of the tails of the animals into the faces of the too eager among the multitude.

In a few minutes we caught sight of the Beadle of the Tallow Chandlers, followed by the banners of the company, with or without its appropriate motto of "*Wix ea nostra voco.*" After the officers of two or three more companies, including the Clothmakers, who seemed somewhat in want of a little "extra drill," the civic dignitaries made their appearance, and among them the Remembrancer was the only one who seemed intent on keeping up the allegory of his position, for he was continually talking out of window to his coachman, as if the Remembrancer desired to refresh his servant's memory, and remind him where to set down.

With the exception of the equipages of the Sheriffs, which were on a scale of splendour equal to even this unprecedentedly grand occasion, there was a particularly fly-like look about some of the carriages; and we fancied we counted four or five functionaries in one vehicle, which gave an uncomfortably plethoric look to some of the turns out.

Next came "The Aldermen who have passed the Chair," and after them, "The Aldermen who have not passed the Chair;" but among the former there were some who appeared to be in that comfortable state of obesity, that the process of passing the Chair must have been one of considerable difficulty, unless the space allowed was exceedingly liberal. It was easy to distinguish the footmen of the late from the footmen of the new Lord Mayor, for the looks and liveries of the former were alike faded, while there was a freshness and spirit in the lace and the faces of the servants of the new potentate.

Up to this point the Lord Mayor's show had been "much as usual," but now the new features made their appearance, the man in brass having given way to metal more attractive. First came Peace on a white charger, who seemed determined to let his fair rider have no peace at all, for he kept bobbing his head up and down, and striking Peace with his milky plume, as if to throw it in her face, and twit her with her display of the white feather. Not anticipating that Peace would have been seated on a war charger, our artist, whose imagination is obliged to be always "a week in advance," had placed her on a "lively turtle," and we have no doubt the civic authorities will adopt the graceful idea next year; so that the illustration must be accepted as something a twelvemonth in advance, as showing how Peace ought to have been mounted.

We trust also, that by the 9th of November, 1851, Peace will have found a new pair of wings, for they were of an exceedingly woolly

description, and seemed to have been plucked from a far from "downy" feather-bed. In the train of Peace came the four Quarters of the World, riding side by side; followed by the Horse of Europe, looking rather restive—perhaps at the idea of the Bull of Rome; the Camel of Asia, in compliment to whom "The Cam'els are coming" was struck up by the band; the Elephant of Africa, who seemed to be suffering slightly from an attack of his old enemy Elephantiasis; and two Deer of America, who looked as if they had been Deer picked up cheap at Epping.

Next followed a horse with the attributes of Industry, represented by a beehive and a wisp of straw; then the attributes of Art, emblemed by a portrait like those labelled "in this style 10*s.* 6*d.*" at any cheap portrait painter's; then the attributes of Commerce, consisting of a couple of small tea chests; and, ultimately, the attributes of Manufactures, exhibited in a small loom, and something between a pump and a steam engine. Industry, Arts, Commerce, and Manufactures, would seem to be in a bad way, if the above were appropriate specimens, but the getters up of the spectacle were not to blame, for the truth is, there had been a lamentable "falling off" in every department, the "attributes" having been falling off the horses' backs all the way from Guildhall to Bridge Street.

The grand point of the procession was a car containing four sailors seated opposite Britannia, behind whom was a globe, with Happiness perched at the top of it. We observed with much sympathy, that Happiness having a severe cold in her head, was continually sneezing on to Britannia at her feet, who seemed by no means to relish the sort of thing that Happiness showered down upon her. In addition to the other inconveniences to which Happiness was exposed, the contriver of the car had forgotten to put springs to the hinder part, and poor Happiness had to try her utmost, while "holding on," to keep from looking the picture of misery. Fortunately the weather was fine, November having suspended her fogs, in compliment to the liberal exertions of the civic authorities to give novelty to the Lord Mayor's Show, and we are therefore spared the pain of describing Happiness under an umbrella in a shower of rain, or with a comforter round her throat to keep out the damp, which, had Lord Mayor's Day looked as black as it usually does, would have been an inevitable consequence. As it is, we are very much afraid that Peace, Happiness, and Britannia must all have gone to bed with very bad colds, and we can fancy the trio with their feet in warm water, and basins of gruel before them, while the banquet at Guildhall was proceeding. We must add, that the Show was a vast improvement on former years; and as Lord Mayors' Shows are now regarded as a part of our institutions, it is praiseworthy to get them up in style, introduce new effects, and endeavour to give them an allegorical—in the absence of any other—meaning.

Rather Over-Zealous.

We have recently heard of a piece of Protestant zeal, which, notwithstanding all our heartiness in the cause, goes, in our opinion, a little beyond discretion. It appears that a gentleman who feels an honest indignation at the recent conduct of the Romish hierarch, has refused to deal any longer with his butcher, for sending him a leg of mutton with the Pope's eye in it.

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS PORTENTOUS.

THE attention of the public has been called to almost every peculiarity relative to the Hippopotamus, but there is one important point in reference to him which has been overlooked—rather unaccountably, considering the time of year, when, owing to the dearth of more important news, there is a demand for extraordinary cabbages, and the quotations of monstrous turnips are frequent in the papers. We allude to a "Curious Coincidence," which might have furnished a subject for several lines, at—at least—a penny each. It is strange that no ingenious journalist should have discovered any connexion between the arrival of the Hippopotamus in this country, and the introduction of the Papal Bull. In former times, the present from the Nile would certainly have been deemed ominous of the trifle from the Tiber, and quaint old AUBREY would no doubt have classed among his "Fatalities" the fact that the importation of one monstrosity preceded by so little that of the other.

STATISTICS OF GUY FAUX DAY.

THE returns of specie taken by the juvenile population on last GUY FAUX day are the largest ever known. The demand for old newspapers for cocked hats exceeded all precedent, and it is calculated that fifty thousand old journals were consumed in commemoration of old times. The metropolis has always been divided into GUY FAUX districts on the 5th of November, and a good Guy walk, which in other years has yielded an average of half-a-crown in copper, was, on the last 5th of November, known to produce as much as four shillings in halfpence, and as much again in silver money, showing that the wealthier classes were eager to support Protestantism, even in the guise of Guys; men of straw were never known to be at so large a premium; and old rags, which had been previously dull at twopence a pound, went up to twopence-halfpenny on the morning of the 5th, and in the evening they went up so high that they never came down again.

PUNCH'S PENANCE.

THOUGH our ordinary mood is a jovial one, we are not without our moments of melancholy—all the more intense from the height of cheerfulness from which we tumble. Sometimes we impose this wholesome sadness on ourselves, but more often we do penance involuntarily—finding ourselves in the white sheet when we least expected it, and renouncing the pomps, vanities, and follies of the world, when we had flattered ourselves we were about to enjoy them with peculiar gusto.

We did such a penance on Thursday night, last week—in Drury Lane Theatre—at JULLIEN'S *Bal Masqué*. It is impossible for any monk of La Trappe to have passed a more melancholy night in his cell, than *Punch* did in his box, at that joyous festivity. And he found, to his surprise, most of the company doing penance like himself, and assisting at the doleful ceremonial in the gravest and most solemn manner.

Yes—we never remember to have witnessed a more mournful spectacle than those ranges of boxes and gallery, filled to overflowing with a set of respectable family parties, who looked on, for five mortal hours, without a laugh, without a movement, without a sound, at the equally staid and solemn scene below them. In the area of the theatre moved some five or six hundred persons of both sexes, many of them in fantastic dresses, with sad faces (such of them as one could see), or sadder masks, sometimes to brisker, sometimes to slower music. But whether the orchestra indulged in the wildest polka, or the gentlest quadrille, there was no change in the spirit of determined dreariness, with which the dancers went about their work.

It is true there was here and there an indiscreet foreigner, who, mistaking the character of the proceedings, occasionally indulged in an outburst of irreverent vivacity and unbecoming animal spirits, but these misplaced demonstrations were quickly put down. Gaiety could no more exist in that atmosphere than a mouse under an exhausted receiver. There was one young man, apparently one of these misguided foreigners, in the dress of a French Harlequin, who made many laborious attempts at liveliness, but with the most flat and uniform failure. When we left the melancholy scene, he was still at it, embracing a red Indian, and whooping. But his attempts were discountenanced, and though we admired his perseverance, we could not but smile at his mistaken estimate of our countrymen.

Altogether, we had a most salutary night of sad and solemn reflection, and we were glad to see so many of our friends evidently availing themselves of the opportunity for the same purpose.

Talk of a Quakers' meeting-house, or the Model Prison!—for making people reflect seriously, commend *Punch* to a November *Bal Masqué* in London.

HERE IS OUR PORTRAIT AS WE APPEARED IN THE PROMENADE.

THE *POST* UPON DOGS OF WAR.

THE *Post* is wont, in its own profound way, to sum up the events of the past week. Every Monday a frivolous world is called upon to pause, and to reflect upon the historical materials of the past seven days. A very laudable custom this, and very eloquently vindicated by our golden-mouthed contemporary. Here is a beautiful passage from "The Week" of the *Post*:—

"Now, in the 19th century, with half Europe tossed, rudderless, on the stormy waves of revolutions, the slenderest threads only holding her struggling dogs of war."

NEPTUNE on the waves, reining his horses, is a familiar picture; but that half Europe should be rudderless on the billows, and with slender threads holding struggling dogs, is a grand novelty. However, the figure satisfactorily settles the breed of the dogs of war: they are neither mastiffs, nor bloodhounds, nor French poodles, but, being reined with thread to rudderless Europe, tossed on the waves, can be no other than water-dogs.

The Ministerial Complete Letter-Writer.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL has always been considered as having some pretensions to be considered a man of letters; but all his letters are now thrown into the shade by the one which he has written to the BISHOP OF DURHAM.

POPE'S "ESSAY ON MAN."—This last edition of POPE'S Essay has been got up by CARDINAL WISEMAN, and may be had, in a few days, at Westminster. It is bound in scarlet, and is on a much bolder scale than any previous essay we recollect of the same author.

A SHORT WAY WITH THE POPE'S PUPPETS.

To the RIGHT HON. LORD JOHN RUSSELL, M.P.

MY LORD,

THE POPE, in his scarlet audacity, cuts up merry England like a cake into thirteen slices,—a Twelfth Cake with all the images—giving a slice to one Cardinal and twelve Bishops. The POPE has stretched out his crozier, and pulled the stray English sheep into his fold. And the sheep shall be better fed with the old Vatican wafers; and shall bear on its scarlet wool the seal of the Fisherman's Ring. Without knowing it, we are all of us the POPE's spiritual subjects; we have gone over to him in our sleep: in our beds have been carried to Rome, and are only now awakened to the change. Such are the glad tidings cried by DOCTOR NEWMAN; such the stirring trumpet-note of the Cardinal of Westminster!

And now there are meetings of Protestant divines; there are addresses to the BISHOP OF LONDON; and the Bishop's denunciations of Papal supremacy come thawed to us in a reply, like the melted tones long frozen in MUNCHAUSEN'S trumpet. Protests have been issued; the POPE pelted with all sorts of names; and every man and woman exhorted to declare their unrelenting opposition to Rome—their indignation at its insolence and its ingratitude.

My Lord, this is all very well; but we do not have meetings to protest against the crimes of pickpockets. We do not gather together to declare our uncompromising hostility to burglars; we do not avow our hatred and loathing of—and determination never, if we know it, to take—a bad crown piece. No, my Lord. We pay for a police to seize the pickpocket if possible, in the fact; we shoot a burglar, though he may escape into a bush, and scream for mercy; and for the tendered copper or pewter crown, we may either cut it in twain, and give over the pieces to the utterer, or nail the pocket-piece inexorably to the counter. Now, my Lord, in something after this fashion would I deal with all Cardinals and Bishops appointed with hat, pallium, and ring, to English counties. In some such way would I deal with the iniquity of a Church that would pick the conscience of this Protestant country—that would break into the house, and domineer at the fireside of every Englishman—that would substitute for the Crown of England, the rule and potency of the triple crown of triple brass of the withering, man-destroying power of Rome. The way is brief and easy.

Let your Lordship draw up a small bill. A plain, unmistakeable bill; with every line and clause as clear and defined as the bars of a Smithfield gridiron. And let the bill run as follows, with as little flourish as you may.

"AND BE IT ENACTED, That any person accepting of the POPE OF ROME, or of any Pope, Cardinal, or Catholic Roman Bishop soever, any Titular Jurisdiction as Cardinal, or Catholic Bishop, of any County, City, or Township, of Protestant England, shall be adjudged guilty of High Treason; and shall suffer the Penalty of High Treason as may be adjudged in all Cases.

"AND FURTHER BE IT ENACTED, That the signing of any Address, Mandate, Letter, Order, or Exhortation soever, signed by a Catholic, as the Supreme Catholic Cardinal, or Bishop, of any County, City, or Township, shall of itself be adjudged as Proof of the Crime of High Treason against the Crown and Dignity of the Sovereign of these Realms; and the doer thereof shall suffer the Penalty of High Treason, as adjudged."

Here, my Lord, are two little clauses; a Bill in the rough. Let it be, on the meeting of Parliament, forthwith cut into an Act, and set—the brightest jewel—in the Protestant crown of Protestant England.

And in making the crime above recited the crime of high treason, I have no wish to bring back the days of the hurdle, the halter, the axe, and the quartering-knife. But I have this desire; a most lively wish, that I would carry out by penal enactment. When a Roman Catholic Pope-appointed Cardinal put on his scarlet hat, and called upon the city of Westminster to do him, in the name of Rome, all spiritual obedience, I would immediately seize such Cardinal, try him for High Treason, and, on conviction, send him, in convict grey, to the antipodes. The convicted Roman Catholic Bishop of Plymouth should know the change of air breathed at the still-vexed Bermudas; and the Bishop of Liverpool quaff the bitter waters of Norfolk Island.

The time has passed when we should protest in the old way against the powers of the POPE OF ROME. Our new mode of protest should be delivered by twelve men in a box; our appeal—not to the conscience of the Court of Rome, but to the Jury of the Court of the Old Bailey.

I remain, my Lord,

Your obedient servant and humble adviser,

PUNCH.

A CIVIC CALIGULA.

AN enthusiastic Alderman declared the other day, at the LORD MAYOR'S dinner, that he wished the world contained but one turtle, that he might eat it all.

THE MUSEUM FLEA.

MR. T. HUDSON TURNER, in his Blue-Book evidence, on the condition of the Reading-Room of the British Museum, says:

"There is a flea generated in that room that is larger than any to be found elsewhere, except in the receiving-rooms of the workhouses."

We think the Reading-room flea demands instant and most earnest attention. We propose that the Antiquarian Society immediately sit upon this flea. We moreover suggest to that learned body the propriety of grappling with three questions bearing, as we conceive, very closely upon the flea. Namely—

I. May not the flea be generated in certain books, even as mites are generated in cheese?

II. May not the flea be the metempsychosis of some rich publisher, as CURL or TONSON; doomed for awhile to jump the earth as a flea; and further doomed to the Reading-room of the Museum, that the transmigrated bookseller may feed upon his old and customary human diet?

III. Ought not a well-authenticated Museum flea-bite to be submitted to the microscopic examination of ERASMUS WILSON, in order that that distinguished dealer in skins might report upon the bite, whether or not presenting proofs of being inflicted by the ordinary weapons of a bookseller?

ASTRONOMICAL EXAMINATION PAPER FOR THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.

BY PRIMATE CULLEN.

THE Sun is two yards in diameter;
It moves round the Earth;
It is made of bees' wax;
Its shape is triangular;
It rises in the west, and sets in the east;
It is called the Sun, because it first made its appearance on a *Sun*day.

The Moon is half a yard in diameter;
It is cousin-german to the Sun;
It is made of green cheese;
Its shape is that of a square;
There is a man living in it whose name is *Mooney*.
It was called the Moon from the circumstance of its being first seen on that day which is now known as Monday, but which is, properly speaking, *Moon*day.

An old Saw newly Set.

WE learn from a curious article on Water, in the *Quarterly Review*, that the Bagshot sands catch (besides rain) 500 tons per acre per annum of dew; which is one source of the exquisitely pure water proposed by the Board of Health for the future supply of London. The Dirt party in the City, however, are up in arms against the Board; loudly denouncing their project as chimerical, and their pure water as a vapid and unsavoury beverage. As it would be literally pure waste to lavish clean water on palates so lamentably perverted, we would suggest the propriety of retaining in the City a few tanks of sewage-mixed Thames water, for the especial drinking of the "Defenders of the Filth;" with whom we are certainly not bound to share our sun-distilled supplies—unless, indeed, on the principle of giving a certain old gentleman his dew.

THE CURRENCY IN CALIFORNIA.

CALIFORNIA, according to the *Liverpool Times*, now boasts a newspaper, called the *Californian Illustrated News*. The price, says the publisher, "to bring it within the reach of the poorest," is only one dollar a number. The Californian gold seems nothing to the Californian paper.

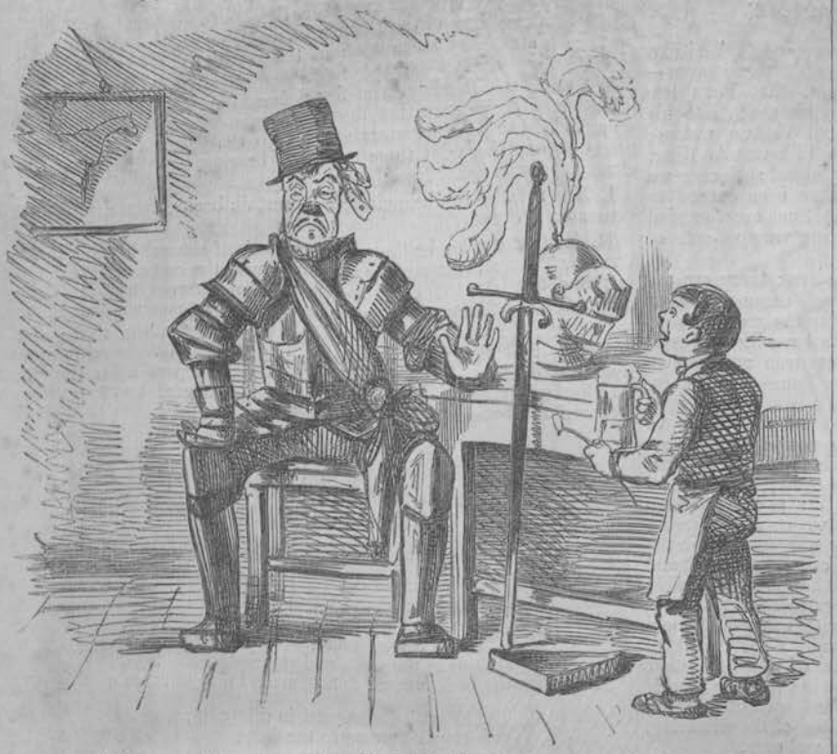
Double-Sighted Sites.

AN advertisement announces that building-ground, for public or other large buildings requiring two frontages, can be had in the neighbourhood of the Houses of Parliament. We suppose, from the facility of getting two frontages in the vicinity of the Legislature, that there is something about the locality which renders it decidedly double-faced.

A GAME AT HOP-SCOTCH.

THE announcement of JULLIEN'S *Bal Masqué* contained the extraordinary notification that no *Pantaloons* would be admitted. The impression naturally produced on our minds was that the costume was intended to be all Caledonian, and that decorum would be not only Scotch'd, but kilt.

THE LAMENT OF THE MAN IN BRASS.



"The pot o' beer you ordered 's here," the nimble potboy said,
"It comes from round the corner; they 've drawed it with an 'ead;
And here 's a pipe, if you would like to moisten of your clay,
But they said, without the money I mustn't come avay."

He lingered on the threshold, but the warrior heeded not,
Upon the board beside him untasted stood the pot;
The pipe lay there unlighted, unopened lay the screw,
And the Man in Brass, in his cuirass, sat looking black and blue.

There gleams not now upon his brow the casque with nodding plume;
Instead of that, the humble hat o'ershades his gaze of gloom;
Against the board his warrior sword is sadly laid apart,
And his breast-plate falls and rises with the heaving of his heart.

He hath roused him up to answer the clamorous boy's demand—
"Into my pocket, armed at point, I cannot put my hand;
Wait there without—I 'll pay the stout afore I leave the room."
The boy is gone—and all alone he speaks out in his gloom!

"'Tis the ninth morn of November—the Lord Mayor's Day is here—
Instead of sitting by my stout, would I lay in my bier!
Up through the street yclept of Fleet e'en at this hour they pass—
But in the throng that ride along there is no Man in Brass!

In days gone by how proud was I, in my brass that brightly shone,
When to saddle-tree they lifted me, with many a heave and groan—
How, 'midst the jokes of City folks, all solemnly I rode,
Nor heeded laugh, nor small boys' chaff, as on my good steed trode.

My gallant steed, where art thou? In Batty's stables drear
Art thou neighing for the rider who is sadly sitting here?
Or is thy proud heart chafing, as they yoke thee to the car
Of Britannia, or some such stuff—the humbugs that they are?

There is a work—it 's by one Burke, I think I 've heard folks say—
Which proves the days of chivalry for ever past away;
But times of old had still a hold while in the Lord Mayor's Show
My brazen face retained a place—and now I 'm forced to go.

The Common Councilmen, I feel, will rue it bye and bye,
When they find that Batty's charges is so uncommon high;
For he 's safe to send them in a bill that will their hearts appal,
For Britannia, and the camels, and the elephants, and all.

And what 's the British public, that they expect 'twill hail
A female in a petticoat, instead of males in mail?
For Britannias, unless it be on coppers, no one cares—
What 's elephants to Aldermen, or camels to Lord Mayors?

My curse upon the City and Corporation too,
It 's little that I ever thought to them to bid adoo!
Was I not old and useless—and to old and useless things
Ain't there always in the Council a majority that clings?

It ain't no use! They 've cooked my goose—what can I do but die?
How can I live dishonoured, shunned, shut up, and put by?
But by the light of prophecy, in my last hour I know
That now the Man in Brass is gone, there 's more a going to go.

Smithfield won't long survive me—I see within Guildhall
The mighty Gog and Magog a tottering to their fall;
My vengeful ghost shall rule the roast, and rise up cap-a-pie,
To make a hash of calipash and a mock of calipee!"

A VOICE FROM THE BOTTLE.

"Mr. Punch,

"I am glad to hear that the Queen's Ministers are again meeting in Council; and learning that the number of *Punch* is always laid upon the table—no doubt for purposes of inspiration—I address you that my long-standing complaint may reach the ears and touch the hearts of Her Majesty's Councillors.

"Sir,—it is very true that we are threatened by the Pope; that John Bull has been disturbed in his pleasant pastures by the portentous scarlet hat.

"It is very true that we are again threatened with the renewal of the income-tax.

"But these matters are trifles in comparison with an injustice that has, for years, gone on increasing; and, unless stopt by statute, threatens to carry disgust and confusion into every cellar. Need I say, that I allude to the diminishing size of what is jocosely called a quart wine bottle? I am called a quart; and yet blow me, as a bottle, if I hold more than an imperial pint. Now, why should not a law determine the size of bottles as it has already done that of pewter pots? I ask this of Ministers, and am—for measures not men—

"Yours faithfully,

"A Wine Bottle (called a Quart).

"P.S. Couldn't you get George Cruikshank to speak for us?"

"Chip, Chow, Cherry, Chow."

The inhabitants of Regent Street are very anxious to get rid of their wooden pavement, and to walk in the ways of their fathers, if those ways could only be restored. The broken blocks in the carriage way are so many stumbling-blocks in their path; and though there is a very natural respect entertained for those who take after their parents, the passengers are excessively disgusted by continually tumbling over so many chips of the old blocks.

A PROVERB PROVED.

If it be true that the New Cut Cardinal prompted the Pope to his late foolish interference with England, we have another illustration of the truth of the old saying, that "it takes a wise-man to make a fool."

The Bishop of London's Charge.—Enquire at the doors of St. Paul's Cathedral, and you will be told that the Bishop's Charge is—"Twopence."

THE THIN END OF THE WEDGE.

DARING ATTEMPT TO BREAK INTO A CHURCH.

KINDRED QUACKS.

I OVERHEARD two matrons grave, allied by close affinity,
(The name of one was PHYSIC, and the other's was DIVINITY,)
As they put their groans together, both so doleful and lugubrious:—
Says PHYSIC, "To unload the heart of grief, Ma'am, is salubrious:
Here am I, at my time of life, in this year of our deliverance;
My age gives me a right to look for some esteem and reverence.
But, Ma'am, I feel it is too true what everybody says to me,—
Too many of my children are a shame and a disgrace to me."

"Ah!" says DIVINITY, "my heart can suffer with another, Ma'am;
I'm sure I can well understand your feelings as a mother, Ma'am.
I've some, as well,—no doubt but what you're perfectly aware on't, Ma'am,
Whose doings bring derision and discredit on their parent, Ma'am."

"There are boys of mine," says PHYSIC, "Ma'am, such silly fancies nourishing,
As curing gout and stomach-ache by pawing and by flourishing."

"Well," says DIVINITY, "I've those who teach that Heaven's beatitudes
Are to be earned by postures, genuflexions, bows, and attitudes."

"My good-for-nothing sons," says PHYSIC, "some have turned hydropathists;
Some taken up with mesmerism, or joined the homœopathists."

"Mine," says DIVINITY, "pursue a system of gimcrackery,
Called Puseyism, a pack of stuff, and quite as arrant quackery."

Says PHYSIC, "Mine have sleep-walkers, pretending, through the hide of you,
To look, although their eyes are shut, and tell you what 's inside of you."

"Ah!" says DIVINITY, "so mine, with quibbling and with cavilling,
Would have you, Ma'am, to blind yourself, to see the road to travel in."

"Mine," PHYSIC says, "have quite renounced their good old pills and potions, Ma'am,
For doses of a billionth of a grain, and such wild notions, Ma'am."

"So," says DIVINITY, "have mine left wholesome exhortation, Ma'am,
For credence-tables, reredoses, rood-lofts, and maceration, Ma'am."

"But hospitals," says PHYSIC, "my misguided boys are founding, Ma'am."

"Well," says DIVINITY, "of mine, the chapels are abounding, Ma'am."

"Mine are trifling with diseases, Ma'am," says PHYSIC, "not attacking them."

"Mine," says DIVINITY, "instead of curing souls are quacking them."

"Ah, Ma'am," says PHYSIC, "I'm to blame, I fear, for these absurdities."

"That 's my fear too," DIVINITY says, "Ma'am, upon my word it is."

Says PHYSIC "Fees, not science, have been far too much my wishes, Ma'am."

"Truth," says DIVINITY, "I've loved much less than loaves and fishes, Ma'am."

Says each to each, "We're simpletons or sad deceivers, some of us;
And I am sure, Ma'am, I don't know whatever will become of us."

All Up with the Pope.

MONSIEUR POITEVIN, the French aeronaut, has almost exhausted BUFFON'S *Natural History*, in endeavouring to find some new animal on which to make his balloon ascents. He has gone up on horseback, donkey-back, ostrich-back, and nearly every other species of back, until, at last, he has been so hard pushed for something new, that he requested an elephant to give him a back, which the sagacious monster declined. It is now, we believe, in contemplation by MONSIEUR POITEVIN to ascend on the back of the Pope's Bull, which will experience no difficulty in ascending, for it has attained the greatest height ever known, at least in the way of impudence.

The Hive Upset.

THE industrious character of the English nation, and particularly perhaps the exemplification of it in the undertaking of the Great Exhibition of 1851, very probably gave rise to an impression at the Vatican that our swarming millions were a nation of bees. By this time, our ecclesiastical invaders are probably convinced of their mistake, having found that their interference with our hive has raised a nest of hornets about their ears.

HOW THE POPE'S BULL IS TO BE EATEN.—With DURHAM Mustard.

MUSIC AND MANNERS IN LONDON.

IT has been customary to unite together Music and Manners, as if the one were connected with the other; but we are sorry to say, that Music and Manners seldom go together in the Metropolis; for we have frequently requested an organ-grinder to "move on" with his music, when he has not had the manners to go at all. The other day we suffered much inconvenience in an over-the-Water-loo omnibus from a cornet-à-piston on the roof, who, with an utter disregard of manners, persisted in forcing his music upon us, dealing blow after blow upon our ear, till getting into a crowd collected by a "determined band," we were blocked up for several minutes listening to a species of "Concert Stuck." These facts lead us to the conclusion, that if music does not speedily mend its manners—at least in the public thoroughfares—the term "Music and Manners" will become perfectly absurd.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON'S CHARGE.

WE always knew that the charge of a Bishop was something very considerable—we had heard it estimated at about ten thousand per annum—but the recent charge of the BISHOP OF LONDON is beyond all price. If we were to add up each of its seven columns separately we should be unable to give its sum total; but we regret that some of the most insignificant items take up the most room; a great deal of space being devoted to old scores that we hoped had been rubbed off. Thus we have all the items of the GORHAM affair, which has been already so costly to the church, set down again in detail; and the judicious HOOKER is rather injudiciously hooked in, to swell a charge which had far weightier matters to take into account. We find, subsequently, a very long paragraph occupied with BEVERIDGE, but on looking into this beverage we find it little more than milk and water, which need not have been set down at all, and of which the charge might have been fairly curtailed. Nevertheless we look upon the Bishop's charge as, on the whole, a reasonable one; and, if the charges of episcopacy were never more extravagant than the one in question, we do not think the church economists would have very strong reason to complain.

TICKLETOBY FOR BULLMONGERS.

AMONG a heap of old arms and muniments devised in ancient times for the defence of the British Crown and Constitution, the labours of legal archæologists have turned up a curious instrument which seems capable of being again called into requisition. This ancient weapon is in a pretty fair state of preservation—or perhaps it would be more correct to say, of pickle; for, in fact, it is a rod, which was made in the time of RICHARD II., for the back of any person or persons who should introduce, or cause to be introduced, into these dominions, any sort of document, from the Court of Rome or elsewhere, infringing on the authority of the Sovereign. This implement of correction is called the statute of *Præmunire*, and, though it may have lost some of its twigs, there is yet birch enough in it to inflict a titillation far from agreeable on any offenders who may subject themselves to its stripes. It is to be hoped that the knowledge of the existence of the *Præmunire* rod will so operate as to render the application of it unnecessary, and that disloyal ecclesiastics will be deterred by it from invading the Royal prerogative as effectually as ill-conditioned and vain snobs are prevented, by the fear of a whipping, from insulting the QUEEN. By the way, it is to be hoped that if certain clergymen, commonly called Oxford Divines, who rather approve of the late Papal assault on the Crown, are named in connexion with Oxford any more, it will be only with OXFORD the Potboy.

A Communication from Mr. Dunup.

"I SEE that LEIGH HUNT says, 'New pleasures have old warrants.' Now, I am sorry to differ with so great an authority as MR. LEIGH HUNT, but I never could see the slightest pleasure in a warrant, and I have just been looking over a number of 'old warrants,' of which I have a very large collection, and I must say that the inspection has yielded me anything but 'new pleasures.'"

AN OLD PROVERB WITH A NEW FACE.

"THERE is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous," said NAPOLEON. In other words—there is but the difference of a letter between the man of Pomp, and the man who is simply a Pump.

Musical Intelligence.

THE MONS. JULLIEN has engaged a corps of Parisian drummers, for the revival of the drum-polka. We understand that a novel effect will be gained by the use of real drum sticks from the Poultry, in a new composition, called the Turkey Galop.

AGGRESSION ON THE OMNIBUS ROOFS.

BY the Papers, I see, *Mr. Punch*, that the Commissioners of Police intend to put down the seats on the roofs of the omnibuses. In the first place, Sir, if the roof-seats come down, the fares will go up, to the inconvenience of all, except the ducal, episcopal, baronial, and other extremely superior classes. But there are several descriptions of persons whom the proposed alteration will particularly incommode.

Being obliged to go inside omnibuses, which are so narrow that people can neither get in nor out without treading on their fellow-passengers' toes, will be a great hardship to gentlemen afflicted with corns. Sir, unfortunately, I can sympathise with those gentlemen. Other gentlemen there are who are in the habit of dining out. To such it will be peculiarly vexatious to be unable to take a sixpenny ride to the abode of hospitality, except at the peril of a succession of stamps being imprinted by dirty highlows on resplendent boots. With these gentlemen, Sir, I have also a community of feeling and interest. Then, Sir, there are gentlemen, also, who I will not say have an aversion to infants, for that would be barbarous, but who object to too close a proximity to those interesting objects, and would rather be out of the hearing of their cries, or, at least, have those innocent but intolerable sounds mellowed by as great a distance as possible.

To be condemned to the interior of an omnibus is to be doomed, in nine cases out of ten, to immediate contiguity to an obstreperous babe in arms: a position most nervous and uncomfortable. It is therefore a severe sentence, and a heavy punishment to the class of gentlemen I have last adverted to, and in whose susceptibilities and sensations I likewise strongly participate. An omnibus full of fine healthy young women—half a dozen of them with a nursling each in her lap—is a very common, and, no doubt, a satisfactory sight; and they make, I dare say, a very pleasant party among themselves, and are a very fit and proper cargo for the inside of the vehicle. In the meantime, Sir, give me the out; and I hope you will stand up for the roof-seats, and the comfort of

AN UNCLE OF A FAMILY.

ON BIRDS, BALLOONS, AND BOLUSES.

THE bird of ÆSCULAPIUS ought, certainly, to have been a goose; for "Quack, quack, quack," should be the great motto of medicine. One professor invents an ointment for other people's bad legs, which keeps him comfortably on his own, while another makes a harvest of everybody's corn, and a third publishes a pill to smooth the pillow of every invalid, or a bolus to render his bolster bearable. In another phase of quackery, we find specifics for the hair recommended to those who are ready to take any nonsense into their heads, and will boldly stand "the hazard of the dye," in the vain hope that the grey, indicating the twilight or winter time of life, may be exchanged for the dark, brown tints of summer or autumn at the latest; and we are constantly being invited to "remove our baldness" in advertisements, which we know to be the very essence of balderdash.

Quackery, however, seems to be successful in some cases, for the public will swallow anything from a puff to a pill, from music to medicine, from a play to a plaister, and there is no doubt that (to paraphrase MACBETH, when speaking of the possibility that Birnam Wood being come to Dunsinane):—

"If BARNUM would but come to Drury Lane,"

he would, by his force of quackery, make that pay him which has paid no one else during the last quarter of a century. Such is the spirit of the age, that, reading the accounts from America relative to our own *protegée*, JENNY LIND, we are disposed to think that the nightingale is being made a goose of in the United States—so vast is the amount of quackery with which her name is just now identified.

As there is good to be got from every evil, we are justified in expecting that the puff and quack malady will cure itself, and if things are likely to mend when they get to the worst, we may congratulate ourselves upon humbug having reached almost the antipodes of sense and propriety. The balloon mania has already nearly exhausted the utmost resources of absurdity; for M. POITEVIN on a donkey—how very like putting butter upon bacon!—has failed to attract, and three or four women suspended in the air are, now necessary to tempt the curiosity of the Parisian public when a balloon ascends from the Hippodrome. We expect to hear next that POITEVIN intends going up attached to the balloon by the hair of his head, for he seems quite silly enough to become the victim of such a very foolish attachment.

WANTED—WAREHOUSE-ROOM FOR ART.

By MR. JOHN BULL.

WHY leave me a parcel of pictures,
And why give me statues—'od rot 'em!—
To draw on me foreigners' strictures?
They 're no use to me when I 've got 'em.
They 're very fine and splendid, I dare say,
And so they 'd look, no doubt, if I could show 'em;
But I 'm obliged to put 'em all away—
I haven't one fit place wherein to stow 'em.

Keep your WILSON, your GAINSBOROUGH, your LELY,
Your HOGARTH, your REYNOLDS, your KNELLER—
If you give them to me, I say freely,
I shall go put 'em all in a cellar.
My gallery won't hold one Master more;
MICHAEL ANGELO could find there no locality,
And if RAPHAEL himself came to the door,
With FERGUSON he 'd taste like hospitality.

MR. LAYARD here just has been sending
From Nineveh various antiquities,
Its manners to illustrate tending,
And customs, and sins, and iniquities.
But then there 's my Museum stuffed so full,
If NIMROD'S self applied there 'd not be room for him;
As for that what d' ye call it—wingèd bull—
I 've no accommodation but a tomb for him.

I don't under-value the present—
A painting I love beyond measure;
To look at fine sculpture is pleasant:
But where to dispose of the treasure?
Your pictures and your marbles I 'll receive,
Without the slightest murmur or objection;
If you be also kind enough to leave
A proper place for holding the collection.

"JUSTICE TO BACHELORS."

"MR. PUNCH,

"I HAVE read the complaints of CHARLES SINGLEBOY, in your last, with sympathy; and have, with great feeling, considered the cuts of the artist, illustrative of the injustice complained of by C. S., and my remedy is—this.

"Let the ladies (and *I* say bless 'em!) have the best rooms, and the men the worst; but don't let the married men lie in clover by virtue of their wives; whilst the bachelors are hoisted into the garrets.

"My remedy—I repeat it—is *this*.

"Let the women, married and single, share the best beds together among 'em; and let the men, married and bachelors, individually rough it in the attics.

"Yours,

"A SINGLE VICTIM."

AN APPETITE FOR NOVELTY.

AT one of the numerous exhibitions daily advertising their attractions to the world, we find among the programme the announcement of some "exquisite pearl-eaters." This part of the entertainment must be rather costly for the proprietor, if the pearl-eaters happen to have good appetites, and are allowed their pearls as the French are their bread, *à discrétion*. Surely there must be some mistake in the advertisement, and pearl-drinkers must be intended instead of pearl-eaters, for early pearl—or *purl*, as it is usually spelt, we believe—is a common and inexpensive beverage. There ought to be literally, as well as musically, a *pluie des Perles* to supply the expensive tastes of these individuals, who, by having their appetites thus luxuriously pampered, may, in time, require some garnets by way of *garniture*, or should they turn topers, insist on drinking nothing less choice than dissolved topazes.

THE CONCERTS AT THE OPERA HOUSE REVISITED.

(By our own Impartial Critic.)

LATELY I repeated my visit to the Grand National Concerts once or twice, and find that they are now in some measure vindicating their claim to their title. They include, at least, one piece of music in the course of the evening, which is really grand; and let us hope that the serenatas of MR. MACFARREN, MR. LODER, and MR. GLOVER, will render them both grand and national.

Persons who have the control of musical arrangements in this country, too often bear a resemblance to a very unphilharmonic animal, both in respect of ears and obstinacy. The directors of these concerts, however, I am happy to report, show that they can take a hint. MR. BALFE and his band now play symphonies fairly out, executing them by regular process, instead of murdering them by cutting them in two. When I heard BEETHOVEN'S noble *Eroica* for the second time, it was like beholding a mighty Colossus in its totality—instead of seeing a giant, heels first and head afterwards.

Last night I heard the symphony in C minor by the same great man; and I would advise everybody to hear it too, that would like the emotions of joy, and exultation, and triumph to be excited in his soul—if he has a soul—for the small sum of eighteenpence, if he can command that amount of capital. For my part, I paid three shillings for the entertainment, being driven into the upper boxes by the crowd, which is now deservedly considerable at this place of recreation, so much so, as to incommode a short fat man like me. The gallery stalls would have answered my purpose at a less expense, but that the neighbouring chandelier keeps hissing with its gas in a very disagreeable and unwarranted manner.

Upon my word I don't regret my three shillings. I had WEBER'S Overture to *Oberon* for it—full of fairy grace and chivalry—into the bargain. I also heard the gentlemen of the choir of the Berlin Chapel Royal sing a fugue of JOMELLI'S, and wished them no further than St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey. MISS ANGRI sang *Di tanti palpiti*, in a very saccharine manner; and the jubilant *Wedding March* of MENDELSSOHN was played with such spirit that—if the thought of such a thing were not ridiculous on the part of a little corpulent man—it might have persuaded me to go and seek to get married.

My three shillings' worth might have comprised a good deal more, inclusive of a selection from one of DONIZETTI'S operas, and a fantasia on another; also a polka and a galop—which I dare say afforded sufficient diversion to those who were inclined to stop and hear them. But the fashionable music of love and of the dance, does not affect my sympathies, and if it did, would excite feelings incongruous with my personal appearance.

There is an individual performer at these concerts whom I cannot forbear singling out for favourable mention. I allude to the gentleman who beats the kettle-drums. He drums very zealously—yet without too much zeal; he is a drummer who would have just suited TALLEYRAND. His delicate, distinct touches tell exquisitely in the symphonies and overtures; and he is particularly great in the grand thump in the overture to *Oberon*. I should really like to hear this artist perform a fantasia on his special instrument. Fantasias in general are, to me, mere musical exercises, and simply wearisome. But a fantasia on the drum would, at any rate, be a novelty. I say thus much for an instrument and a performer alike too commonly neglected; and would not wish to insinuate that the orchestra, generally, is not quite worthy of the kettle drum.

OMISSIONS FROM THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

MESSRS. GOG and MAGOG, in the purest spirit of civicism, beg (through *Punch*) to ask, wherefore the LORD MAYOR'S procession—having once taken to beasts, to the injustice of the Proprietors and Fellows of the Zoological Gardens—failed to number among the stags, elephant, and camel, the subjoined distinguished members of the animal world? The 9th of November, 1850, is over and gone; but the labours of MESSRS. G. and M. may not be thrown away upon the Lord Mayors as yet in the bosom of futurity.

AN OSTRICH—with a horse-shoe in his mouth, and the freedom of the City hung about his neck. The iron to signify that, as a citizen of London, he is ready to swallow and digest any and all of the arguments of the Court of Aldermen.

A ZEBRA—as the representative and type of worldly luck; showing how a species of donkey may pass through the world in the finest of coats.

A JACKDAW—as a bird associated with church towers and steeples; to be carried hawk-wise, on the fist of the LORD MAYOR'S Chaplain; and to cry, at short intervals, "*Twopence—Twopence—Twopence*," in honour of the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's Cathedral.

A TORTOISESHELL CAT—in commemoration of the mayoralty of RICHARD WHITTINGTON; and further illustrative of the necessity of every Corporation Cat catching his mouse.

A JACKAL—in compliment to the vested interest of Smithfield Market, and representative of the civic class, delighting in garbage.

A REALLY "SHOCKING BAD HAT."—The Cardinal's Hat bestowed on DR. WISEMAN by the POPE.

THE PATENT PASSENGER REGISTER.

To Mr. Punch.

"SIR,—'Avin 'ad okashun to rite you afore concernin' of regilashons of 'busses, I make bold at present wich now or never must be the wurd with us condukters and drivers. 'Ard used we allus wos and will be, wich not to speke of the way condukters is poked at out o' winder with stiks and rumbrellers, and the trubble guv us by ladies, perticly since the thruppeny fares and change constancly required, wich I reckens to carry about thirty-six pound wate in coppur about me from our fust jurny till our last; 'owever these 'ere inconweniences ain't nothink to speke of wile a man's carakter is wot it ort to be, but now I 'ere tell of this 'ere 'Patent passenger redchester,' wich, as explaned by a gent as rode with us last Satterday nex the dore, it is some kind a' machine under the step as tells any time a passenger gets in and hout wich it is ment for a check upon hus condukters.

"Now, Sir, look 'ere 'ow it will work. I wurks on a Waterloo. Ere 's a lady ales us in Chancery Lane—well, in she gets, and wen she 's settled 'erself off the passengers nees and tows, she sez, says she, 'You go to the Bank?' sez she, which, in course, we don't go no veres near the Bank, and she mite a knowd it if she 'd axed afore gittin in (but they seems to think all busses goes to the Bank). 'No, marm,' sez I. 'Let me out this moment,' sez she, 'I want to go to the Bank,' sez she; and out she gets afore she 's rode twenty yards, praps, wich, in coarse, we don't charge a fare for, nor don't ort too, but the hindex (as they calls it) marks a passenger, and a passenger the pore condukter will 'ave for to pay for, not to speke of gents as gets hup on the step and sees twelve hinside, and sez, 'Oh, no room,' wich it arnt no use a tellin' them there *is* room, and down they gets agin, and there 's another passenger to pay for along of this 'ere hindex, and wot *is* a condukter to do? which my place is bad enuff now, but will be ruinashun, besides many uther cases too noomerous to menshun, and wimmen continoually leving things in the 'bus, and jumpin' hup on the step to git 'em wen they 've pade their munney, which there 's another passenger marked and no munney took, but the condukter will 'ave to pay it all the same.

"They tells me this 'ere hindex is marked up to five thousand, for fere of us conduktors a workin' on it round to deseve the proppyrioturs, wich I knows men as will be a match for any hindex, if you was to mark it up to a milliun, and will keep a boy to jump hon and hoff the step all the jurney, and quere the hindex till they wurks it to any pint as sutes, which it will be the ruin of the condukter as is 'onest, and it won't be no good wen a condukter 's a roge.

"So no more at present from, *Mr. Punch*,

"Your own

"'BUS CONDUCTER."

Hammersmith and Rome.

AT the present time, when so many persons are wishing "Confusion to the POPE," it is desirable that the POPE OR BISHOP OF ROME should not be confounded with the POPE who is the carrier between Hammersmith and the metropolis, or rather that MR. POPE should not be confounded with PIO NONO. There is this important difference between the two individuals,—that the POPE OF HAMMERSMITH confines himself to carrying some things behind him within his regular district, whereas the POPE OF ROME wants to carry every thing before him in territories quite beyond his province.

THE PLEASURE TRIPS OF BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON (UP THE RHINE).

IT IS COLD ON DECK, AND THEY THINK IT WOULD BE BETTER TO LIE DOWN BELOW. ROBINSON AND JONES ARE HERE REPRESENTED AT THE MOMENT OF ENTERING THE CABIN. IT IS INCONVENIENTLY FULL ALREADY, AND EVERYBODY IS SNORING.

ROBINSON RETURNS TO THE DECK, AND, IN DESPAIR, SEATS HIMSELF UPON WHAT HE CONSIDERS A PILE OF CABLE, COATS, CANVAS, LUGGAGE, &C. HOW IS HE TO KNOW THAT IT IS A LADY AND GENTLEMAN.

ARRIVAL AT OSTEND. THE TIDE BEING LOW, IT IS NECESSARY TO LAND IN SMALL BOATS. THE HOUR IS SIX IN THE MORNING. SUNRISE IS TAKING PLACE, AND IT IS VERY COLD. INTERESTING EMOTIONS OF MESSRS BROWN, JONES AND ROBINSON ON COMING IN SIGHT OF "FOREIGN PARTS" FOR THE FIRST TIME.

THE LANDING.

MOMENT OF INTENSE ANXIETY EXAMINATION OF PASSPORTS BY THE AUTHORITIES.

ROBINSON BEFORE AND AFTER A SEA VOYAGE.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16th, 1850

REVIVALS.

DEEPLY sensible I am, and ought to be, of the great privilege which I enjoyed a few days ago, of travelling from the Paddington Station to Didcot, in company with the REV. INGULPHUS CRABBE. The REV. INGULPHUS and I were schoolfellows, and though our lots in life have been very different—he being now senior tutor of ST. SIMEON'S, as well as amateur father confessor to the Anglo-Catholic sisterhood of St. Bennett, and the editor (some think author) of those very successful Puseyite novels, *The Prie-Dieu*, *Secrets of the Oratory*, and *The Stake in the Country, or the Martyrs of Mount Street*—while I—but no matter for that—notwithstanding, I say, the difference in our positions, he is always very affable when we meet, and does not even scruple to converse with me on the present state of the nation, of which his views are, upon the whole, gloomy.

But I never remember to have heard him so very dismal as during our journey on this occasion. He kept drawing the most awful pictures of Infidelity stalking through the length and breadth of our island, tearing down the reredosses, putting out the candles, refusing to join in the antiphonies, building churches without apses and *piscinæ*—of a latitudinarian clergy, with shirt-collars and whiskers—of the dreadful abandonment by the laity of the wholesome discipline of fasts and floggings—and the general indisposition to auricular confession—until I thought an old lady in the carriage would have gone into hysterics.

"Where is the holy and child-like faith of our ancestors?" he asked. "Who now endows a monastery, or settles his property in perpetuity on a chapter? No, Sir, now-a-days we establish model lodging-houses, and believe in the unintermitting water-supply and pipe-drainage. What has become of the blessed practice of pilgrimages? Instead of them we have excursion-trains. In place of praying at the shrine of our LADYE OF WALSINGHAM, or walking on bare knees round the tomb of the blessed ST. THOMAS of Canterbury, our artisans are picture-seeing in the galleries of Hampton Court, or going to Southampton and back for three-and-sixpence."

This was the strain in which the REV. INGULPHUS indulged till we shook hands at Didcot; where he left us, and was received by two young *acolytes*, in pale faces, stiff cravats without ties, and long coats, one of whom meekly shouldered his carpet-bag, the work probably of one of the holy sisterhood of St. Bennett aforesaid (for I observed embroidered on it, in the early English style of crochet, a saint, with pointed feet and perpendicular hands, and an inscription in the orthodox and illegible character, familiar to the ecclesiologist on monumental brasses); while the other reverently charged himself with the breviary (bound in purple-velvet, with *Moyen-age* clasps, and a cross *patinée* on the cover) with which the REV. INGULPHUS had been beguiling so much of his journey as had not been bestowed on the edifying discourse I have described.

After his departure I don't know whether I fell asleep or not, but I certainly had what CHRISTOPHER SLY calls "an exposition" of veneration, which I have no doubt did me much good, and which I will try to describe for the benefit of some of the latitudinarian readers of this publication.

My mind took a retrograde flight, in obedience to the impulse it had received from the REV. INGULPHUS. I felt myself backsliding, if I may say so, from present faiths and feelings, into past beliefs, past royalties, past pietisms.

My first sense was of the iniquity of adherence to the House of Hanover, and a lively impression of the awful sin of the Act of Succession, and the wilful wickedness of the Bill of Rights. I returned to my allegiance and was at the feet of the Pretender, renouncing "the glorious, pious, and immortal memory," with great unction. Of course my religious creed changed with my political. I made a tremendous effort to stick fast at the High Tory, Tantivy, Church and King Protestantism of JUXON and LAUD—but in vain—I was swept back—back into QUEEN MARY'S blessed reign, and found myself shaking hands with BISHOP BONNER, as we assisted at the roasting of a batch of heretics, somewhere near the present site of the Victoria Park, and congratulated each other on the prospects of the true faith.

Here I thought I was secure. But the impetus backwards was too strong, and (before I had time to take good note of the changes), I had already done duty to WODEN, and cooked some scores of British captives *à la panier*, in honour of that fine old Anglo-Saxon divinity. But I couldn't stop there either; and the last thing I was conscious of, was making a desperate effort to stick a mistletoe bough into my cap, as I hurrahed a march of original Druids, (the leader singularly resembling LABLACHE in *Oroveso*) round about the gigantic circle of Stonehenge, on our way to a human sacrifice.

Such was the effect on your humble servant of the REVEREND INGULPHUS'S Theory of Developments—in the wrong direction.

WARS, AND RUMOURS OF WARS.

CONSIDERABLE consternation was excited among the Berlin chorus at the National Concerts, by the intelligence that all the subjects of Prussia serving abroad were to return immediately to their allegiance. The Berlin chorus not being at all pugilistically disposed, would not be desirous of putting on the Berlin gloves to fight, or taking up the Berlin gauntlet. It was observed that the choir, while singing at Her Majesty's Theatre, exhibited a good deal of Prussian blue in their countenances on the evening of the rumour in question getting into circulation. We understand that a memorial has been addressed to the KING OF PRUSSIA, stating that the Berlin choristers are not conspiring in this country, although they act in concert, but that they are engaged in the promotion of harmony rather than in disturbing it.

INVASION AND SUBJECTION OF ENGLAND.

UR own particular reasons for believing that the days of England—as England, were numbered—that the Royal Standard at Windsor or Buckingham Palace would be inevitably exiled to the tricolor—and that the imperial crown (now shown at one shilling per head in the Tower)—would be taken to bits, and the prime jewels distributed by the French President among his Generals for sword pommels and shirt-studs—hanging heavy as millstones at our heart, we resolved to enquire further into the matter; to which end we sought the assistance of a cunning man, whose private and personal acquaintance with the destinies, had made for him a startling reputation as the discoverer of hidden money, stolen spoons, strayed asses, and bewitched cattle. Retired COLOUR-SERJEANT BEEBONNET, of the Royal Rainbows, has long been the acknowledged prophet of the town of Rawhead-cum-Gory-bones; and to SERJEANT BEEBONNET, with a solemnity of countenance not to be mistaken by the sagacity of such a seer, we last week took our way. At a glance, the Serjeant Prophet divined the cause of our mission. "It 's all up," said he; "BRITANNIA may toast crumpets with her trident; the House of Guelph may pack to the Union, and Lords and Commons may squat at the Antipodes." And then the old gentleman, quivering from head to feet with the indignation of a patriot, took a few violent turns about his cottage, kicked over a stool, cursing the bit of wood, for a scoundrelly Frenchman, and then dropt savagely with all his weight in his easy chair, and setting the ferocity that stirred in his heart to music, he burst forth singing—"*And Britons ever, ever, ever, ever will be slaves!*"

Having waited until SERJEANT BEEBONNET had ventilated the furnace of his soul, we at length opened our business. Would he—for the good of his country and the increasing glory of *Punch*—would he condescend to prophesy all the details of the approaching invasion, and final subjection of England, by the French? It would be a great consolation to many families of the nobility, gentry, clergy, and even of the public at large, at once to know the worst! Would the Prophet vouchsafe to appear in robes of black-and-white: or, to speak in vulgar phrase, would he, with pen and ink and foolscap, make manifest the horrors that awaited a doomed, but singularly unreflecting country?

"It 's no use, Sir; not a bit," cried SERJEANT BEEBONNET, and again he jumped to his feet, and struck his head, and knocked down another three-legged stool, crying "*Cossaque*," at the prostrate topsy-turvy moveable. "It 's no use, Sir; Downing Street has no more ears than an oyster. When the bayonet is in its bowels, and red-boxes fly about like blacks at a fire, then—then, perhaps, Downing Street may think of COLOUR-SERJEANT BEEBONNET!"

We waited our time; for at length the patriot prophet—with a softness worthy of CORIOLANUS in his most remorseful moment, consented to project his soul into the middle of June, 1851, and upon a fair sheet of foolscap to write down in order all the events of the invasion, and subjugation of England, exactly as they will be written by the French generalissimo commanding. We are prepared for the sarcasms and unbelief of the headstrong and frivolous. They have no eyes for such a prophecy; they see no more of it than if the fatal words were written in ass's milk upon pot-post. Insensate generation! When the fire of an invading army shall have warmed that colourless fluid into the nigritude of fact, then—but not till then—with blinded eyes, and gnashing teeth, will you confess that the man who knew what was really what, was SERJEANT BEEBONNET.

BULLETIN.

LONDON, BUCKINGHAM PALACE, *June*, 1851.

MONSIEUR LE PRESIDENT,—The tricolor waves over the Palace of the GUELPHS. I dictate this in the pink-and-silver breakfast-room of her deposed MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.

Yesterday our troops landed in the most perfect manner on Dover beach. Not a drummer was missing. The weather, propitious to the civilising arms of France, was hazy at day-break, and thickened into an impervious fog towards noon. In the bosom of that fog we landed; when the sun of Austerlitz (the favourite sun of your immortal uncle) broke forth, discovering the English troops in full retreat from Dover Castle. Not a shot was fired; but nothing could restrain the indomitable ardour of the Brass Band of the 150th from bursting into *Partant pour la Syrie* (epigrammatically meaning London).

We formed, and marched to the Railway, when BOMBADIER MILLE-LAURIERS rushed forward, and with his drawn sabre, cut the electric wires—as he would have cut so many fiddlestrings—thereby destroying all communication between Dover and the Metropolis.

The troops took a parliamentary train; and the whole route through Kent—(CÆSAR'S Kent)—was one long ovation. Wherever our engines stopt to take water, the inhabitants poured out with wine, and ale, and a liquor of the country, called gin. It may serve to show the state of moral discipline arrived at by our troops, merely to observe that not a drop of liquor was accepted. Men who thirst for glory despise all meaner drink.

How much have we misunderstood these people! A train in advance had spread the report of our coming. The populace was dressed in their holiday cottons. At the station, all the marriageable maidens, with flowers upon their heads (a clergyman in attendance), and their parents and guardians with their dowries in bags, supplicated an alliance with our brave army. But, with the voice of glory in his ears, the soldier of the Republic is deaf to love.

The army arrived in excellent spirits at Blackheath, where the camp was pitched,—a part of my staff quartering at Greenwich Hospital. In order to prevent a surprise by the Pensioners, I gave orders that every man should, by sunrise, under pain of martial law, give in his wooden leg!

The eastern approach to London in our possession, I marched before day-break upon the metropolis. With CUNNINGHAM'S *Handbook of London*, and two cabmen brought in by our Lancers, we had no difficulty in deploying upon Regent Street; and here—as before concerted—our movements were crowned with success.

For at day-break our gallant troops, lying in secret in the Crystal Palace of Hyde-Park, whither, according to previous strategy, they had been conveyed, packed up among the contributions of French commerce, to the Exhibition of all Nations—at day-break our gallant troops burst, with fixed bayonets, like lightning, forth!

The 42nd Light Voltigeurs—for three weeks with short rations—shut up in Paris pianos, of an entirely new movement (see Catalogue), although a little doubled and cramped at first, soon, with the returning energy of the soldier, stood at ease with beautiful determination.

A company of pioneers, bursting from bales of French silk, and a regiment of *Sapeurs*—too long ignobly shut up in French clock-cases—poured like a torrent through the Park. In short, in less than an hour, all our troops, conveyed in French manufactures into the Crystal Palace, to act in concert with the invading army, had formed. A mine had been sprung by the brave fellows, to wile away the dreariness of confinement, and precisely at 6 A. M., the mine was fired and the glass palace blown to atoms. PAXTON, the architect, rushing from his lodgings, hard by, in his morning-gown, to the scene of devastation, was captured, but spared. I have ordered him a set of chains of 200 cwt., in tri-colored crystal; and shall present him, when so manacled, to the nation. As one of our brave fellows blithely observed, when the Crystal Palace, with the world's Industrial Show, was blown to bits—"*C'etait joliment nettoyé!*"

At 7 A. M. London was ours with an amount of bloodshed quite ridiculous; but then our gallant army was wonderfully seconded by the efforts of thousands of our gallant countrymen, women, and children, all lodgers at the hearth-stones of perfidious Albion. I have issued an order that every householder shall immediately surrender up his house and moveables, to be held and enjoyed by those French subjects at the time of the invasion lodging with him.

It will be seen that, with the tens of thousands of our gallant countrymen domiciled with the unsuspecting Englishman, the downfall of London must inevitably be *un fait accompli*. All honour to those Frenchmen who, whilst enjoying a treacherous hospitality, were not forgetful of the wrongs of France.

At an early part of the day, we found the animals of the Zoological Gardens of considerable benefit to our movements, as creating a diversion. All the carnivora and the monkeys were set at liberty. The leopards—it would seem with an instinctive recollection of the wrongs they had suffered when gibbeted in the flag of England—turned with great alacrity upon their tyrants. Ditto the tigers. The hippopotamus, enervated by English milk and British pumpkins, refused to budge; and leering, as it was thought, contemptuously upon a Chief of Division, was sabred on the spot. On the other hand, the monkeys evinced great intelligence in following all our movements; and it is yet to be seen whether they might not be enrolled as a Light Singerie, with considerable effect.

The subjugation of England is complete. Of course there yet remain a few insensate examples of defiance and contempt. QUEEN VICTORIA, the PRINCE, and Children, have taken shelter in Woolwich Dockyard, the only place where they cast brass guns. I learn that the Dockyard will be guarded by circumvallations of Congreve rockets; by which it would seem the dethroned dynasty contemplate, at the worst, a

desperate end. Howevever, CARDINAL WISEMAN has been with me, and I have authorised him (with red hat and stockings) to proceed, with a befitting procession, to Woolwich, to talk reason to the humbled House of Brunswick.

High Mass will be performed by the Cardinal to-morrow in Westminster Abbey; and FATHER NEWMAN will officiate in St. Paul's. The Archbishops of the abolished Church, and also the Bishops, will be allowed to leave the country; they and their sinful wives and children, with one change of linen. The BISHOP OF LONDON, for certain previous services, forms a special exception; he is allowed to take with him a portmanteau, weighing not more than three kilogrammes.

The DUKE OF WELLINGTON, with that characteristic obstinacy so marked at the infamous Waterloo, yet holds out in Apsley House. He is occasionally to be seen on the roof, in his great-coat and cocked hat, continually saying to himself, "Up, Guards, and at 'em." I have ordered a bag of gunpowder to be hung at the street-door (we have forced the gates), and at ten precisely shall effect an entrance. I have telegraphed to Portsmouth for the instant outfit of the *Belleraphon*, and in that ship—*that* ship—shall instantly transport the Duke to St. Helena.

From all quarters the people come in. Almacks, however, continues to hold out; though three white pocket-handkerchiefs, with worked coronets, have been sent, as flags of truce. The women desire to walk out with their diamonds, their daughters, and all their other honours of war. This must not be permitted. The diamonds must be surrendered; and the daughters, with the largest dowries, one and all, inexorably put to the wedding-ring.

I had almost forgotten to state, that I have found it necessary to hang all the editors of the atrocious newspapers. To-night, I go with my staff to the theatre, and have ordered, under pain of martial law, that the pieces acted should be returned to the language from which they were originally plundered.

Monsieur le President,

I have the honour to remain,

CHANGARNIER.

THE REAL CLERK OF THE WEATHER.

IT used to be supposed that the Clerk of the Weather was an imaginary individual, but a gentleman who is always writing to the *Times* from Bermondsey Square, has evidently inducted himself into the office alluded to. He appears to sit with one eye on the barometer, and the other on the thermometer, all day and all night long, for the purpose of noting the results, and contributing an occasional quarter of a column to the leading journal. We have lately made some calculations, upon less elaborate data than the Bermondsey *savant*, and by noting the tip of our nose, we found it stood at 40 in the shade on GUY FAUX Day, and on the 9th, during the Lord Mayor's Show, the same feature got up to 60 in the sunshine. Our highlows gave us a quarter of an inch as the depth of mud, but this does not show the mean quantity of rain, as watering the roads would account for the phenomenon. The pressure upon our chilblains was much below the average of former years, and the freezing point, which we usually have at our fingers' ends, was, up to the middle of November, quite imperceptible.

Wanted as Tutor—an Accomplished Thief.

AN honest employment could be found now for the genteel highwaymen and pickpockets of the last century. Some thieves of courteous manners and light fingers are sadly wanted to rob the travelling public, according to law, at the London Custom-house. The *Times* says, that it is the practice there to do business so very coarsely as to wrench open your plate-chest with a crow-bar in spite of your offering a key. JACK SHEPPARD would have appreciated such polite attention, and reciprocated it. Cannot some expert housebreaker be found to teach these persons to do their spiriting rather more gently, instead of smashing and destroying as much again as they seize, like a set of brutal, clumsy, half educated burglars?

SLANG OF THE SERVANTS' HALL.

THE old *Post*, the other day, recorded a wedding between a baronet's son and a lord's daughter under the heading of "Marriage in High Life." High life! Whose life is high, in these times, unless it is either led honourably or in a garret! The phrase is a mere flunkeyism. We now only hear of "High Life" below stairs.

DUBIOUS LOYALTY.

IT is contended by some that the acceptance of a Papal bishoprick in England is not incompatible with loyalty. We are afraid the only loyalty it is consistent with is that of an IGNATIUS LOYOLIST.

PUSEYITE "HISTRIONICS."*

THEATRE CLERICAL, ST. BARNABAS'S, PIMLICO.

THE Reverend Proprietor has the honour respectfully to announce that he has established this Temple of the ecclesiastical Drama, with the view, in conjunction with his brother Histrionics, to bring out a SUCCESSION OF NOVELTIES; a designation which it is obviously justifiable to apply to MEDIÆVAL REVIVALS, or the reproduction of MYSTERIES, which, until recently, have never been acted in any AUTHORISED ESTABLISHMENT in this country since the Reformation. To-morrow, and during the week, the Performances will commence with the Farce of

MOCK-MATINS; OR, MONKS IN MASQUERADE.

In which the REV. MR. BENEDICT BAM *will introduce his celebrated Italian Imitations.*

To be followed by a Grand Romanesque Melodramatic Spectacle, entitled

THE SERVICE IN DISGUISE;

OR, THE MYSTERIOUS MOUNTEBANKS.

With new and startling Effects of Scenery, Dresses, and Decorations.

The whole of the Music by PROFESSORS GREGORY AND AMBROSE.

This extraordinary Piece, on the getting up of which no exertion has been spared, will include an imposing display of

SERIOUS PANTOMIME;

as certain portions of the Performance will be gone through in DUMB SHOW, realising to the imagination of the Audience

The Magnificence of the Roman Ritual!

and it is confidently asserted that the DELUSION will be COMPLETE. The REV. MR. BAM will perform the celebrated feat of reading various Passages

WITH HIS BACK TO THE AUDIENCE;

and by way of improvement upon ordinary summersets, the REV. MR. HOAKES will cut a series of right angles in the air. The novel trick of

SHIFTING THE LECTERN,

will be introduced by that celebrated illusionist, the REV. MR. COZENS, who also, together with the REV. MESSRS. HUMMALL, CHEEKS, and GREENER will exhibit a variety of

Ecclesiastical Poses Plastiques!!

Fully equal in point of attraction to the most remarkable spectacle of the kind ever witnessed in the genuine

HALL OF ROME!!

The Text, instead of being spoken, will be delivered in recitative, varied by the introduction of solos and choruses, for which latter, an efficient corps of choristers has been engaged; and MR. BENEDICT BAM will give his favourite *preghiere* in his admired *sotto voce* style. The Effects will comprise the thrilling incident of a

TERRIFIC APPEARANCE IN THE WHITE SURPLICE,

By a Reverend Gentleman, who will deliver an impressive recitation; and the piece will terminate with a

GRAND CHORAL FINALE.

Great attention has been paid to the Lighting of this Theatre, and public notice is respectfully called to the arrangement of Large Wax Candles at the back of the Stage to burn by day, as well as night, according to the Roman system of illumination.

** The eminent illusionist, the REV. MR. IGNATIUS COZENS, the Oxford Wizard, will shortly deliver a lecture at the above Histrionic Temple, in which he will perform the ASTOUNDING MARVEL of SWALLOWING (in a non-natural sense)

ANY GIVEN NUMBER OF NO LESS THAN THIRTY-NINE ARTICLES!!!

Doors open at seven (in the morning); performance to commence at half-past.

Vivat Pontifex Romanus! *No money returned!*

* See the BISHOP OF LONDON'S Charge.

TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS OF MR. BRIGGS.

SOMEHOW OR OTHER (ASSISTED BY HIS LITTLE BOY WALTER), HE CATCHES A JACK, WHICH, TO USE MR. B.'S OWN WORDS, FLIES AT HIM, AND BARKS LIKE A DOG!

BRIEFLESS ON PUSEYITE BELL RINGING.

A CASE for the opinion of MR. BRIEFLESS was left the other day with that gentleman's laundress, who laid it before Counsel—with her own little bill—in the usual form, on the following morning. The case ran thus, "Your opinion is required whether the early bell-ringing at St. Barnabas, Pimlico, by which the inhabitants are disturbed at uncouth hours, and rendered contemporaries with the sweeps and other matutinal nuisances, can be prevented or legally punished."

MR. BRIEFLESS has forwarded to his Belgravian clients the following OPINION:—

"*Temple, November 16th*, 1850.

"I am clearly of opinion that the bell-ringing is a nuisance, and I am less clearly—that is to say, rather dimly—of opinion that it will be difficult to deal with it. If the bell were an external door-bell, and not a bell rung by an internal rope, we should have a handle to take hold of, under the police act, which makes it an offence punishable with a fine of forty shillings to ring a bell to the annoyance of the inhabitants. On the other hand, I am afraid the law cannot grasp the rope of the Puseyites; and, perhaps, this may be a wise provision—or omission—for, if they are left plenty of rope, they will eventually hang themselves. If proceedings were taken, and there should be a conviction against the bell, a-peal would lie, as it did in CLAPPER'S case, though the bell might be hung; but still, if it were shown to be for the waking up of the priests, there might be a plea of benefit of clergy. On the whole case, therefore, I am of opinion that it may be worth while to take out a summons against the bell-ringer, calling on him to show cause why he should not be fined forty shillings for ringing a bell in a thoroughfare, to the annoyance of the inhabitants.

"J. BRIEFLESS."

MR. BRIEFLESS having, in the kindest and most considerate manner, retained his friend MR. DUNUP in the professional capacity of "Devil," and MR. DUNUP having reciprocated the obligation, by placing MR. BRIEFLESS in the same diabolic relation to himself—see IMPEY—these learned gentlemen invariably obtain each other's assistance in all their cases. This will account for there being appended to the above document, the words,

"I am of the same opinion,

"S. DUNUP."

"Just like His Impudence."

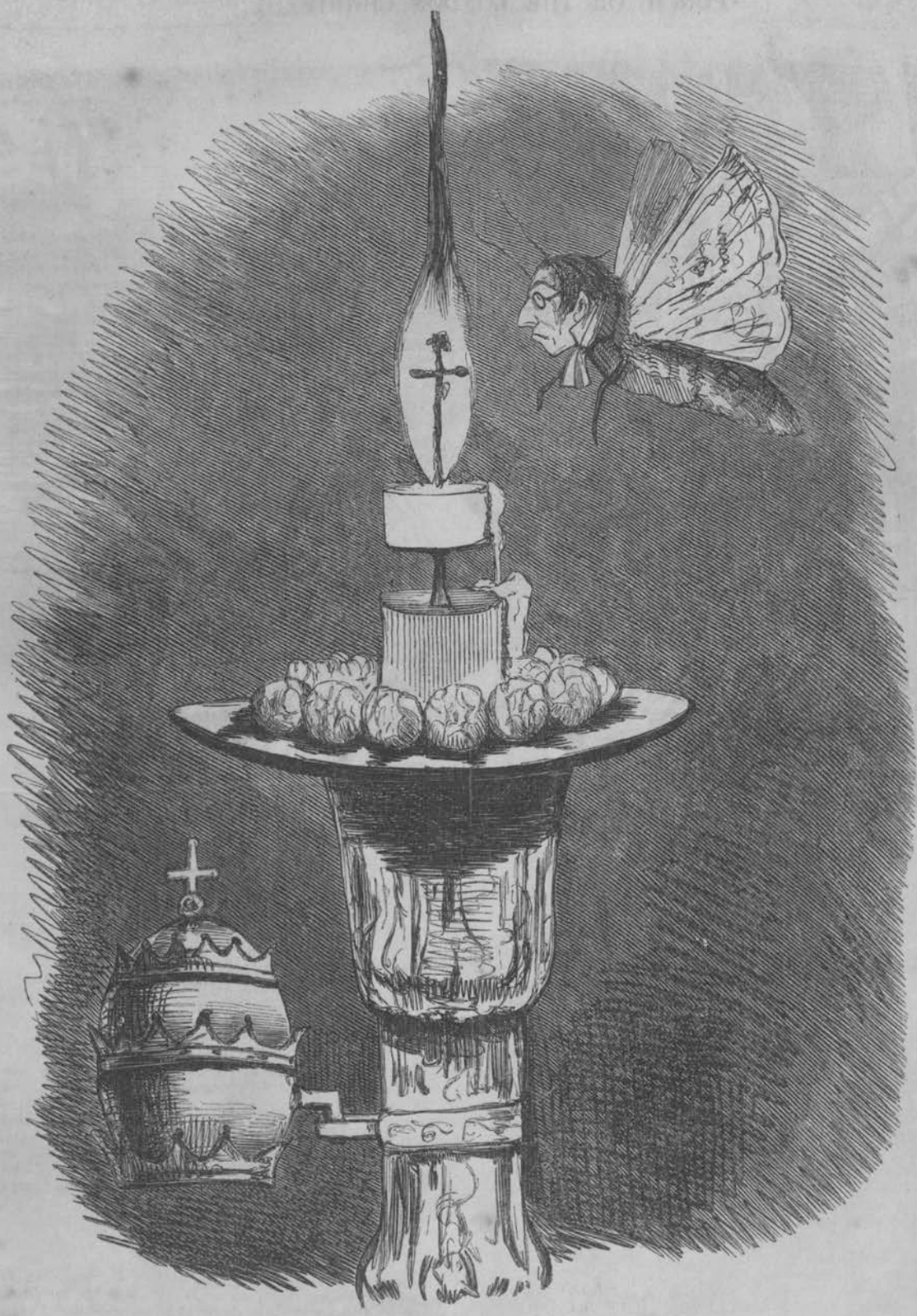
FOR weeks and weeks—for feverish days and sleepless nights—have we been puzzled to understand what could have been the object of the POPE in so daringly nominating CARDINAL WISEMAN, Archbishop of Westminster. At last we have arrived at something like a satisfactory conclusion; for our belief is, that the POPE'S object in the nomination was none other than to "*take the incensus of England*;" and, from the very loud indignation that has been expressed against it in every part of the kingdom, we think that His Knowing Holiness has every chance of succeeding in his object.

A PUNCH ON THE HEAD.

IN his new book on the defenceless state of England, SIR FRANCIS HEAD says that France might invade London with the greatest ease in the world. SIR FRANCIS HEAD ought to be ashamed to put such things into France's head.

EXTRA-MURAL INTERMENT.

SINCE, by the new law, all cemeteries are to be carried out of town, we hope that some steps will speedily be taken for the removal of Leicester Square; as, for the last three years, it has been nothing better than a public cemetery for all the dogs, cats, and kittens of the neighbouring parishes, to be buried there.



THE PUSEYITE MOTH AND ROMAN CANDLE.

"Fly away *Silly* Moth."

LABOUR AND THE RICH.

By our own Special Metropolitan Correspondent.

JULLIEN'S MASQUERADE.

OUR Correspondent, in pursuance with the instructions he received from us, proceeded to the above haunt of labour, in which the industrious rich most abound, and the following is the result of the information he collected on the spot.

Our Correspondent begs us to state that he experienced the greatest difficulty in collecting any evidence at all, for all the poor unfortunate sufferers whom he questioned seemed to be so ashamed of their vocation, that it was only with the most untiring patience and good-humour he succeeded in eliciting a single word from any one of them. In genial harmony with the influence of the place, it was as much as he could do to get any one to speak; and he assures us that the task he has just completed was such an unpleasant one, was so beset with annoyances and perils, and insults in every possible shape, that he would not undertake it again for any consideration. How he escaped being knocked down, he cannot imagine, for he says—"It is one of the great peculiarities of the class of people who labour at an English masquerade to think it an insult if they are spoken to; and not unfrequently they resent it as such, by levelling the impertinent offender who accosts them at full-length upon the floor."

It is not necessary to describe the locality in which Our Correspondent pursued his investigations. Every one is acquainted with JULLIEN'S Masquerade and its dazzling glories of gas, and its garlands of coloured calico, and its clusters of gilt CUPIDS that are suspended from the ceiling by the waist, and, by the heat of the chandelier, keep turning round like larks at a fire. Every one knows JULLIEN, too, and his memorable smile and white waistcoat, the one, like the other, as unfaded as the first day he put it on, and every one knows and admires the good nature with which he mimics a musical fanaticism. Every one has laughed at the good-humoured languor with which the majestic MONS. drops exhausted into his regal arm-chair, after having enacted the most terrific quadrille-storm that ever distracted the *bâton* of a conductor, and smiles privately to himself. In fact, JULLIEN always seems to us to be smiling under his white waistcoat at the fools he is making of his audience, and we look upon this fine kerseymere smile of JULLIEN'S as the greatest proof of his genius. We are confident no one enjoys the fun so much as he does.

All these things are familiar to everybody, and we think Our Correspondent was perfectly right in not wasting our valuable space in the thousand told enumeration of them.

The following is the substance of Our Correspondent's painful investigations:—

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SYDNEY SMIRKINGS.—"Is a clerk in the Treasury. Came to the Masquerade because he hadn't anything better to do. Wishes he had gone to bed. Bought a nose at the door, and thought it original, but it was pulled off before he had been two minutes in the room. Has been walking about three hours; is very tired and sleepy. Wishes smoking was allowed. Thinks dancing at a masquerade vulgar. Shouldn't mind a Polka in a lobby, if no one was to see him. Shall walk about for two hours longer, and then go home." This evidence was interrupted by several hems, and hahs, and yawns, and elongated by the most distressing symptoms of fashionable listlessness.

THOMAS TOADY, ESQ.—This poor creature was found fast asleep about two o'clock in the morning, in a private box. It was with the greatest difficulty Our Correspondent could wake him.—"Wishes the orchestra wouldn't make such a row. It prevents him sleeping. Why does he sleep? How can he help it?—the thing's so precious stupid. Hates all masquerades. Why did he come then? Because it was SIR ALFRED'S box—and a person must go somewhere. Why doesn't he go down stairs? Because a wild Indian said something funny to him, and he hates funny things, so he got out of the way as quick as he could. Must have knocked the man down if he had stopped. Shall stop till five o'clock, when SIR ALFRED stands supper at the Bedford. Hates being bored. Wants to go to sleep again"—and before Our Correspondent had left the box, he says, the unfortunate wretch buried his fatigues under a heap of great-coats, and in less than a minute was competing with the ophicleide as to which of the two should make the greater noise.

CAPTAIN DE SILLIMAN.—"Is in the Army. Has £5000 a-year, and expects as much more when the old governor cuts up. Intends to spend every penny of it, like a brick. It's hard work, though, this Masquerade. Here I have been these four hours, and, egad! I never worked so hard in all my life. Will you believe it?—the only fun I've had was bonneting a *Charles the Second*—here's his feather—because, you will scarcely credit it—the impudent vagabond dared to speak to me without an introduction. Shall stop till there's a row—there must be one shortly—and then won't he go into it!" The evidence of this misguided youth—he was not more than five and twenty—was largely interlarded with oaths totally unfit for publication.

FRENCH HARLEQUIN.—"Refuses giving his name or his card either; but is a member of the superior classes. Was told it was 'the ticket' to go in costume, because it was so expressed in the one he bought; but shall know better another time. Wishes he was at the Club playing lansquenet; he's tired of this fun—if it is fun—for, for the life of him, he can't see it; and he's been looking for it everywhere ever since ten o'clock. Why doesn't he go home? Because he has lost the key of his chambers, and he must stop out till the laundress comes in the morning to do his room. Why doesn't he do something to promote the merriment of the evening? That's all very well; but why don't you? why don't the others? He doesn't see anybody else doing it; and he doesn't like doing anything that's singular. Why, he would be laughed at! Well, supposing it is a masquerade, still, a gentleman naturally doesn't like doing anything that causes him to be laughed at. Why doesn't he try to be witty? Because he does'nt choose. Is that his own costume? Why, of course it is. Do you think he stole it? What, he might have hired it? Oh! you think so, do you? Well, then, here goes!" and, so saying, he raised his Harlequin's arm, and dealt a heavy blow, which Our Correspondent luckily avoiding, fell upon the unprotected breast of a German student; and soon there was a general row, which quite deadened the noise of JULLIEN'S band, and for the next ten minutes nothing was heard save the voice of CAPTAIN DE SILLIMAN, shouting above the tumult, 'I'm your man.'"

The remaining evidence is much of the same care-worn texture. Pierrots, Débardeurs, Barristers, Cooks, Postillions,—persons in the most nondescript costumes, and others in no costume at all,—gentlemen sober and otherwise,—blackguards affecting the gentleman, and gentlemen doing (only with a better success) the blackguard,—were all severally examined; but no fresh fact was sifted out of the mighty heap of nonsense.

It is unnecessary to state, that the toil was voluntary. It is so far lucky; for we doubt if any money could have compensated for the amount of fatigue and suffering which that night must have been undergone. It only proves how much an Englishman will endure!

THE CABMAN.

IN loneliness upon his box the moody Cabman sat,
Close buttoned was his overcoat, sullenly slouch'd his hat;
The pipe of shortness from his mouth he fiercely snatched away,
Muttering—"We're very much alike, thou humble piece of clay.

"The bitter world despises us, but calls us at its need,
Uses us up, casts us away when done with—like a weed.
Though right and left with eagerness my starting eyeballs glare,
Though crying 'Cab, Sir!' all day long, I cannot find a fare.

"When from the stand I deviate, along the street to ply,
The stern policeman fixes me, with all observant eye.
Down goes my number in a book, and lo! within a week,
I stand a guilty trembler before the avenging beak;

"Men step from out their stations, by many a wilful prank,
It is the cabman only, that's fettered by his rank;
From it he dare not move away, his daily bread to gain;
He must, till some one calls him off, true to his rank remain.

"An iron badge he's doomed to wear on his external vest,
They will not have it anywhere, save on his heaving breast,
'Twould seem that persecution were of their plan a part,
Else why dash down the metal plate upon his very heart?

"'Tis cruelty's refinement, the bosom thus to brand
With weight of senseless iron, cold as a tyrant's hand;
And if in passion's anguish he hurries it from sight,
A summons may be found at home to welcome him at night.

"The law won't let him leave his box an instant, e'en to quaff
The early purl of day-break, or the morning's half-and-half.
Untasted too must be the grog—nor e'er must reach his lip,
While with his cab—the delicate and egg-begotten flip.

"He mustn't say an angry word, though abuse on him may shower,
Retaliation's luxury is never in his power;
And if to cheat him of his fare a passenger essay,
He can but ask the knave's address and let him walk away.

"Alas! for our fraternity there's nothing like repose,
Though cheerful sound the cabman's 'Gees,' sad are the cabman's 'Woes.'
Thus let me write my epitaph,—my awful fate beware;
I drove the world until, at last, it drove me to despair."

AVERAGE WEIGHT OF THE FOOT GUARDS.

Heavy Swell. "What's the Average Weight of the Men in your Regiment, Charley?"

Swell in the Guards. "Don't know, I'm sure—aw—but Ten go to the Ton."

THE DEFENCELESS STATE OF ENGLAND.

The alarm about the unprotected femaleship of poor Britannia has at last come to a head, Sir Francis having published a book telling us that London is liable to be walked into by 150,000 Frenchmen at any hour of the day. This is a sort of story that is avowedly intended to stimulate naval preparation, and we therefore recommend the author at once to "tell it to the marines." We are quite sure that if 150,000 Frenchmen were to be seen at the Bricklayers' Arms, the common cry would be "what are the police about," and Mr. Inspector Somebody would at once proceed to the Elephant and Castle, for the purpose of sufficiently manning the said "Elephant," and preventing the "Castle" from being taken by storm. Sir Francis proposes the immediate fortification of London, in the style of Paris, but really the market gardeners in the suburbs will tell him we want all our trenches for our celery, and as to throwing up mounds, we have quite enough of that in getting ready the beds for our asparagus.

Wandsworth sleeps soundly enough without the aid of bastions. Brixton would rise as one man if it were about to be cut off by a moat from Clapham; and Chelsea, if threatened with being "loopholed," would find any loophole to get out of the expense.

Kensington would never quietly consent to be encircled with a rampart, and Hammersmith would fight with its last shilling against being converted into a fort. Fancy a drawbridge being pulled up and down at Hyde Park Corner for the passage of every vehicle, and only conceive Battersea fitted up with a gun battery to enable it to annihilate Putney, or blow Wandsworth into the water at a given signal. No! No! we are not so silly as to be frightened by the shaking of a nervous head at us. There is nothing in it, our elderly female readers may rest assured.

The Authors of our own Pleasures.

We have received the following from "An Amateur," who, we imagine, must have been a contributor to the defunct Annuals, and other sources of unpaid literature. "Authors may, indeed, be called the authors of their own pleasures, for, after all, it must be confessed that there are few pleasures in this world to be compared to the ecstatic pleasure the author feels in reading one of his own articles in print." According to this, no man can have so many pleasures as the sedulous penny-a-liner, for he sees his articles in print almost every day of his life.

A FEW WORDS ON OFFICIAL COSTUME.

In these days when puffery with its thousand tongues is calling upon us to reform our tailor's bills; when the ten-guinea great coat of other days is exchanged for the five-and twenty-shilling wrap-rascal, or the pound paletot of the present, we may be excused for saying a few words on behalf of economy in official costume.

We are cutting down salaries to the minimum; we are calling upon public servants to do a double day's work for half-a-day's pay; and yet official costume remains unreformed, continuing as costly as ever. If a man is made a serjeant-at-law, though the business is not what it used to be, the full-bottomed wig is as indispensable as ever, and costs exactly the same; so that the coif is now seldom applied for, in consequence of the smallness of the chance of profit, and the certain expence of "dressing for the character."

A serjeant's wig cuts into an awful amount of horse-hair, and one of our "learned brethren" having remonstrated the other day with his wig-maker on the extravagance of his prices, was seriously informed that a single wig uses up the tails of six animals; and our friend was referred to a respectable knacker for a confirmation of the fact. The ordinary bob-wig of the "utter" will take the best part of a pair of ponies, and then it must be a very close shave; while a judge's every-day head-dress will make a couple of cobs' tails look very foolish, leaving perhaps just enough to get a coachman's Caxon out of the remains. It is true that these wigs have come down to us from our forefathers; but why should we take their folly upon our own shoulders? Are we to curl up the toes of our boots and shoes because our ancestors did so?

We ask this question, because it is one that comes directly to the point. Descending from the wig to the gown, we find extravagance and absurdity pervading the toga or togery of the highest judicial functionaries; and we especially protest against the robe of the Lord Chancellor, which, we understand, costs several hundred pounds. We have heard that its costliness, and the time required to make a new one, will sometimes cause it to be transferred, with the seals, from Chancellor to Chancellor, so that the present keeper of the royal conscience, being much shorter than his predecessor, would have been obliged to get a tuck or two "run in," to adapt the long robe to the little wearer.

Lord Campbell, on the contrary, had he taken Lord Denman's costume with his office, must have had a flounce added, or a hem let down, or a false hem constructed, to lengthen out the judicial gown.

The Chancellor's state robe is a sort of black dressing-gown, with squares of gold leaf, Dutch metal, or some other glittering material arranged along the front of it, and reminding the spectator of the good old days of the drama, when Tom Thumb was a standard burlesque.

We should be glad to know, why these absurdities of costume are abolished on the Stage, and still remain on the Woolsack and the judicial bench, when, we have no doubt, the learned masqueraders would be glad to be spared the expense of buying, and the trouble of wearing them.

The Progress of the Times.

We understand that, in order to show their disapproval of the recent nomination of Dr. Wiseman to the office of Cardinal, the Protestant Printers of London have resolved to set their faces, and their types, against titles in Roman characters, which are now quite out of everybody's good books.

The Devouring Element.—The Police Force.

Blood Money.—Paying to see the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussaud's.

FRAGMENTS FROM THE HISTORY OF CASHMERE.

BY THE ARABIAN HISTORIAN KARAGOOZ.

CHAP. 222.

THE beautiful kingdom of Cashmere was, it is very well known, governed by the magnificent EMPRESS KOHINUR, a sovereign so renowned for beauty, virtue, and an heroic disposition, that all the kings of the earth paid court to her, and her banner was respected wherever it was beheld. She gave her empire in charge to Viziers of great fame. RUSSOOL JEHAUN, a statesman matchless for wisdom, was the President of her Divan, and administered the interior affairs of the Empire; while the foreign relations of Cashmere were upheld, and her enemies made to tremble by the wisdom and valour of the undaunted PULMERSTOON. By the Cashmerian laws, the husband of the Empress is forbidden to take a part in political matters: that Prince, therefore, passed his time in the chase, or in the pursuits of literature, and exercised his genius in beautifying the city of Lundoon. It is to him that the Lundoonees owed the beautiful turban which they wore for many ages; and it was he who, with the aid of two genii, PACKISTUAN and FOOX, raised up in a single night that extraordinary palace of crystal, which brought all the people of the earth to visit Lundoon,—and made it the eighth wonder of the world.

The kingdom of Cashmere was peaceful and happy: the ports were full of ships; the bazaars were thronged with merchants and goods; the roads were covered from one end of the empire to the other, with people travelling in security; the Cadis did their duty;—in a word, Lundoon was the greatest city, Cashmere the noblest empire, and KOHINUR the happiest sovereign in the world but for one drawback—the constant rows of the Mollahs, who were perpetually quarrelling among themselves.

It is known that for a long time the Cashmerians were followers of OMAR, the successor of the Prophet; and that the Chief Imaum of Mecca had the appointment of the Chief Mollahs of Cashmere during many ages. The Cashmerian Sovereigns, jealous of their independence, had always done their utmost against that arrangement which made their country a sort of spiritual dependency upon the Holy City of Arabia; and the pretensions and quarrels consequent upon this assumption, kept the Cashmerians in constant trouble and hot water. The country swarmed with Dervishes from Mecca; Arabian zealots came and took possession of the Cashmerian Mosques, and preached to the people in a language they could not understand; the boldest of them called upon the Sovereigns of Cashmere themselves to pay homage to the Chief Imaum of Mecca for their thrones: for they said that the High Priest of Mecca was the Vicegerent of the Prophet, that the Prophet had given him power over all thrones and kingdoms, and woe betide those monarchs who disobeyed him. When one of their Mollahs, by name THAMAZ UL BUKEET, was murdered by one of the Kings of Cashmere, they made him go on his bare knees to the slaughtered saint's tomb; they declared that miracles were worked there: that the sick were cured, the wicked made sure of Paradise, that the statues round the tomb wagged their heads and talked, that the pictures winked—who shall say what other wonders were performed?—I have read them in the Ancient Historians—round the tomb of THAMAZ! Who shall believe the stories? Let him do so who will.

After some thousands of years, and when not only the people of Cashmeria, but those of many other countries, began to doubt about the sovereignty which the High Priest of Mecca claimed, and to declare that not only OMAR, but that ALI, but that HASSAN and HOOSSEIN, but that other good men could interpret the Koran for themselves; and that the claims of the Imaum of Mecca were, in a word, all bosh, and that he was a priest and a man, like another: it chanced that there ruled a king in Cashmere, who was called KING SULYMAUN THE EIGHTH. And he wished to put away an old wife of whom he was tired, (her name was ARAGOON), and to marry a beautiful young houri who was called the PERI ANABULANE.

The Imaum of Mecca would not dissolve the marriage between KING SULYMAUN THE EIGHTH and poor old ARAGOON, and threatened him with curses if he divorced her. But the viziers and nobles of Cashmere, who trembled before KING SULYMAUN, a magnificent prince, who made nothing of cutting their heads off, said the king might marry his new wife; accordingly he did so, snapping his fingers at the beard of the Imaum of Mecca, who had complimented him upon his religious principles a short time before, and sent him a robe of honour, with the title of Defender of the Faithful.

The king was in such a rage at the Imaum's curses, that he caused a proclamation to be made all through his empire that he, SULYMAUN THE EIGHTH, was supreme in his own dominions, Vicegerent of the Prophet, and Defender and Commander of the Faithful; that the name of the Imaum of Mecca should never more be heard in any house or mosque in Cashmere; that any man who denied that he, SULYMAUN, was the Chief of the Faith, should have his head cut off, his tongue cut out, his body chopped in quarters, and his goods confiscated. And he seized upon all the mosques, caravanserais, hospitals, houses, belonging to the old Meccaites (who were grasping and greedy, but withal good to the poor), and partitioned them amongst his lords and viziers, who made no bones about accepting the plunder.

As for the Cashmerians, it mattered little to most of them: they were as glad that the King at Lundoon should be styled Vicegerent of the Prophet, as that the Imaum of Mecca should hold that title: they did not like that their king (for they are the vainest people in the world) should be doing homage to any other potentate in Mecca, Medina, Constantinople, Abyssinia, Jericho, or any other country. And they fell into the new order of things without difficulty, excepting some few rebels and obstinate, who were hanged, drawn, and quartered accordingly. For in these good old times, when Faith was stronger among us than it is now, everybody cut everybody else's head off: thinking rightly that it was better to stop an unbeliever's tongue, than let it wag to the detriment of religion, and the perversion of simple persons from the truth.

Before he died, SULYMAUN THE EIGHTH cut off ANABULANE's head too, and married somebody else. And his son, and then his daughter, reigned after him in Cashmere.

The king's son was but very young, and did not reign very long over Cashmere. And all the time of his reign, his sister MARIAM, who was daughter of poor old QUEEN ARAGOON, kept her mother's faith very stoutly, and gave up her whole heart to the Imaum of Mecca. So that when the young Prince, whose subjects loved him very much, died, and the QUEEN MARIAM succeeded, everybody knew that Mecca was to be in the ascendant once more; and the Meccaite priests, dervishes, mollahs, and imaums came swarming back into Cashmere again, and the mosques were handed over to them; and the late king's mollahs and ulemas began to see that the time for eating dirt had arrived.

AN AFFAIR OF FOLLY.

THE Irish correspondent of the *Times* stated, that, on Saturday week last, a hostile meeting took place in Phœnix Park, between the MARQUIS OF SLIGO and MR. G. O. HIGGINS, M.P.; but terminated without wilful murder—in smoke unattended with fire—through the intervention of the police.

It is to be hoped this account will be contradicted before we publish the observation, that the Marquis who could make a mark of himself deserves to be a butt; and the Commoner who could expose his silly brains to perforation must be the greatest goose at this time grazing on a common.

"The misunderstanding," says our authority, "we have heard, arose out of a late election of *ex officio* guardians in the county of Mayo."

No misunderstanding could possibly have taken place between persons who could have had no UNDERSTANDING whatever.

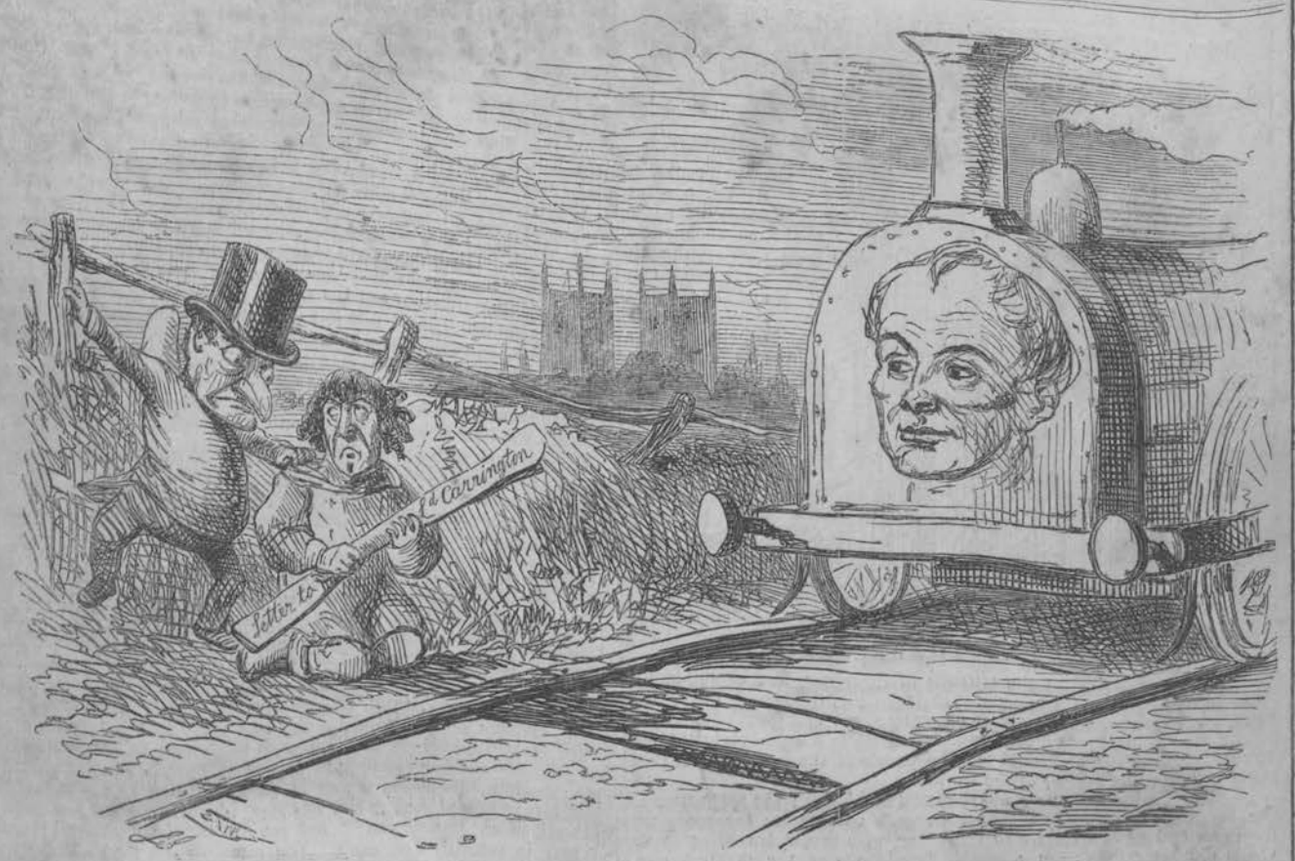
The Force of Habit.

A LITERARY man, quite a greedy bibliomaniac, who had devoured bookshelves as a little school-girl devours slice after slice of bread and butter, and whose successes in literature are in equal proportion to his devouring appetite (we are sorry we are not at liberty to mention his name), was so overpowered with joy—so topsy-turvied with his new sensations—upon the birth of his first son, that, instead of taking the fact to the Registrar, he went, as if he had been the author of a new book, and had him "Entered at Stationers' Hall."

Religious Warmth.

AN advertisement in the *Times* announces a plan for heating churches by means of hot water. We wonder if the patentee has any testimonial to show from MR. BENNETT, or any other of the Puseyite priests who have introduced into the Church more hot water than has been known there for the last hundred years.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.



MALIGNANT ATTEMPT TO UPSET A TRAIN.

THE PAPAL USURPATION.

(A CHANT.)

A BEADLE and a Parish-Clerk were heard to interchange remark, and hold discourse and conversation upon the Papal usurpation in a style and tone that savoured of delight and exultation.

Says the Clerk, "They 've been and done it—well, for my part, I 'm glad on it; now their Puseyism is paid for; all turns out just as I said for: all so much the better, neighbour; Church and QUEEN I 'm not afraid for."

Says the Beadle, "Them 's my notions. I believe these here commotions and Papistical pretences will bring people to their senses, from their unparochial courses, showing what their recompense is."

Says the Clerk, "Folks long neglected, now begins to be respected; now some reverence and attention 's paid to parties I could mention, who was snubb'd by other parties 'fore this Papal hinterwention."

Says the Beadle, "That aggression—for to use a mild expression—has created a compunction, and restored a proper junction of importance with the notion of a high parochial function."

Says the Clerk, "They looks devout, now, when I the psalms give out; they no longer titter when I pronounce the word 'Hay-men,' and at last things has begun to be as they used to was again."

Says the Beadle, "At my staff, whereas the boys began to laugh, and each ragged pauper-varlet my uniform would sneer and snarl at; I feels that now admirin' eyes regards my gold, and blue, and scarlet."

Says both together, "They reveres churchwardens, too, and overseers, likewise, as well as me and you—honour to whom the same is due, and let each parishioner keep to his own pew; and these is the sentiments, and highly proper, too; wherewith, as Britons, the great majority of the public view, mixed with a sense of indignation, the Roman Pontiff's usurpation. Yes, the POPE's late usurpation!"

MORE ZEAL WITHOUT DISCRETION.

WE have lately heard of a Protestant with rather more sincerity than judgment, who has just discharged an old and faithful servant because the poor fellow happens to have a Roman nose!

HOW TO AVOID BECOMING A GREAT CRIMINAL.

WE recommend LOUIS-NAPOLEON to write over every door, and on the walls of every room of the *Elysée*, the following words:—

"I CONSIDER AS GREAT CRIMINALS THOSE WHO, BY PERSONAL AMBITION, WOULD COMPROMISE THE SMALL AMOUNT OF STABILITY GUARANTEED US BY THE CONSTITUTION."

They may operate as a moral checkstring, in the event of his attempting to drive the "*Char de l'Etat*" too fast, and LOUIS-NAPOLEON cannot possibly object to the term "GREAT CRIMINALS," for they are his own words, taken from his own Message delivered at the opening of the Chamber, only last week.

Awful Reduction and Alarming Sacrifice.

THE prospects of the Repeal Association are getting weaker and weaker every week; and, indeed, the funds have reached such a low pitch, that it is a toss-up of a halfpenny whether a penny will be received. At one of the recent meetings, the subscription had become so miserably minimised, that MR. JOHN O'CONNELL, when about to announce the collection, found himself quite unable to collect even himself, and finished by declaring that "on this melancholy occasion his heart was—rent."

THE PAPACY OUT OF ITS ELEMENT.

XERXES, it is recorded, pretended to put the sea in fetters, and found out his mistake. PIUS THE NINTH, who has made a similar attempt on the liberty of the English Sees, will probably be as completely undeceived.

A Short Review of a New Publication.

The Defenceless State of England.—We have read this volume of foolscap, and its positions are, no doubt, very strong, for there is great difficulty in getting through them. We pronounce the book altogether one of which neither head nor tale can be made.

Another Criticism.—The "Defenceless State of England" may be compared to some very small beer with a Head to it; and we all know that on such occasions the head is nothing but froth.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street in the Parish of St. Bride's in the City of London.—SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23rd, 1850.

COARSE, BUT CHARACTERISTIC.

Cabman (whose temper has been ruffled by Omnibus man). "YOU!! WHY, YOU HUNGRY LOOKING WAGABUN, YOU LOOK AS IF YOU'D BIN LOCK'D UP FOR A MONTH IN A COOK'S SHOP WITH A MUZZLE ON."

MR. PUNCH'S APPEAL TO AN EMINENT APPEALER.

THOUGH I am by profession a vagrant and jester, cracking my jokes at street corners, setting up my booth at fairs and taverns, and before house-windows, whence children and women are looking out, your Most Reverend Eminence must understand that I am a man and citizen, a tax and rate-payer, and father of a family anxious to lead a decent life, to leave a tolerably honest name to my children, and to keep for them and myself the privileges of free action and opinion, which the English Constitution awards to me and all other people. An Englishman, be he by trade a bishop or a buffoon, has this right of freedom and fair-fellowship. If I were to die, my children would claim and have for my body the privilege of becoming sepulture; I should not be thrust into ground unconsecrated, like poor MOLIÈRE, for instance, whom your Eminence's predecessors would have buried like carrion. I am *Punch*, but I am Civis Britannicus, and, as such, feel and think as earnestly upon some subjects as the gravest big-wig among the subjects of our CÆSAR. I think there never was an empire so glorious, and hold to my rights and my title as strenuously as any Peer of Parliament, Lord Mayor, or Magistrate can do.

Hence, if there be a national question—if there were a foreign invasion, for example—I must take my side, and shoulder my musket as well as another. I think yours is a foreign invasion, and must do my best to repel it; and find myself compelled to adopt a line of conduct rather different to my usual waggery, in the presence of such an enemy, as reason or prejudice leads me to consider you to be. You come hither, ignoring the religion of my country, as much as if I were a savage or a Hottentot: you arrive, bringing with you the keys of Heaven in your pocket. I deny your pretences utterly, and with my whole heart; I scorn your claim to infallibility. I no more care for your Pontifex Maximus, than for the High Priest of Jupiter, who preceded him; and, in my quality of Protestant, protest against you, and every bishop, priest, and deacon under your orders; declaring my belief that honest people can get to Heaven without you, and in spite of you, and entirely repudiating your clerical scheme. Any body who thinks that he cannot be secure without calling your reverences in, is welcome. There's no question of persecution. Our people may burn a Guy or two; and they had best leave that symbolical representation alone; but you know that if you were hustled, Policeman X. would stand by you; and you compliment the Lord Chief Justice, who would give you a fair trial.

Only, if you hear a shout of defiance and anger from one end of the country to the other, do not, most reverend and dear Sir, express a wonder at hearing it. If we cry out, it is because we feel ourselves injured, depend on that. Suppose you were the Cadi of Constantinople, let us say, and believing no more in Catholicism than in Protestantism, but having a knowledge of the points at issue, and of the history of the two churches, is there nothing in the past history and present pretensions of the Catholic Church, which would lead you to suppose the possibility of free men and Englishmen hating it? Was there never a murder of the Hugonots, and a Pope to sing *Te Deum* for the *stragès?* Was there never a stake in Smithfield? Do you not lay your ban upon knowledge now wherever you go, or refuse to deliver to the people any such that does not bear your supervisional stamp? We hate you, because we believe you to be tyrants: we scout your pretensions; as these pretensions go, we hold them to be utterly absurd and untenable. It is by overthrowing these pretensions centuries ago, that we secured for the country free citizenship, free press, free commerce. You come among us as the officer of a sovereign whose own state is the most ignorant and benighted in Europe,—whose own subjects hate him, so that they would, but for superior force, fling him out of their country; and you set his standard up here, and wonder you are not popular! We denied your worship, because we believed it led to ignorance, and tyranny, and debasing superstition; because it was defaced by monstrous corruptions: nature and reason revolted against it; and we detested and overthrew it. And, as you make your solemn re-entry into England, with no small parade and ceremony of jubilation, the people welcomes you, and tells you how it regards you.

You are here, as elsewhere, as everywhere, to make converts, and to accept martyrdom—and about that dreadful oath that you swore—yes, about that oath. Did you, or did you not, (when invested with the pallium, woven by consecrated virgins from the wool of segregated muttons), and on your knees before the Commander of the Faithful, did you, or did you not, pledge yourself to persecute and expugnate, as far as you could, all Heretics? If you had the power, and could silence *Mr. Punch*, wouldn't you? Do you allow a free press at Rome? Are fair questions of politics or religion fairly discussed there? Is there a Holy Office existent or not? Is the *Diario di Roma* as large and well-conducted a journal as the *Times* newspaper? Will all the Catholic newspapers of the Legations and Naples publish the letters of our Archbishops as our Protestant Journals publish yours?—Pooh!—Psha!—your Eminence has an eminent sense of humour, and you know that the question is absurd—that your people are, and must be, tyrants and persecutors—that you dare not face the light of day—that, having possession of the truth absolute, discussion is out of the question. You may invoke "that love of honest dealing and fair play, which, in joke or in earnest, is the gift of an Englishman;" but *you* don't give honest dealing and fair play in return. You can't. You can't allow a man to think for himself. Our right and starting point—our safeguard—the right to which you appeal—the safeguard under which you put yourself—is Free Opinion. Your starting point is Authority. As the august ALDERMAN LAWRENCE says, in the Common-Council, your church "has always assumed to itself the same line of conduct, and that is d——nation." The word is the venerable Alderman's—and rather a grave one to be introduced into a Journal whereof the tendency is ordinarily jocular.

But when your most reverend coadjutor, JOHN OF TUAM, calls our colleges Godless, he says pretty much the same thing as ALDERMAN LAWRENCE: when your shepherds, writing Pastorals, adopt such a word as that, and deny to us English and Irish, with love in our hearts, with a desire of fraternity and benefitting our people by the gift of truth and knowledge to all; when your Bishops and Doctors call our scheme Infidel, and deny us Heaven; when poor DOCTOR NEWMAN, on the appointment of your Eminence and Grace, and their Lordships your twelve suffragans, gets up in chair, and states that the grave is opened, and that its awful tenant has arisen—indicating by that dreadful image that we, the people of England for the last three centuries—that his fathers and mine—that his mother and mine—have been living and dying without Faith and Hope, and are participators in that unspeakable crime and penalty; are we to feel nothing?—to have no scorn for your arrogance, no hatred for your intolerance, which bars the progress of Truth, Love, Knowledge, and Equality—to make no protest against the decree by which you absolutely withdraw the protection of Heaven from us, and consign the souls of our race and people, of our dearest and best beloved, to hopeless perdition? You do all this—you have the Truth absolute, and can't do otherwise—and then you wonder at the anger of Englishmen, and that what you call a death-whoop is raised about your ears.

How can you suppose, official Expugnator and Persecutor of Heretics as you are, that you are to be free to persecute and expugnate, and that we are not to protest, and to defy you? Your Chief sends his pastoral letter, parcelling out our country under the ecclesiastical supervision of you thirteen gentlemen, and taking no more count of the religion already existing here, than if Westminster were Melipotamus, which see to our great regret your Grace has vacated. You have the Truth absolute; there is but one Church: of course, you can do no otherwise. We propose a scheme of Education; your Bishops interfere with the imperial plan, denounce us as Godless and Infidel: of course, you can do no otherwise. You want to win the country back to the old faith by expugnation, by persuasion—by what means you can, in a word: of course: it is your calling: your duty: your business of life. Suppose

you had possession of our schools: command over our press: rule over our country. You must go to work as you do elsewhere: you must doctor the truth for us: you must shut up our books; and establish an Index Expurgatorius: of course, how could it be otherwise?

And you wonder that we hate you? I do not mean to say that I personally, writing in the name and behoof of *Mr. Punch*, hate you, NICHOLAS WISEMAN—a gentleman of the highest character, possessing the most consummate talents, learning, eloquence, adroitness—but that I hate that cause which you represent, and which is directly hostile to my own. I no more hate you than the gentlemen of the Guard hated the French Regiment at Fontenoy. But NICHOLAS the man and NICHOLAS in uniform—NICHOLAS in a large red hat and purple stockings—NICHOLAS in the consecrated pallium made by the consecrated virgins out of the segregated muttons—NICHOLAS who comes into Fleet Street, and says, "I am the Ambassador and Plenipotentiary of the Infallible Expositor of the Truth—I have the keys of Heaven and the other place; come home with me, my boy, and I will show you a beautiful winking Virgin, that will convert you in the twinkling of an eye—or a holy coat—or the bones of the eleven thousand virgins of Cologne—or what you will:"—to such a NICHOLAS I say "Bosh!" and snap my fingers. Do you imagine I care about your red stockings? Do you fancy I believe in your winking Virgin? Do you suppose I think that you, or your chief, or all the Parsons in Christendom, or all the Rabbis in Jewry, or all the Muftis in *partibus infidelium*, can order my soul one way or other, or (except by the influence, upon me exerted, of good counsel and good example) change the intention of the Divine Mercy towards me? No—in the sacred name of Truth; no—I worship no man; I recognise no Divine Parson, be he Roman or Puseyite. Against these my ancestors protested three hundred years ago—to fight against these and their pretensions the sense of outraged Europe rose—under their shot and daggers, in their fires and scaffolds, the Believers in Freedom of Thought died all over the world. Mind, we do not deny you on your side the constancy of your martyrs, and the admirable courage of your opinion—but now, as then, we and you are enemies. The consequence of our system is toleration; it admits you to rights which you can't give us, and secures to you a freedom of which we never would desire to rob you. You make your claim of infallibility—we laugh at and scorn it. You rely on your antique pedigree and ceremonies—we call your ceremonies mummeries—yes, mummeries—why not? What is the cause of this "feeling too sickly and too deadening for indignation?" Of course we thought them mummeries: that was why we got rid of them. Whether is it worse, to call your Eminence's red stockings or the lighted candles of those poor Pimlico folks mummeries, or to tell us who wish to teach the spelling-book that we are Godless and Infidel? one or the other of the statements is true, must be true; and each side has been making it for three hundred years.

By the by, who succeeds to the vacant see of Melipotamus? if some of our Bishops would go and stay, they might be very welcome. And about Westminster? What was the difficulty which prevented your Grace from going amongst the benighted Irish in the slums of that ancient city? Would they not listen to Melipotamus, and are they more likely to be converted by Westminster? That you may be the Almoner of the Almonry, and your teaching be productive of much good there, every member of the Establishment must wish, from the Dean to the Beadle who took your Lordship's twopence at the Shrine of good SAINT EDWARD.

And my obstinate sneering habit is such, and my antispiritualism so inveterate, that I believe in the Beadle, the Cardinal, and good SAINT EDWARD pretty much alike; and respect the first-named dignitary's laced-coat neither more nor less than your Eminence's pallium.

A SCENE IN WESTMINSTER HALL.

ONE day, during the term that is just over, a jejune junior rushed into the Exchequer with a *motionette*, or little motion, and happened to enter just as their Lordships, in Banco, were looking into a case that had just been cited by a QUEEN'S Counsel, who had been in the act of addressing them. The junior, unconscious of the state of the case, fancied he had found just the favourable opportunity to get a hearing, and creeping into a back row, effected a tremendous clearance of his throat, with a view to a sustained effort of eloquence. He had commenced, and got as far as "If your Lordships please," when the four Barons looked up with the air of very discontented Barons; and the junior, having got the eyes of the Court, believing he had also its ear, proceeded as follows:—"I rise, my Lords, for the purpose——" Here he was interrupted by exclamation of "We can't hear you, Sir," from one of their Lordships, an intimation that only caused the determined "utter" to grow bolder and more distinct in his utterance. He began again, "I rise, my Lords," and was once more cut short with "We can't hear you, Sir," from the Bench; which urged him to a stentorian effort of startling vehemence; but "We can't hear you now, Sir," was all he could elicit from the Bench, and he immediately left the court, remarking that "he knew Justice was blind, but that its deafness was something he was not prepared to combat with."

OUR TRUANT AMBASSADORS.

LATELY the severest comment on the folly of expensive Embassies at foreign Courts has been passed by a few of the Ambassadors themselves; who, by their absence from the scenes of recent events of importance abroad, have virtually confessed that they are "better away" when anything of unusual interest is happening. We of course would not think of accusing these high and distinguished persons—these "members of the great families"—of voluntarily shirking their duty if they thought that their diplomatic services could be of any service whatever, and we can therefore only conclude they felt that they should "do more harm than good" in their diplomatic capacities—or incapacities, as the case may be—had they remained at their posts during late events of interest. The EARL OF WESTMORELAND, we are told by the *Times*, has been in London, as the best means of promoting British interests at Berlin; while LORD PONSONBY—says the same authority—our Ambassador of Vienna, has been serving his country by absence from the scene of his duties.

Our *Chargé d'Affaires* at Bad-en—the idea is a good 'un—has been staying at Naples, and there have been other instances of our diplomatists acting on the straightforward, but startling principle, that, though paid very highly to represent England at a Foreign Court, they are much better "omitted in the representation" when anything of particular urgency or of unusually vital interest is happening. If it is found that absence enhances the value of Ambassadors, how much more economical it would be to keep them always away from their posts—an arrangement which would have the double advantage of being much cheaper as well as more satisfactory. The hint is one which we have no doubt MR. COBDEN and other financial reformers will be able to improve upon. It would be a curious calculation could the question be solved—if peace should be preserved in the absence of the diplomatists from their posts, what would have been the consequence had they remained at their embassies?

Testimonial to the Duke of Atholl.

A MEETING has been got up at Dunkeld for the purpose of sympathising with the begrimed and bespattered DUKE OF ATHOLL, unjustly dirtied with printer's ink. The presiding operator was one JOHN LESLIE, ESQ., from the congenial place of Butterston. Many speeches were made; and much of the ink attempted to be licked off; but, somehow, his Grace is as black as ever—the ink will stick. It was, however, finally resolved to present the Duke with a tangible testimonial at once illustrative of the ducal virtues and of their admirers. The necessary sort of testimonial became a matter of intense consideration; when it was finally settled, amid acclamations, to present his Grace (for next autumn wear) with a faithful copy of the Victoria stage costume of the *Warlock of the Glen*. NATHAN, the theatrical tailor, started by a special train to take the Duke's measure.

Reflections in a Crystal.

"WHAT can be the object of that Crystal Curtain?" said one Gent to another, as they were running, squirrel-fashion, round and round the narrow cage of the Promenade Concerts. "The object of that Crystal Curtain?" exclaimed his brilliant companion. "Why, it's put there to remind us of the 'end' of the stage, which you know is 'to hold the *mirror* up to Nature!'"

"ALL IS VANITY,"—as the Swell Mobsman said when he was handed into the Police Van.

HOW TO MAKE A SERJEANT.

THE manufacture of a serjeant is one of those mysteries of the law which are not usually open to the vulgar eye; and the common impression has been, that the paying down of some thousand pounds for the coif—in "*Cash down, Sir, tho*"—as the advertising crockery-cart used to say, is all that is required. We have heard various other ceremonies spoken of as necessary to the constitution of a serjeant; and among others we have been given to understand, that a Judge of the Common Pleas putting up his eye-glass knowingly to his eye, and fixing it on the *coiffee* in embryo—exclaims with a jaunty air, "I spy a brother." This judicial game at "Eye! spy!! I!!! gives a sort of pleasing jocularity to the process, which contrasts rather powerfully with the serious business of pulling out one thousand pounds—*in cash!*—as the price of the dignity.

We have ascertained, however, that although money makes the man, it is not money alone makes the serjeant; for he is called upon to exhibit his learning in a style somewhat similar to that of the keen encounter of their wits, between the law student and the butler, when the former—over his beer—takes the degree of utter barrister.

Every one knows that a call to the Bar—at all events at Gray's Inn—is effected by the candidate for the forensic toga imbibing a small quantity of the very smallest of swipes, and declaring, at the same time, that he "appears for the widow, and claims her dower," while the butler, taking the mug and the pleadings out of the student's hand, announces himself as appearing for the heir, and the two learned litigants at once proceed to the library.

The ceremony of making MR. BARON MARTIN a serjeant, upon making him—to the great satisfaction of everybody—a judge, was conducted much in the following fashion:—MR. BARON MARTIN, reading from an old bit of parchment, insisted rather calmly that JOHN SMITH claimed the lands, of which JOHN DOE stood seised, and that JOHN SMITH, being determined not to stand such a seisure, claimed the said lands, or words to that effect. Upon this a shriek was heard from the usher, who, starting up in his box, exclaimed with unusual briskness, "I imparl,"—when some one else in the background growled out an intimation that he "represented the widow;" upon which MR. BARON MARTIN, appearing to give up the case as hopeless with such antagonists arrayed against him, retired from the bar, as if in disgust and despair of making any stand in the face of such powerful competition. Happily, his retirement from the ranks of counsel was speedily followed by his appearance as a Judge on the bench, to which the profession and the public have unanimously welcomed him.

We all know that the last feather will occasion a smash to the back bone of the camel; and we must, we suppose, imagine that it was something of this sort which forced MR. MARTIN to yield under the responsibility of his last brief, (with the usher "imparling" on one side, and a mysterious growler behind the back rows "representing the widow,") rather than "fight it out" under such fearful odds. The learned counsel abandons JOHN SMITH,—leaves him at the mercy of DOE,—to brave the terrors of an "imparlance," and make the best arrangement he can to pacify "the widow." Happy are we that MR. BARON MARTIN has found in the bench a refuge from such endless sources of litigation, the widow alone being quite enough to drive any peaceably disposed counsel to distraction.

COURT CIRCULAR.

(*Such as Puseyism would, perhaps, like to read it.*)

YESTERDAY morning, the QUEEN and PRINCE ALBERT took their accustomed walk on the slopes—with peas in their shoes.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT, attended by the REVEREND MESSRS. HOAKES AND BAM, walked out reading. The volume used by his ROYAL HIGHNESS was a highly illuminated legend relative to ST. SWITHIN. The PRINCE returned to no lunch at two o'clock, it being Friday.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL left Town for Canterbury by an early train, and, immediately on his arrival, repaired to the restored shrine of ST. THOMAS A BECKETT, to partake of the discipline of the rod. Having received a sound whipping, his Lordship returned to Town in the evening, and had an interview with his medical man.

Mr. Punch did public penance in front of his office, in the presence of a great crowd of spectators.

THREE TO ONE.

THE "*Ladies' Companion*" has a series of articles called "The Three Ages of Woman." We cannot help thinking that our graceful, entertaining contemporary has fallen into a strange ungallant error, for it is too bad to give poor Woman "*three* ages," when it is as much as she can do to confess to one!

THE BULL FIGHT OF LONDON.

THE Guys are going through the streets, the chalk is on the walls;
Besides the usual twopence there 's a charge in grave St. Paul's;
And surely any extra charge the fight will well repay,
For the London matador 's to fight the Roman Bull to-day.

A lusty blade 's our matador, with a deft and ready hand,
Right quick to turn, and face about, and sharp to shift his stand;
Two-edged and keen 's the sword he wields, and though to dodge inclined,
There 's none knows better where to stick, when he makes up his mind.

The bells ring out, the clerks they shout, as to his place he goes;
Firm and well-rounded shows his calf under the purple hose;
His apron is tucked up for work, his eye is clear and keen,
And his round bald head it shineth like polished marble clean.

Bring forth the Bull! The Bull is brought, within the gazing ranks,—
Upon his head the triple crown, the red-hat on his flanks;
The leaden seal tied to his tail, wide-spreading are his horns—
The obvious joke about his hoofs the courteous minstrel scorns.

He bears him bold and burly, but the knowing ones espy
A something groggy in his legs, and glassy in his eye;
And though he chafes and paws the ground, and bellows loud and long,
He 's not the Bull that once he was, the Roman hills among.

He hath flung his broad brows to the ground, the matador to catch
On the horns of a dilemma, but I ween he 's met his match:
All vain the rush, the sidelong push—for one turn he can take,
The nimble son of London two turns, at least, doth make.

Panting at length, and shorn of strength, the baffled Bull is standing,
And turns an eye that obviously the reason is demanding,
Why this matador of London hath ta'en to welt and whack
The bull that a few years since he patted on the back?

To query mute the bothered brute of course gets no reply;
Forth he hath broke, a final stroke determined to let fly;
But on his heel in one short wheel the matador 's at large,
And the Bull goes down, upon his crown, before the fatal charge!

RAILWAY GREASE.

"MR. HUDSON, on his last visit to Sunderland, was solicited by no less than twenty-five of its poorest inhabitants to stand godfather to their children. This is a pleasing proof of the very strong hold he possesses upon the affections of his constituents."—*Newcastle Sycophant.*

"A penny subscription has been started amongst the stokers and guards on the Eastern Counties Railway, to erect a statue in honour of a late lamented and much beloved Director. We need not say we allude to the Railway King, MR. HUDSON, whose return to power will be chronicled amongst the proudest events of the forthcoming year."—*The York Friend.*

"We have authority for stating that offers have been made to MR. HUDSON, in the name of the EMPEROR OF CHINA, to proceed instantly to Pekin, with a view of consulting with his Celestial Majesty upon the possibility of laying down a railway upon the Great Wall of China. The expense, it is considered, would only consist of the outlay for the iron and the engines, and a sum exceeding one million was offered to MR. HUDSON by a celebrated Manchester firm, if he would only secure their establishment the Imperial contract. We are proud and happy to state, however, that MR. HUDSON has refused all these tempting offers, with the generous intention of concentrating his entire attention upon railway matters at home, which we are sorry to see suffering more and more every week from his prolonged absence, and which must end in the fearful ruin of all parties, unless MR. HUDSON is immediately called in to avert the impending evil."—*Manchester Feeler.*

"A Director of the Caledonian Railway sent MR. HUDSON, last week, a brace of grouse; and it was only the week before that he received, from one of the largest holders of shares in the same line, a hamper packed full of game. These little presents are flattering evidence of the high trust which all persons who have invested their fortunes in railways repose in MR. HUDSON, and show too strongly how pleased the entire body of shareholders of the Caledonian Railway would be if the ex-Railway King would but consent to undertake the management of their hopeless affairs."—*The Cannie Scotsman.*

"MR. HUDSON entertained, on Monday last, 300 Railway Directors, at his princely mansion in Hyde Park. The only topic of conversation was the universal regret that MR. HUDSON had so long absented himself from railway matters, and a lively hope was generally expressed that he would soon return to power, and resume the powerful position he once so proudly occupied, as the BARING of the Stock Exchange, and the ROTHSCHILD of Capel Court. In such a wish all honourable men must sincerely concur."—*Railway Weekly Buffer.*

FASHIONS FOR 1850; OR,

A PAGE FOR THE PUSEYITES.

CLIMATES FOR ALL NATIONS.

UNDOUBTEDLY it is a great pity that the Exhibition of 1851 was not thought of earlier! All nations will of course throng to the display of their own industry. A most serious question is, how to lodge them. This might easily have been solved by MR. PAXTON with sufficient time. He can grow the indigenous plants of any country in his glass-houses. It is evidently as easy to imitate natural conditions for an animal as for a plant. By a well-contrived arrangement of large conservatories, every human being under the sun might have been accommodated with his own climate. The inhabitant of the tropics might have been surrounded by tropical fruits and vegetation, and snakes also, if required. The East Indian might have had his home near a jungle, with the option of tigers. With the valuable assistance of DR. FARADAY (who can freeze water for you in a red-hot crucible), the Norwegians, Laplanders, and Esquimaux might have been domiciled amid icebergs and white bears, in regions, to all intents and purposes, perfectly Arctic.

We might have given the Egyptian his Nile and crocodiles, and the Arabian his Desert, with a *mirage* for water-supply, and provided with everything but simooms to make him feel quite at home. California is the only land which would defy imitation. The composition of the soil of that Tom-Tidlerian territory would be rather too expensive—unless ROTHSCHILD would be liberal enough to supply the needful.

At all events, however, physiologists might avail themselves of MR. PAXTON's contrivances, in order to the determination of the controversy as to whether or no climate produces the diversities of the human race. Why—but that the women of England are the loveliest in the world—should we not rear young ladies under glass, and see if we cannot grow Circassian beauties?

POPERY IN PIMLICO.

IT has been rumoured that, in the event of PIUS THE NINTH being obliged once more to run away from Rome, he will emigrate to Pimlico, and make Belgravia the future residence of the Popes. Lodgings will be taken in Wilton Place, as a substitute for the Vatican, and the Church of St. Barnabas will require very little alteration in its ceremonies to render it as acceptable to PIO NONO as St. Peter's itself. The "histrionics" will of course be continued as usual, though a few more supernumeraries will be required for the processions, and there will be an augmentation of candles, so that the managers of the mummery may be enabled to avail themselves of the great Vauxhall attraction of so many "additional lights." NATHAN, the *costumier*, has received orders for the preparation of "entirely new dresses," and the "property man" at Astley's is understood to be working night and day for the completion of the decorations, which are expected to surpass everything since the celebrated *Jewess* season at Drury Lane. Rehearsals are taking place every morning, and several of the weaker-minded laity allow themselves to be introduced as lay figures into the spectacles that are being got up, *pro bono Pimlico*, almost every day.

War without a Wherefore.

HITHERTO we have been undoubting advocates of international arbitration; but we really almost question whether it could be resorted to for the settlement of the dispute between Prussia and Austria. What is the war-cry?—what is the bone of contention?—what great principle is at issue? What controversy is there for any arbitrator to arbitrate upon? It is a pity some pacific salve, some sort of antisanguinary, antipugnacious antidiabolical emollient cerate could not be invented to allay that itching for mutual murder which afflicts most of the nations of the Continent.

THE QUICKEST WAY TO ROME.

"EVERY road," says the ancient proverb, "leads to Rome;" but of all roads none will take you there so quickly as the small Tracts that run through Oxford.

ELEVEN WORDS ON TOLERATION.

BY DR. NEWMAN.

AMONG various reasons which induce the British public to oppose the POPE OF ROME's attempt at domination in this country, is the persuasion, derived from history, that in times past, the POPE's Church, when possessed of ascendancy, burnt alive, racked, and tortured, or caused and procured to be burnt alive, and so forth, a considerable number of human beings, for what it was pleased to call heresy.

To us, this persuasion appears as certain as the assurance that WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR subdued England, that RICHARD TURPIN committed highway robbery, that SIR HUMPHRY DAVY invented the safety-lamp, or that Mr. THISTLEWOOD was hanged for high treason. And is it all the while merely a monstrous fallacy? Is the very type in which we read of atrocities, whose catalogue is too hackneyed for quotation, unreal. In thinking we see letters and words narrating such roastings and rackings, perpetrated by states and sovereigns, at the instigation of the Papal Church, are we, possibly, the victims of some delusion of the Enemy, imposing upon our own senses with pica which is not? Or are we simply mad? That the common impression on this subject at any rate is false, is so roundly asserted by nearly all the apologists of his HOLINESS, that *Mr. Punch* might almost begin to doubt of its correctness, if he could be talked into scepticism as to the existence of a nose in his face. But, with the best spectacles on that nose, *Mr. Punch* still reads the same horrible story.

In reference to those who accuse the POPE's Church of persecution, the REV. DR. DOYLE, according to the *Times* of the 18th instant, spoke, on the preceding day, as follows:—

"They talk of the edict of QUEEN MARY, and lay it at the door of the Catholic clergy. I deny that it is true; and I refer our detractors to that history which they so wilfully pervert. . . . . Now, the true version of QUEEN MARY's edict, in connection with the Catholic clergy, is this: on the very day that that edict was sent forth, that great, and good, and fearless friar, ALPHONZE DE CASTRO, when he preached before the Court, in the presence of HER MAJESTY, denounced it as most intolerant, unjust, and in every degree opposed to the glorious principles and spirit of the holy religion."

Would it not have been more to DR. DOYLE's purpose to have said—if he could have said—that the POPE denounced and condemned QUEEN MARY and her fagots? That he did not, was an unfortunate omission, we will say. Well; there is time to repair it. Will the present POPE, authoritatively, and *ex cathedrâ*, condemn and anathematise the doctrine that it is, or ever was, lawful for Christian men to burn, or otherwise kill, or torture anybody for heresy? It is surely worth his while to annihilate a prejudice, entertained by millions of Englishmen, against his Church, at the small expense of a "bull" so very short that it would rather deserve the epithet of "brief."

In the meantime, what can be said to DR. DOYLE? Eleven words:—

"IN THE MIDDLE AGES THE CHURCH PUT TO DEATH FOR HERESY!"

These are not the words of *Mr. Punch;* they are the words of JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, Priest of the Oratory of ST. PHILIP NERI. They occur in a lecture delivered by him on the "*Political State of Catholic Countries No Prejudice to the Sanctity of the Church.*" London: BURNS AND LAMBERT: page 208 of Lecture VIII., bought by *Mr. Punch* at MR. RICHARDSON'S, over the way, up the street, for the sum of one shilling current and lawful coin of this realm.

The reader is besought to refer to the sentence in which the above words occur, to see that *Mr. Punch* has not suppressed anything which could soften them or explain them away.

Mr. Punch does not quote the words of DR. NEWMAN against those of DR. DOYLE to fix persecuting tenets on any individual Catholic. He does not mean to insinuate that CARDINAL WISEMAN would wish to roast ARCHBISHOP SUMNER, or that the present DUKE OF NORFOLK would like to preside over a Smithfield Stake Club. *Mr. Punch* merely means to say, that if, as DR. NEWMAN confesses—

"IN THE MIDDLE AGES THE CHURCH PUT TO DEATH FOR HERESY;"

and if the Church is infallible, and cannot make a mistake, it may persecute—whether to the death or short of the death—again. Therefore, that it is not to be trusted; and, though tolerated to the fullest extent, must be resolutely denied the sanction of titles of honour derived from any districts within the bounds of Jolly Old England.

In the meantime, *Mr. Punch* begs thinking persons to observe how very widely "Doctors"—even Roman Doctors—"differ."

A NEW TITLE FOR DR. WISEMAN.

IT has been suggested by a wit—the writer of this paragraph—that his Imminence would be a better title than his Eminence, for the New Cut Cardinal; inasmuch as the insult contemplated by the POPE has been hanging over us, and has been, therefore, imminent for a long time.

A CONUNDRUM MADE BY A LITTLE BOY ONLY SEVEN YEARS OLD.—Why is an umbrella like a Scotch shower?—Because the moment it rains it 's *missed*.

INCREASED ATTRACTION—INCREASED PAY.

Cheapside, Nov. 10th.

ADMIRED SIR,—I have a numerous family of godchildren, It is my custom on the 9th of November to invite all my little charges to the large warehouse I have in Cheapside, so that they may see the Lord Mayor's Show. During the intervals of the procession, we amuse ourselves with romps and games, and buns and cakes, sweetened with the weakest negus.

"Well, Sir, this year I thought I would vary the games a little, and that, instead of a romp in the warehouse, we would have an instructive stroll through St. Paul's Cathedral. I longed to point to the admiring gaze of my young troop the great men of their country, and accordingly had been busy reading up all the morning my *History of England* and SOUTHEY'S *Life of Nelson*, in order to be able to dilate with proper enthusiasm upon the noble deeds they had done. Well, Sir—for I am an old man with the gout, and feel I get on but slowly—we started on our merry trip. I put twenty-pence in my pocket, for we were ten in number. It was all in coppers, for I like to give the money-takers the trouble—it's a little pleasure I have—of counting them. Well, I presented the twenty-pence all in coppers; they were indignantly pushed aside. 'It's all right,' I said, with all the respect I could summon, for somehow it does put me in a rage to be compelled to pay for admission to my own cathedral; 'we are ten of us, and ten persons at two-pence a-piece, may I be allowed to remark, makes exactly twenty-pence."

"'It's no such thing,' he said, with the customary rudeness of all money-takers. 'It's five shillings.' 'How's that?' I inquired, mastering my indignation. 'Impossible!' 'Impossible or not, you must pay it, or you don't go in. I tell you it's five shillings.'

"'But how do you make it out, Sir,' for I was getting quite angry.

"'Why, WE ALWAYS CHARGE SIXPENCE A-HEAD ON LORD MAYOR'S DAY!'

"So, Sir, because there was a little additional attraction, the prices were raised. A play-house, I believe, only doubles its price when there is some unheard of performance to justify it; but here was a Cathedral trebling its rate of admission, because the Lord Mayor's procession happened to pass round it. I asked the impudent official if the charge was made with the sanction of the Dean and Chapter, and he answered me more impudently than ever, that 'it was.'

"I refused, with a long protest, to pay the imposition, which caused the door to be slammed in my face, and I was compelled to walk back again to Cheapside with my little troop, who were sucking their thumbs with disappointment. All my morning's reading went for nothing!

"My only remedy, Sir, is to write to you. I beg of you to use every pen you have in exposing this scandalous state of things till it is fairly carted away, like so much noxious filth, from the City of London.

"I remain, Dear Sir,

"Yours, with the gout much worse from this excitement,

"THE GODFATHER OF SEVERAL FAMILIES."

"P.S. If there is an advance of prices, public information, at all events, should be given of the fact. I should not be surprised—at all events it would be more tradesman-like to do it—to see next year a placard like the following, hung over every door of the cathedral:—

EXTRAORDINARY ADVANCE OF PRICES!!!

The Dean and Chapter beg respectfully to announce that in consequence of

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS

Figuring this year in the Lord Mayor's procession, the Price of Admission to St. Paul's Cathedral will be raised (on this occasion only) to

ONE SHILLING!

N.B. Babies must pay full price. No money returned. Vivat Regina!

THE LARGEST DEPÔTS FOR CARDINALS.—Oxford University and the BISHOP OF LONDON'S diocese.

HOUSEHOLD SONGS.

No. 1.—The Song of the Poker.

I'M a sturdy poker, and all the day,
By the side of the fire I take my place,
And whenever I stir I throw a ray
Of cheerful light on every face.
Of the coal's black looks I make a joke,—
A light in its heart I can always raise;
In the ribs of the fire I give a poke,
And out it bursts in a laughing blaze.

'Tis not in the summer, when all around
Is wrapp'd in the warmth the sun supplies,
That the poker's real worth is found,
As in polish'd state he coldly lies.
But oh! when the winter's frost sets in,
And abroad in the fields you no longer roam;
Oh, then is the time when we all begin
To find in the poker a friend at home.

No. 2.—The Song of the Shovel.

THEY may talk as they will of the poker and tongs,
Their merit to neither stern justice denies;
But surely superior credit belongs
To the shovel, which furnishes all the supplies.
How useless the poker—with nothing to poke,
Its best occupation were utterly gone.
On the coals in a scuttle how vain were the stroke,
Till I to the fire have shovell'd them on.

Still sweeter the office I often fulfil,
Preventing the coal from burning in vain,
And showing there's virtue in humbleness still,
By throwing up cinders again and again.
Thus charity raises from out of the dust
The good that may still with its particles blend;
And the shovel, by forming of cinders a crust,
Endows them with brilliance and warmth to the end.

No. 3.—The Song of the Tongs.

THEY may daddy-long-legs dub me,
My shape they may deride,
But they want me—though they snub me,
To grace the fire-side.

The shovel unreflecting
Throws fuel on by shoals,
I 'm useful in selecting
The choicest of the coals.

To every hut and hovel
The poker it belongs,
And common is the shovel—
But very rare the tongs.

Pride is, I know, delusive,
Of worth 'tis ne'er the sign;
Although to be exclusive
May be a boast of mine.

But hence with idle boasting,
Let 's terminate our songs,
By altogether toasting
Poker—and shovel—and tongs.

THE NEW "CULLEN'S PRACTICE OF PHYSIC."

THE President and Fellows of the Royal College of Physicians have sent an address to the QUEEN praying her to take measures for repelling the Papal aggression. The learned doctors declare their unalterable attachment to our Constitution in Church and State. The interest, therefore, which they take in the Constitution is more extensive than some people might suppose. However, we do not notice their anti-papal address for the mere purpose of making this very obvious remark. Physicians have peculiar cause for being opposed to Popish domination. The medical profession boasts of a DR. CULLEN, who wrote a renowned *Practice of Physic*. Should another DR. CULLEN'S system get the upper hand, a new CULLEN'S *Practice of Physic* might become popular, to the great loss and detriment of the Faculty. There can be no doubt that if the sun is but two yards in diameter, all diseases are curable by saint's toe-nails, or other relics. The establishment of this principle will quite revolutionise the *Materia Medica*; calomel, colocynth, and tartrate of antimony, will be entirely superseded by holy shin and other bones, and fragments of thaumaturgic mummies, miraculous old clothes, and canonised rags. No medicine, indeed, will be taken any more; Apothecaries' Hall be ruined, and the Doctors' occupation gone!

A TRAIN TAKEN IN EXECUTION.

IT will really be a mere matter of prudence to inquire in future into the solvency of any railway upon which one is about to travel, for otherwise a passenger may find himself in custody as part of a train seized by the sheriff's officers for the debts of the concern. Imagine the horror of an affectionate husband about to fly by express to an expectant wife, and checked in his ardour by a *fi. fa.* pushed in at the window by a bailiff, who must produce some such impression as a highwayman would have done in the old days of post and stage-coach travelling. The brigands of the law may become as annoying, if not as formidable, as the Italian brigands—the brutes of the Abruzzi for instance—and we shall be looking out for a *Fra Diavolo* at every station with his slip of parchment, instead of his carbine, ready to poke in the awful instrument at every carriage window, and call upon the occupants to surrender.

The brigand song in *Fra Diavolo* will become popularised upon every railway station in the kingdom, and we will be the first to give a version of it, for the use of travellers on those insolvent lines, which are not safe from the intrusion of the law's merciless myrmidons.

AIR.—"*On yonder rock reclining.*"

On yonder platform sneaking,
His searching eye the train surveys;
See in his hands he a writ displays;
'Tis one of those vile *fi.-fa.-s.*
Without a sentence speaking,
He comes and makes a servile bow;
Without explaining what 's the row,
He whispers "You can't go now."
Diavolo, Diavolo!
"Your wife thus baulked of meeting
To yourself you keep repeating,
'Diavolo, Diavolo, Diavo-lo!'"

If passengers are really liable to be stopped *in transitu* for the debts of a railway company, it will be advisable that some means should be employed by the solvent concerns to satisfy the public, that there need be no apprehension of the train being apprehended by the officers of the law; and it would be a wise precaution on the part of those who can pay, to have copies of their balance-sheet stuck up at all the stations along the line, while those companies which are insolvent should obtain and exhibit at their booking-offices a letter of license from their creditors.

THE BERLIN CHOIR TO THE WARS HAVE GONE.

WE have heard of military bands, but a military chorus is something quite new, and the Berlin choir is the first specimen we recollect of a body of men, under a concert engagement here, finding themselves suddenly disconcerted by being called upon to enter into a military engagement with the enemy. Our own British chorus-singer is such a purely peaceful animal, that though you may encase him in pasteboard buckler, gird him with a property sword, and put the most martial language into his mouth; though he might be made to scream with the utmost power of his lungs,

"For liberty or glorious death
We gladly yield our latest breath,"

yet everybody knows that he attends to no other call than the call to rehearsal, and he draws the sword for no other purpose than to enable him to draw his salary.

It seems, however, to be a much more serious business with the Berlin chorus singers, who have not only to scream under a banner, but to fight under one also, and they are liable to be forced to practise what they sing, when called upon to do so by their Government. We pity the poor Berlin choir, who have suddenly been summoned from the heat of Her Majesty's Theatre to the heat of battle; or, at all events, to the chance of very warm work; and we cannot help thinking it was adding insult to misfortune, to insert in the programme "*Home, sweet Home*," which they were obliged to sing at a time when the prospect of going home must have been very far from agreeable. Though our native chorus singers run the risk of being cut up by criticism, they are, at all events, safe from the sword; and we congratulate them on their pound a-week in peace and quietness, which is much better than getting called out to fight by way of an annual benefit.

ANIMAL SPIRITS OF THE CHURCH.

THE BISHOP OF OXFORD has written several letters, signed B. OXON., in answer to addresses from his clergy calling upon him to take the chair at meetings to be held in opposition to the Papal aggression. These letters breathe a spirit of indignation at the conduct of the See of Rome, and, in fact, from the style of writing OXON., would seem to be infuriated OXON. against the Pope's Bull.

EXTREME MILDNESS OF THE SEASON.—CARDINAL WISEMAN'S Appeal to the People of England.

MOVE ON, THERE!

THE Chancery Bar, and the Chancery suitors, also, are in a state of some tribulation at the slow progress made in the Lord Chancellor's Court, in consequence of the extreme length of the deliberations of the present occupant of the Woolsack. A reference to the reports in the newspapers will show that a column or two of argument from the Bar, is followed by an announcement from the Chancellor, that he will "take the papers home," or "deliver his judgment on a future day;" but it very rarely happens that an actual decision is chronicled. Sometimes his lordship will "consult the minutes"—an operation that often involves not merely minutes, but hours—and while the judicial grass is growing—if we may use the allegory—the forensic horse is starving for want of a fresh supply of provender.

Caution and deliberation are excellent qualities in a new Chancellor, no doubt; but the barristers complain bitterly of the comparatively small amount of business got through; and some of the older ones declare they are now reminded of the days of the ELDON slow coach, before the introduction of the Fast BROUGHAM, and the COTTENHAM Diligence.

WILL YOU BUY? BUY? BUY?

WE select the following bit of military trading from a *Brighton Paper*. It may be called the latest transaction in the

"MART OF GLORY.—It is confidently reported in military circles that the large sum of £16,000 has been offered by the major of a lancer regiment for the purchase of the lieutenant-colonelcy, and refused, after two days' deliberation."

So an English gentleman becomes a lieutenant-colonel, not by merit, but by money—by the force of his pocket, and not the intelligence of his head. The ladder by which an Englishman mounts to military promotion is a Ladder of Gold. £16,000 to be a lieutenant-colonel! Napoleon was quite wrong—we are *not* a nation of shopkeepers.

Mother Church and her Naughty Children.

SEVERAL children of the Church have proved rebellious and difficult to deal with; but of all her children, those naughty little boys of Oxford, who for years past have been pelting the head of their venerable parent with nothing but Tracts, have certainly turned out the most In-Tractable.

JULLIEN'S NEXT QUADRILLE.

We would suggest to the splendid Jullien that the feeling of Hero-worship which inspired the British Army Quadrille might find farther expression in a similar work of genius, composed in honour of a kindred service. The Metropolitan Police Force is a valuable body of men, to whom such homage would be highly appropriate, whilst it would be equally gratifying to a Public which is even more loyal and constitutional than it is musical. We can almost fancy that we hear the great composition by which M. Jullien might glorify our gallant constabulary. A brisk, lively opening indicates the alacrity of the policemen mustering at the Station. A measured movement of the kettle-drums represents the tramp of the various divisions along the kerb-stones. The air, "*Oh, the Roast Beef of Old England*," is now introduced, to signify the descent of the policeman from his beat into the area, to meet his cook. This is suddenly interrupted by the *Rogue's March*, to which succeeds "*'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay*," indicating the hero's return to the street under a sense of duty, recollecting the exhortation of Nelson. "*The Horn of Chase*" now betokens the pursuit of a pickpocket, whose flight is expressed by rapid passages on the piccolo; all the wind and stringed instruments join in the hue and cry; and the capture of the depredator is denoted by a thump on the big drum. The well-known air of "*We won't go Home till Morning*" now informs us that some tipsy medical students are retiring from the Coal Hole; a sudden crash explains that a lamp has been smashed by the roysterers, and that the police have seized them; a regular row then ensues, created by the whole strength of the orchestra, in which the ophicleides and gongs are tremendously prominent, their effect being heightened by watchmen's rattles and small pieces of artillery. In conclusion, the National Anthem declares the triumph of Her Majesty's officers. Here are some ideas for a Metropolitan Police Force Quadrille, and if Jullien will work them up, we will be bound to say he will do something quite A. 1.

DRAMAS FOR EVERY-DAY LIFE.

We have been told—till we are tired of hearing the information—that "All the World's a Stage," yet, when we look around us, we find no dramas of every-day life written expressly for "all the men and women" who "are only players." The social members of the sock must find themselves much embarrassed occasionally by the want of a *repertoire*, and if they really do "play many parts," their acting must consist of what, in the language of the green-room, is called "gag;" inasmuch as there is nothing "set down for them," and consequently, however anxious they might be to adhere to *Hamlet's* rule, they would find it impossible to do so. Taking pity upon our fellow actors on the great stage of the world, who are in the dilemma so commonly complained of by the professional players, who are always lamenting that they have no pieces written expressly for them, we have undertaken the task of writing a few dramas of every-day life, for performance by "all the men and women" whom Shakspeare has lumped into one great dramatic company.

We have no doubt the actors, like a discontented ungrateful set as they are, will declare that the parts we offer them are not half good enough, but we nevertheless rush into the perils of authorship regardless of the sneers of Snooks, who thinks he ought to be playing Lord Chancellor, when fortune, the stage manager, has cast him into the lawyer's clerk; or of Spooney, who is measuring out silk from behind a counter, when he believes that his most appropriate character would be that of a measurer of sentences, and dealer out of great political truths from the ministerial benches in Parliament. Without further prologue we proceed to give the first of our dramas of every-day life under the title of the

PERRUQUIER PUZZLED.

Scene—*A Barber's Shop. Barber's man engaged in cutting hair, making wigs, and other barbaresque operations.*

Enter Jones, *meeting* Oily *the Barber.*

Jones. I wish my hair cut.
Oily. Pray, Sir, take a seat.
[Oily *puts chair for* Jones, *who sits. During the following dialogue,* Oily *continues cutting* Jones's *hair.*
Oily. We've had much wet, Sir.
Jones. Very much indeed.
Oily. And yet November's early days were fine.
Jones. They were.
Oily. I hoped fair weather might have lasted us
Until the end.
Jones. At one time—so did I.
Oily. But we have had it very wet.
Jones. We have.
[*A pause of some minutes.*
Oily. I know not, Sir, who cut your hair last time;
But this I say, Sir, it was badly cut:
No doubt 'twas in the country.
Jones. No! in Town!
Oily. Indeed! I should have fancied otherwise.
Jones. 'Twas cut in Town—and in this very room.
Oily. Amazement!—but I now remember well.
We had an awkward new provincial hand,
A fellow from the country. Sir, he did
More damage to my business in a week,
Than all my skill can in a year repair.
He must have cut your hair.
Jones (*looking at him*). No—'twas yourself.
Oily. Myself! Impossible! You must mistake.

Jones. I don't mistake—'twas you that cut my hair.
[*A long pause, interrupted only by the clipping of the scissors.*
Oily. Your hair is very dry, Sir.
Jones. Oh! indeed.
Oily. Our Vegetable Extract moistens it.
Jones. I like it dry.
Oily. But, Sir! the hair when dry
Turns quickly grey.
Jones. That colour I prefer.
Oily. But hair, when grey, will rapidly fall off,
And baldness will ensue.
Jones. I would be bald.
Oily. Perhaps, Sir, you mean to say you 'd like a wig.
We 've wigs so natural they can't be told
From real hair.
Jones. Deception I detest.
[*Another pause ensues, during which* Oily *blows down* Jones's *neck, and relieves him from the linen wrapper in which he has been enveloped during the process of hair-cutting.*
Oily. We've brushes, soaps, and scent of every kind.
Jones. I see you have. (*Pays* 6*d.*) I think you 'll find that right.
Oily. If there is nothing I can show you, Sir.
Jones. No: nothing. Yet—there may be something, too,
That you may show me.
Oily. Name it, Sir.
Jones. The door. [*Exit* Jones.
Oily (*to his man*). That 's a rum customer, at any rate.
Had I cut him as short as he cut me,
How little hair upon his head would be;
But if kind friends will all our pains requite,
We 'll hope for better luck another night.
[*Shop-bell rings, and curtain falls.*

NEW TITLE.

If Cardinal Wiseman is allowed to retain his present papal appointment, we recommend that he be always addressed and alluded to as "The Archbishop of Westminster, by Hook and by Crook."

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—Saturday, November 30th, 1850.

A TESTIMONIAL *NOT* TO GEORGE HUDSON.

THERE will now, we take it, never be a testimonial erected to his late Majesty, GEORGE, of Iron memory—GEORGE HUDSON. Never again will the plate go round in honour of that overthrown bit of royalty. Nevertheless, we have to propose a testimonial that, whilst it shall, in some measure, palliate the meanness and folly that clubbed together to glorify the dethroned king—shall commemorate *his* peculiar fame, by good service done to one of his victims. MR. DOYLE, one of the proprietors of the *Weekly Chronicle*, appears a bankrupt, under an examination that only serves to test and show his honourable dealings. Well; MR. DOYLE states, on oath, that the persecution that drives him into a Court of Bankruptcy originated in the fact, that—

"He, as editor, refused to allow the *Weekly Chronicle* to be corrupted by inserting a defence of MR. GEORGE HUDSON, written by his son-in-law, MR. SEYMOUR. He firmly believed he should not now be in the Bankruptcy Court if it were not for his refusal to insert that defence, and to be corrupted. He would not consent to the *Weekly Chronicle* being made the tool of MR. GEORGE HUDSON."

An honourable man will not consent that his newspaper ink shall be made to do the part of fuller's-earth, and take out spots—the late Spotted Boy was nothing to look at when compared with the many wicked specks that may give blackness to an adult dealer in railways—an editor will not suffer black to be called white; will not praise ebony as ivory; and he is harassed into bankruptcy. He is a truthful guardian of the press, and he is ruined.

Now, what we ask is a testimonial for MR. DOYLE—a testimonial subscribed by the parties who laid down their thousands for HUDSON. We ask—say, two and sixpence in the pound. What could be a pleasanter bit of self-imposed penance? A. B. C. have each subscribed for HUDSON—say £80 a-piece; well, let them, to sweeten the unseemly memory of the fact, subscribe £10 each to the account of MR. DOYLE. The ex-king has been gilt inch thick—shall there not be even half-crowns for his ex-Majesty's victim?

"I LIKE TO BE DESPISED."

Pope's Essay on (Wise) Man.

IT is an old saying, that "What's one man's meat is another man's poison;" and the truth has lately been exemplified by the different reception given in England and France to the news of the POPE having sent to these countries new Cardinals.. LOUIS-NAPOLEON in his "message," the length of which is the only republican thing just now in France, calls the grant of three Cardinals by the Pope, "an eminent proof of gratitude towards the nation;" whereas we in England regard the gift of one Cardinal in a very different light, and could have dispensed so well with the present, that we wish the POPE, while giving the eminent trio to France, had thrown the "little one in," in the shape of DOCTOR WISEMAN. "What is sauce for the Goose" the proverb tells us, "is sauce for the Gander." But however well the Pope's sauce may agree with the Gallic cock it does not at all suit the British Lion.

SIR JOHN ROSS'S PIGEONS.

WE have awaited until doubt ripened into truth, ere we spoke of the arrival of SIR JOHN ROSS's pigeons at their native home at Annan Hill, near Kilmarnock, Scotland. These birds were originally the property of MISS DUNLOP, and that lady bestowed them on SIR JOHN ROSS, who bound himself by knightly promise to liberate the birds as soon as he should have been comfortably frozen in his winter quarters. And here are two of the birds—for SIR JOHN ROSS took two pair with him—again in Scotland. They have been examined by PROFESSOR MACTARTANCLAN, the distinguished Glasgow philosopher, and he considers that they evince unmistakeable symptoms of having been, for some time, domesticated with the Esquimaux; the birds picking up bits of chopped tallow candles with hyperborean gusto. He has moreover tried them with a water ice, which they relished most mincingly. No dove of a young lady, after her twentieth quadrille, could have taken it more prettily. The birds have become national pets, and with very great reason. Scotland has cause to be proud of them; inasmuch as they have beautifully demolished a most ungenerous prejudice. And for this, the birds are fed upon the sweetest of sweetpeas every day, with a sprinkling of peppercorns on Sundays and holidays. Further, when the pigeons die, they will be stuffed and preserved under domes of crystal, and treasured in the future Museum of Edinburgh; as real, unmistakeable evidence of the patriotic fact, that natives of Scotland, once flitted from their home, have been known—and that of their own free will—to return to it.

AN EXAMPLE FOR PEERS.

THE excellent EARL OF CARLISLE is about, in an especial manner, to vindicate the value of his order. He has taken upon himself the task of teacher: the schoolmaster with the coronet. He is about to deliver two lectures, in the Mechanics' Institute, at Leeds: one, "On the Poetry of POPE," the other on the Stripes and Stars, that is, on his Lordship's travels in America.

There is little doubt that his Lordship's example will be followed by his brother Peers, Spiritual and Temporal. We prophetically see, in our mind's eye, the radiant syllabus. Thus:

"On the Virtues of Primitive Hospitality, as exercised in Scotch Glens," by the DUKE OF ATHOLL.

"On Church Candles; showing how you may, with the same breath, blow them out, and blow them in again," by CHARLES JAMES, Bishop of London.

"On Needleworks of Charity by the English Nuns of 1850," by HENRY, Bishop of Exeter.

"On the Tailors of London, with a song, humorously setting forth the prices of the cheapest; written by the Sweet Goose of Houndsditch," by the MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER.

HUMBLE PIE; OR, THE PREMIER AND THE CARDINAL.

A Duet.

AIR.—"*My Pretty Page.*"

Card. and Prem. One of us lads must eat humble pie;
Which will it be, you or I?
Card. Which of the two?
Prem. You, Sir, you.
Card. What, I, Sir? I? *Prem.* Yes, you, Sir, you.
Card. Not I, but you. *Prem.* Not you, but I?
Card. Yes, you.
Prem. Not I!
Card. Not you?
Prem. No! you.
Card. I? *Prem.* You. *Card.* You. *Prem.* I! *Card.* I! *Prem.* You!
Card. You!
Prem. You!
Both Well, we shall see, by-and-by,
Which is the boy to eat humble pie.

The Suggestions of "Stop Thief."

MR. GEORGE CRUIKSHANK has written a little pamphlet called "Stop Thief," containing some suggestions for securing our doors and windows, which are so well adapted to the end in view, that we will not quarrel with MR. CRUIKSHANK for omitting to explain how, if our windows are shut against thieves, it is possible that we can be on the look out for them.

ADVICE TO PUSEYITE PARSONS.—You had better not remain in an establishment which, although it finds you clothes, victuals, and coals, can by no means afford you candles.

BUSINESS AND THE BAYONET.

AT Birmingham the lamb has looked into the cannon's mouth; the Peace Society has had a meeting. The dove has cooed and cooed, and the proving-house has re-echoed with the bang-bang of fire-arms. Men have listened to the old metaphor that crooks the sword into the sickle, and then went away to forge new swords the next morning. And this proved, ought not the peace orators to be all the prouder of their audience? Are we to expect the sword-smiths of Birmingham, and all the other artificers who make of iron the instruments of agony and death, to renounce their trade in order to prove their hatred of aggressive war? Are they to starve, that they may practically protest against a system that, within the last two years, according to MR. COBDEN, has burthened the nations of the Continent with debts and losses to the amount of two hundred millions? Do the legislators of the civilised world demand such sacrifices of the workers? It is to pay their virtue somewhat too hard a compliment. Nevertheless, that the question of Peace should be debated in Birmingham, the arsenal—debated to approving thousands—marks the steady advance of the pacific principle. The gunsmiths, though living by the trade of war, did not exclaim "Down with STURGE and COBDEN! Great is the BELLONA of Birmingham!"

MR. COBDEN very happily tore to tatters the miserable sophism, that it was justifiable to make war, in order to increase commerce—to push business at the point of the bayonet. Commerce, it is true, has followed war; nevertheless, we would not have an account opened even with Japan with howitzers. Bayonets work an ugly kind of treble entry; nor would we have that Manchester dream fulfilled, that vision that shows that every Chinaman in a night-cap of cotton is to be realised by the percussion caps of English infantry. And yet, evidently, there are commercial men who believe that, with the foreigner, the best and sharpest of bargains may be made with the sword, stropped on the binding of a ledger.

Nevertheless, the writer in *Chambers's Information*—the essayist chastised by COBDEN—has opened a grand idea that, if not to be carried out in Japan by means of seventy-fours, soldiers and marines may, in a small degree, be familiarised to us in London, or even in Edinburgh. What it is lawful for armies to do in order to force trade, it may, for the benefit of our imports and exports, be allowable to individual firms and shop-keepers. For instance, London next summer will be thronged with foreigners—many of them possibly as wilfully obtuse to the excellencies of our manufactures, as are the Japanese to our very thickest Whitney blankets, and our best-finished skates. Why, then, should not the MESSRS. NOSES—for the civilising benefits of trade—be permitted to have a company of their own, in uniforms of their own shade and pattern, a corps of the Israelovsky's, (old SUWARROW once formed such a body), who, without a word, should lay hold upon any foreigner, and carrying him to their Mart, command him to get rid at once of his cash and his barbarian ignorance? Why should they not compel him to be measured, and there pay down the money for the half-dozen suits of clothes, considered barely decent—the savage—for his necessities? What would be right in Japan, would be no less right in the Ghetto of the Minories—what lawful with the edge of the sword, no less lawful at the point of the needle?

Again, with the weaker sex. Let us have corps of light linendrapers, of lancer mercers, of hussar jewellers, skirmishing the streets of London, and—for the civilisation and enlightenment of foreign women—let them compel her to take, and her husband to pay for—or if a spinster, her parent or guardian—any quantity of muslins, silks, velvets, pearls and diamonds. Poor creatures! With no taste, no desire for such raiment and finery—what real benefit will be exercised, by the compulsion that makes them customers?

It appears a Peace Congress will be held in the Crystal Palace. Why not? We take foreign Princes to show them rocket practice in Woolwich Marshes: let foreign peoples, with the world's works of peace before them, listen to words that shall preach a world-wide amity. Let them, in that glass hive, consider that they are all of the same human swarm, created mutually to labour, and not to destroy.

HOUSEHOLD SONGS.—THE TEA SERVICE.

No. 1.—The Song of the Teapot.

THEIR goblets of silver, their vases of gold,
Let pleasure and luxury boast:
To the teapot alone will philosophy hold,
And bread will be ever its toast.

Yes! 'Tis in the teapot life's type may be seen,
Reflection should on it be fixed;
Existence is neither all black nor all green,
Our joys and our sorrows are mix'd.

From the depths of the teapot there's plenty to learn,
How adversity profit may bring;
For at tea-time the kettle will bid us discern
How in spite of hot water to sing.

No. 2.—The Song of the Sugar Basin.

Roam—roam for years from flower to flower,
Thou, idly busy bee!
Thou canst not match with all thy power
The sweets enclosed by me.

With prejudice I am not blind;
The sugars I contain,
If to the tea alone confin'd,
Were sweet, alas! in vain.

No! With the generous grog I'll blend,
As with the sober tea:
For sociality, a friend
Will ever find in me.

No. 3.—The Song of the Milk Jug

I know I am a mockery,
I hate my very name;
Into the world of crockery
I know not how I came.
A milk jug is an article
They might as well put down
For, oh! there's not a particle
Of genuine milk in town.

Far better to have given me
A name I could deserve,
Than cruelly have driven me
From truth's bright path to swerve;
For when of milk jugs trippingly
I hear them round me talk,
There trickle down me drippingly
Tears of diluted chalk.

Oh, how I hate hypocrisy!
Would I could place myself
In that enlarged democracy,
The world of common delf.
Although to fine gim-crackery
'Tis fated I belong;
No matter—"Down with quackery"
Shall ever be my song.

PUNCH SNEERING AT PEACEMAKERS!

AT the late meeting of the Peace Congress, at Birmingham, as reported in the *Times*, the REV. ANGEL JAMES, Independent preacher, in rising to move the first resolution, said—

"*Punch* might sneer, and the *Times* might thunder at them."

The *Times might* "thunder" at the Peace Congress, if it did not prefer quizzing it. *Punch* might sneer at the advocates of Peace, were he to reverse the course which he has hitherto always adopted, of encouraging them.

Either the REV. MR. ANGEL JAMES has never read *Punch* or the *Times*, or else he is unable to distinguish between banter and thunder, and between sneering and patronage.

The REV. ANGEL JAMES, Independent preacher, ought not to preach quite so independently of fact.

THE RED MAN IN ENGLAND.

THE POPE, it has been said, set in movement the late revolutions on the Continent. In his lately appointed Cardinal, he has sent us a Red Man who is likely to create a sufficient disturbance here.

TELEGRAPHIC TARADIDDLES.

PUNCH is far from wishing to under-rate the value of the Telegraph, or to discourage the enterprising spirit of the newspaper proprietors, who keep steamers with their steam perpetually up in the Boulogne Harbour; and an express train always in readiness at Folkstone, to bring to London the latest Continental news; but it will occasionally happen that the *jeu* is not worth the candle, or rather the coals consumed in keeping up the fires of the engines. On rushing eagerly to the heading of "Second" or "Third Edition" in a morning paper, our curiosity and excitement are often doomed to be repaid by such intelligence as the following:—

"It was raining fast in Paris when our express left, and there seemed no prospect of the weather clearing up very speedily. The President of the Republic was still at the Elysée, and a proposition was just being made in the National Assembly, to allow leave of absence to MONSIEUR BETISE, who represents a distant department. Nothing grave was attached to this incident; and though there were a few speculators hanging about the *Passage de l'Opera*, prices were not affected. From Germany, says our Correspondent, there is *absolument rien*—positively nothing—"unless" he adds, "the fact of several Hessians having been seen to walk in pairs through the streets, may be found interesting by your readers."

"We learn from another source that Austria remains where it did, and Prussia's position on the map of Europe, has not yet been modified."

Of course our daily contemporaries, when they have hired an express train, chartered a steamer to remain always with her steam up, and prepared to start, whether there is anything worth starting for or not—of course, we say, our contemporaries must give something by way of news, under the head of their second or third editions; but we beg leave to suggest in a truly friendly spirit, that we think the greater part of the information contained in these editions, would keep extremely well for a few hours, and the cost of a newspaper fleet with newspaper express trains, might in great part at least be dispensed with.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF AN EX-UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

MR. JONES *is from home, on a journey.* MRS. JONES *is left in their box near Croydon, with* SALLY, *the housemaid, and* WARDLE, *the cook, without a man in the house, and "all these awful burglaries going on all over the country."*

Time, from 9 P. M. till 6 A. M.

SCENE.—*The* EX-UNPROTECTED FEMALE'S *Sitting-Room.* SALLY *taking away the tea-things.*

Ex-Unprotected Female. Any more of those horrid tramps to-day, SALLY?

Sally. Please 'm a nasty Hirishwoman, in a grey cloak.

Ex-Unprotected (*mysteriously*). Dear me! Are you sure it *was* a woman, SALLY?

Sally (*volubly*). Well, 'm, I think it was, she used such bad language when she axed for a drink of water for the child, and I told her to go away and not come a-trampin 'ere.

Ex-Unprotected. Oh, dear! it 's dreadful to be left alone this way.

Sally (*affably*). They *do* say MR. TREACLE'S shop was 'tempted last night—the grocer's, you know, 'm, where we has our things—on'y he got up and barked like a dog, and they run away.

Ex-Unprotected (*mentally calculating how far her imitation of a dog would be likely to prove successful*). Good gracious!

Sally. But MR. BOX, the constable, thinks they 're a-lurkin' in the neighbourhood. Perhaps that Irishwoman was one of 'em.

Ex-Unprotected (*shuddering*). Good gracious! Hold your tongue, SALLY, do—how can you talk so?—when you know there 's not a man in the house!

Sally (*perseveringly*). Ah, that 's it, 'm, now MR. JONES is away. There 's me and WARDLE was sayin', on'y last night, 'm—sez she, "There 's missus," sez she, "she might be robbered and mur——'

Ex-Unprotected (*horror-stricken*). SALLY!

Sally (*determined to complete the picture*). And the bell-ropes cut—and nobody never no wiser for it, till she didn't call us in the morning, and——

Ex-Unprotected. SALLY—I declare it 's dreadful to hear you. Hold your tongue—do.

Sally (*with offended dignity*). Well, 'm—I 'm sure it 's no business of mine—I knows my place, 'm. [*Sweeping out with the tea-things.*

Ex-Unprotected (*glad even of the illusory protection of* SALLY'S *presence*). Well, but SALLY—what 's to be done?

Sally (*resolved not to understand*). About the tap of the beer, Mum?

Ex-Unprotected. Good gracious, girl—no—about the burglars. I declare I daren't go to bed—no man in the house, too——

Sally (*musingly*). There 's SCALY JOE, 'm, as drives the fish-cart. I 'ear his bell in the lane just now; p'raps he wouldn't mind——

Ex-Unprotected (*imploringly*). Oh, ask him.

Sally (*chivalrously*). And, for *my* part, I don't believe 'arf that goes aginst 'im, for a thief—to be sure, when he 's in liquor——

Ex-Unprotected. Oh, dear! we won't have a thief and a drunkard in the house, SALLY.

Sally (*thoughtfully*). No, 'm—there 's DUFFY, from the workus, that cleans the knives sometimes, and weeds the garden—he was 'avin' his supper—I think he can't have got out of the lane yet.

Ex-Unprotected (*grasping at the chance*). Oh, call him back—do.

Sally (*shaking her head*). To be sure he 's only twelve—and not by no means strong—and he 's often took with fits—I don't think he 'd be much good, Ma'am.

Ex-Unprotected. Of course not, you stupid girl.

Sally. Well, 'm, there 's nobody else within 'arf a mile of us—and I 'm sure, 'm, I ain't a-going out for anybody.

Ex-Unprotected (*in despair*). Dear me—it 's very dreadful—SALLY (*rapidly running over her domestic defences*). Do take care that all the bells are on the shutters, and the wires to them laid across all the passages, and the crackers in the pantry, and the detonating detector on the back door; and, SALLY, I think if you were to put one of MR. JONES'S hats on a pitchfork, and stick it up the wash-house chimney, they might think we had the sweeps.

Sally (*taking her orders with compressed lips, and other symptoms of great energy*). Yes, 'm.

Ex-Unprotected (*struck by a bright idea*). And, SALLY, bring me the DINNER-BELL. I 'll take it to bed with me!

Sally (*jumping at the notion*). Oh yes, 'm; and if the burglars gets in, and we hears the bell——

Ex-Unprotected (*courageously*). You can rush to my assistance.

Sally (*rather taken aback*). Oh, 'm, then we 'd *all* be murdered.

Ex-Unprotected (*to whom the vision of a triple massacre at once occurs*). Oh, dear! Oh, dear! SALLY, you 're a wicked girl, to put such things into one's head. I never did hear any one talk so.

Sally (*argumentatively*). Well, 'm, it *can't* be no use, me and WARDLE coming, now can it, 'm?

Ex-Unprotected. Then, what *is* the good of my going to bed with the bell, SALLY?

Sally. Oh, 'm, when we 'ear it, we 'll know what 's 'appened, and we can run away, or scream out of the front winders.

Ex-Unprotected. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! (*Snatches up her bedroom candle, blows out the other lights, and rushes up to her bedroom in an unutterable agony of terror.*)

[SCENE *changes to the Bed-room of the* EX-UNPROTECTED. *She has performed her night toilette in an unprecedentedly short time, and is already shivering with terror under the bedclothes. The dinner-bell reposes on the pillow beside her head, very much in the place usually occupied by the night-cap of* MR. JONES. *A rushlight flickers on the hearth.*

Ex-Unprotected (*soliloquising at intervals*). Oh, it 's too bad of MR. JONES to be from home at these dreadful times—I wonder what the Magistrates are about—and the Police—I 'm sure we pay taxes enough—and to think one can't sleep comfortably in one's own house, without expecting to get up some morning—ugh!—(*shudders—puts her hand against the cold bell*)—Oh—gracious!—what 's that?—(*starts half up*)—Oh, it 's that horrid bell. I 'll get the gardener—to sleep—in the kitchen—to-morrow—a—p'rhaps a dog would be best—if they wouldn't go mad, and—they 're—always—getting—stolen—and rewards are so—ver—y—hea—vy—sno-r-r-h—sno-r-r-h—sno-r-r-r-r-r-r-h——

[*She dozes off into a dream-land, peopled with burglars, bells, man-traps, spring-guns, mad dogs,* MR. JONES, SCALY JOE, GREENACRE, *and the* GARDENER.

Enter a Domestic Mouse, *accompanied by his little Family, cautiously from the skirting-board.*

Mr. Mouse, senior. Patter—patter—patter—pip—pip—pi—pi——
[*Trotting to the rushlight.*

The Masters and Misses Mice (*careering about on the boards*). Pirri-pirri-pirri-pir——

[EX-UNPROTECTED *starts up at the point in her dream where* MR. JONES *is struggling with a mad dog, and the dinner-bell is holding her down in her bed during the operation.*

Mr. Mouse, senior (*scudding to his hole*). Patter—patter—pit-a-pat—a-pitter——

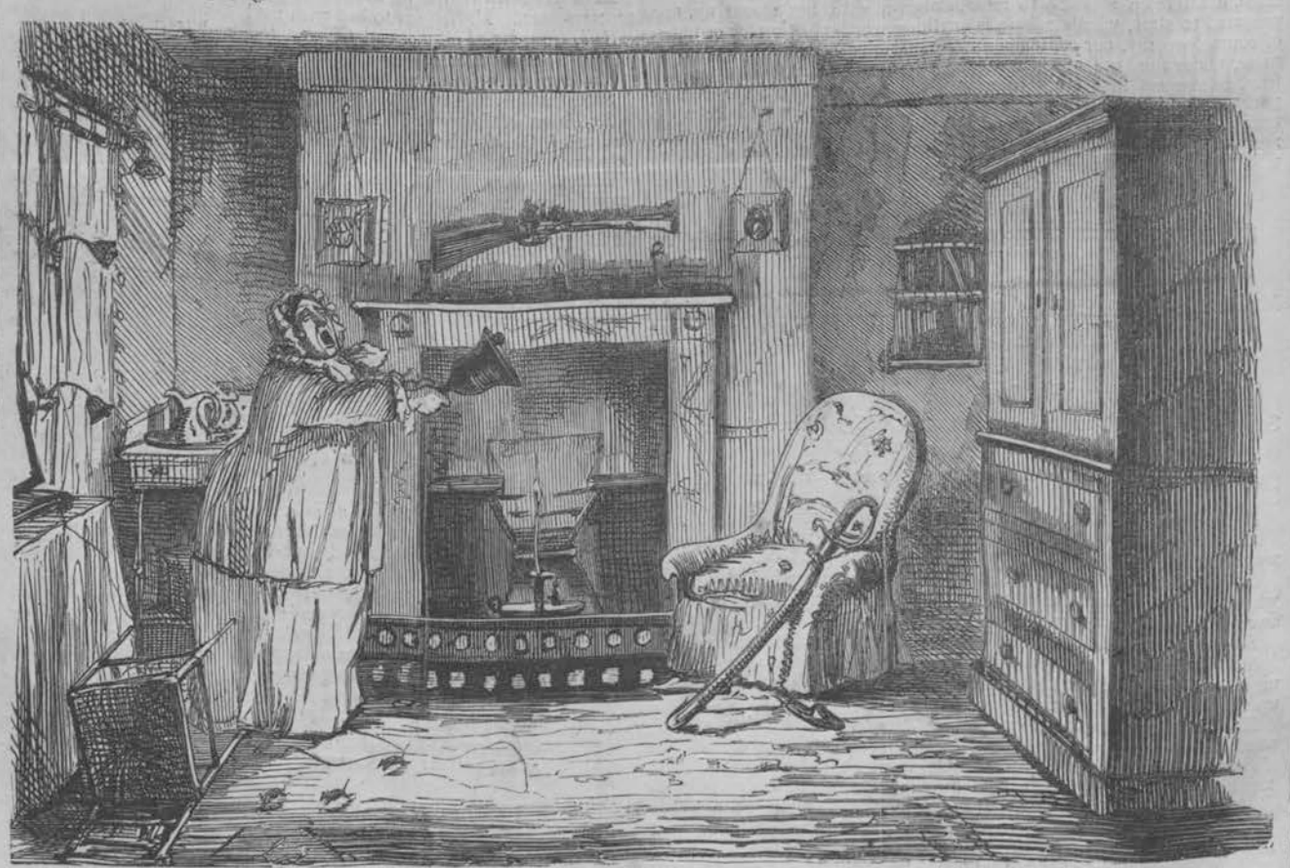
Masters and Misses Mice (*tumbling over each other as they follow his example*). Pirri-pirri-pit-a-pee-pee-wee-pirri-wee-pirri-pirri-pirri-pirri——

Ex-Unprotected (*holding her breath, and listening intently to the beating of her own heart, and the scrambling of the mice*). There's somebody in the house! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! what shall I do!

Enter a Rat *impudently from a hole under the bed.*

Rat (*pacing leisurely across the floor*). Pit-a-pat-a-pit-a-pat-a-pat——

Ex-Unprotected. Oh, dear! They're walking up-stairs! They've taken their shoes off! Oh, whatever shall I do! Oh, the bell—the bell!



[*She seizes the dinner-bell, and gives a tremendous peal, springing out of bed at the same moment. Her foot catches in the wire that communicates with the bell on the shutters, which rings. The maids have rushed out of their room at the sound of Bell No.* 1, *and flying through the passages, set a-ringing all the bells whose wires they stumble over in their terror. The bell-wires communicate with the detonating detectors, which explode in all directions. The servants scream out of the front windows. The* Ex-Unprotected *keeps ringing her bell in the midst of the hubbub, convinced that all is lost, while the Rats and Mice, the innocent cause of all the disturbance, wonder what the deuce is the meaning of the row, and cower in their holes, only one degree less frightened than the* Ex-Unprotected Female. *Scene closes.*

B—P OF L———N. B—P OF O———D. B—P OF E———R.

THE HOT POKER.

RULES FOR THE PREVENTION OF THE PROMISED PLAGUE NEXT YEAR.

THE arguments of the old women, and that of several newspapers advocating the fears of the same class, that the invasion of foreigners next year is sure to be followed by a second Plague of London, are so convincing, that we are glad to hear some measures are at last to be taken for the prevention of the evil. A quarantine will be established, by which every foreigner will be compelled to remain eight-and-forty hours in some place of salubrity before he is allowed to enter the Metropolis. We rejoice to state, that Herne Bay has been one of the places honoured with selection. A supplementary Board of Health is also to be instituted, for the examination of all foreigners. For carrying out this sanitary purpose, they are to be invested with the most searching powers.

The following are a few of the rules, unanimously agreed upon, for their guidance in this delicate matter:—

1. That every Frenchman is to be washed from head to foot before entering London. For this purpose, *Foreign Baths and Washhouses* are to be established in every suburb round the Metropolis.

2. That no German is to be allowed admission into "the first city in the world" (the term generally used at all the London dinners), unless he can prove possession of at least six shirts, as many stockings, and two clean collars.

3. That two pounds of yellow soap will be presented to every foreigner, without favour or distinction, honouring the metropolis with his presence next year. For this purpose, a "*Foreigners' Charitable Soap Fund*" will be instantly instituted, and subscriptions are urgently solicited for the carrying out of this benevolent idea.

4. That every foreigner must bring a certificate of good health from his medical man, signed and witnessed by the clergyman of his parish.

5. That no foreigner will be admitted into London, under any pretence whatever, unless he can prove, by authentic marks about his person, that he has been vaccinated.

6. That camphor-bags will be given away twice a-week in Hyde Park, to all suspicious foreigners, and that placards will be printed in every language of the world and largely distributed in the neighbourhood of the Exhibition, warning all easy confiding foreigners, as they value their lives, against the purchase of any *Patent Life-Pills*.

With these stringent precautions it is to be hoped that the evil will have less room and less chance of displaying itself; and that if the Plague should break out, at all events that we shall have every remedy already prepared to enable us to arrest it at once in its fatal progress. With these inspiriting prospects, old women may remain in London during the memorable year of 1851, with (under the alarming circumstances) the greatest possible amount of safety.

CHANGE FOR A BULL.

"DEAR PUNCH,

"THERE are some people in England who think MR. WISEMAN right; and that we ought not to be in any way angry because the POPE chooses to dip a British subject in Cardinal scarlet, conferring on him a title, without consulting an English Potentate upon that very trifling matter.

"Very well. But if these good, easy people be as right as they are good and easy, let them allow HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA a little bit of fair play. And permit me to make this proposition to the QUEEN'S Council Table; a proposition that, no doubt, will, in the rightful spirit of retaliation, be duly adopted. It is simply this (to be strengthened by a public petition).

"Let the QUEEN be prayed to create SIGNOR MAZZINI President of Rome; conferring other corresponding dignities on his adherents and followers.

"I beg further to recommend that HER MAJESTY be petitioned to use her kindly offices with the French President, that he may cause to be withdrawn the French forces from the Roman Capital.

"I am no casuist, *Mr. Punch*—I am no polemic—I am no Revolutionist—but this I am—

"A LOVER OF FAIR PLAY."

The Wiseman Paradise.

N. WISEMAN speaks of the "little Paradise" that, under the influence of his Church, might be all around Westminster Abbey? There can remain no doubt of the fact upon every just and reflecting mind that has beheld the perfect Eden that lies all about St. Peter's at Rome.

BISHOPS AND LOBSTERS.

THERE is no doubt that some bishops may bear an affinity to lobsters. Take the BISHOP OF EXETER as an example. He was so long in hot water, that he began to turn a little scarlet.

NEW STYLE OF REVIEW IN HYDE PARK.

IT is understood that the Great Exhibition to be held next year in Hyde Park, will be succeeded by an indefinite series of similar exhibitions, in the same locality. These, however, will consist exclusively in the display of the productions of native industry. A strong impression is supposed to have been created in a high quarter, by the following remarks which fell, the other day, from MR. BRIGHT:—

"If the relatives of a Prince—in all the relations of life an amiable and worthy gentleman, and deserving of high respect—visited this country, what amusements were offered? A review in Hyde Park."

The absurdity of treating our illustrious visitors to a game of soldiers, as a matter of course, as if warfare were necessarily the most interesting subject to all princes, it is said, has been recognised. The perception has been arrived at, that to show a King, or other royal person, a sham fight, intended to divert him as such, implies the assumption that combativeness and destructiveness must be the biggest bumps on his head; that he must go about in a state of pugnacious irritability, of sanguinary prurience—itching to instigate charges of bayonets, longing to fling shrapnel-shells and grape-shot, burning to cannonade and bombard, and to lead on mankind to hack, hew, cut, thrust, slash, stab, and assassinate. To pay this species of polite attention, it has been discovered, is equivalent to intimating that the genius of Royalty is that of the Royal tiger, and that the love of carnage is the nature of the beast.

In short, it is acknowledged that to exhibit a Review to a King or a Prince involves precisely the same compliment that you would pay a gentleman by getting up a dog-fight for his amusement. In future, therefore, all the Reviews held in Hyde Park, or elsewhere, for the entertainment of our royal guests will be Reviews of Industry, in expression of the principle that the welfare of nations is the chief consideration of rulers. The illustrious personages whom the QUEEN shall delight to honour, will be entertained with a grand muster of the trades; a muster to be associated with no roll but the baker's, with no files but those of artisans. It is now seen that we fight, merely as we punish, from stern necessity, not for "glory;" and that, if we are to parade our troops and weapons of war, we might just as well show off our JACK KETCHES and gibbets.

A PHYSICAL FORCE PAPIST.

DOES anybody know what has become of poor little CUFFY? Has he seen the error of seditious ways, and the impropriety of explosive bottles? Has he reconciled himself to HER MAJESTY'S Ministers, and to Government in general, and obtained a ticket of leave, and how is he, and does he get as much as he can dispose of for dinner? Is he as red as he was, or a little paler—in his views as well as in his features?

The POPE'S mad Bull now running loose, and quite another hubbub than that of Chartism at present raging, it may seem that CUFFY has nothing to do with any question before the Public, and has been rather dragged up from the Antipodes by *Mr. Punch*, head and shoulders. Not so.

That the diameter of the globe intervenes between MR. CUFFY and his countrymen, is in great measure owing to his indulgence in "open and advised" speaking. Now, here is some speaking—or writing, which amounts to the same thing—not less open, nor less advised, and certainly no better advised, than any piece of incendiary eloquence that the turbulent little tailor ever vented. Thus writes a MR. AMBROSE LISLE PHILLIPS, one of the POPE'S partisans, in a letter lately published, addressed to the EARL OF SHREWSBURY:—

"My dear lord, you are on your way to the Holy City, to thank our most holy father for his gracious regard for our English Church; pray him to bestow again and again his apostolic blessing upon his children here, who are ready to combat for his sacred rights, and those of the Holy See and the Catholic Church. The holy father may count upon us; we are the children of the Crusaders, and will not falter before the sons of CRANMER and JOHN KNOX."

This is simply an offer to fight for the POPE, if required, against the QUEEN. CUFFY never uttered anything half so treasonable, and it is unfair, and a great shame, to keep him in exile, whilst PHILLIPS is permitted to rave much more violently with impunity. Perhaps, however, PHILLIPS has escaped the Attorney-General's notice merely from being beneath it; and is more lucky than CUFFY, only because he is more insignificant.

Drilling for All Nations.

SAID MR. COBDEN, in his speech at Birmingham the other day:—

"All the Continent is bristling with muskets and bayonets. There are—bear this fact in mind—500,000 more armed men there, living in the daily exercise of drill, than there ever had been in the very height of Napoleon's wars; and the nations of the Continent of Europe have, since the events of 1847, increased their debts by about £200,000,000 sterling."

All this drilling that is going on among Continental nations will very soon drill tremendous holes in their pockets.

STARTLING FACT!

Oxford Swell. "DO YOU MAKE MANY OF THESE MONKEY-JACKETS NOW?"

Snip. "OH DEAR YES, SIR. THERE ARE MORE MONKEYS IN OXFORD THIS TERM THAN EVER, SIR."

DRAMAS FOR EVERY-DAY LIFE.

THE MERCENARY MERCERS;

OR, THE HOUSE OF HOMBURG.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HORATIO GOODCHILD	*An English Gentleman.*
PROWL	*Shop-Walker to* SMASH, CRASH, and Co.
SMIRKE, SOAPEY, SIMPER, SPOONEY, MOONEY	*Shopmen and Assistants to* SMASH, CRASH, and Co.
JULIA GOODCHILD	*Wife of* HORATIO.

Porters, Shopmen, &c., &c., *in the employ of* SMASH, CRASH, and Co.

SCENE, London.—TIME, 1850.

SCENE.—*A Street in London. In the centre is the large Linendrapery Establishment of* SMASH, CRASH, and COMPANY. *Enter* MR. *and* MRS. GOODCHILD, *arm in arm.*

Mrs. Goodchild. How charming is the day! The rays of SOL
Tip everything with gold.
Mr. Goodchild. Talking of tips—
My fingers' ends are bursting through my gloves;
I really think I want another pair.
Mrs. G (*looking at his hands*). You do, indeed, my dear—alas! alas!
I well remember me that summer's day,
When, making purchase of those cheap Berlins,
A certain something whisper'd in my ear,
"Those gloves are to a brief existence doomed—
Their thread of life is short—"
Mr. G. My nails have cut it!
But, opportunely, see a shop at hand!
The window seems to hold a choice of gloves.
Let's forward, and inspect the various sorts.
Mrs. G. (*reading labels*). "Superior kid at half-a-crown—town made."
Mr. G. I like the article, but not the price.
You know, my dearest JULIA, that next week
We may be short of just that little sum,
To pay the butcher, baker, and the rest.
The tax-collector, too, perchance may call;
And would you have us turn him from the door,
Saying "Kind Sir, last week I purchased gloves.
On such a day, I bought a pair of kids:
On Tuesday 'twas; they cost me half-a-crown.
And so, good gentleman, I cry you mercy.
My water-rate is short, by that amount."
Mrs. G. (*pressing his arm fondly*). My own HORATIO, you were ever thus;
Self-sacrifice has always been your rule.
What think you of those "Cloth, at fifteen pence?"
Mr. G. I like them pretty well; but look at those! (*pointing to a label*)
"Stout double extra, gentlemanly dog,
Tenpence the pair—three pairs for two-and-three."
These are the gloves for me—I love the dog:
He is no thin skinned creature like the kid,
But tough and honest, stout of heart and hide.
(*Growing enthusiastic as he proceeds.*
Behold him in the chase—hear him give tongue—
See how he darts upon the startled stag—
Mrs. G. (*interrupting him*). My dear, I wish you wouldn't talk so loud:
'Twill get a mob, around us presently.
If you want dogskin gloves, come in at once,
And purchase them.
Mr. G. You 're no enthusiast;
You cannot understand me—never could.
The dog is said the friend of man to be,
So let the dog be hand in glove with me. [*They enter the shop together.*

SCENE II.—*The Interior of the Establishment of* SMASH, CRASH, AND COMPANY. *Shopmen, Cashiers, &c. &c. engaged in folding and unfolding goods.* SMIRKE, SOAPEY, SPOONEY, MOONEY, *and other assistants in attendance behind the counters.* PROWL, *the shop-walker, walking up and down.*

Prowl. Business is dull, but still we live in hope.
Those piles of Paisley all remain on hand;
Those thirty thousand bonnets are unsold;
Those miserable mittens dangle still
Over the door—the sport of every breeze,
But still no breeze blows any good to us. [*Surveying the street.*
Oh! little think the unreflecting crowd,
Those shelves that seem to groan with merchandise,
Bear the light dummy with elastic ease;
That bale, whose coating of external wool,
Appears to press with avalanchian weight,
Is nothing but a hollow mockery— [*He pauses.*
Such thoughts as these unfit me for my post.
Take courage, heart! (*he taps gently against his waistcoat*). SMASH, CRASH, AND COMPANY
Must never find me falter in their cause.
[*He turns to the* Shopmen, Assistants, &c. &c., *and addresses them.*
My friends, prepare with eagerness for work,
Two hundred bankruptcies look down on us
From yonder shelves!—hear you their voice?
All. We do.
Prowl. Go, SMIRKE and SOAPEY, quickly to the front;
Hang out your placards at the open door,
Inviting all to our "Great Sacrifice."
[SMIRKE *and* SOAPEY *place placards at door.*
You, MOONEY, to the window. Instantly
Invert that label marked with £9 1*s.*,
So that it seem to stand for £1 6*s.*
Mooney. Should it be claimed at £1 6*s.*,—what then?
Prowl. Should it be claimed!—well, whey-face, what of that?
Should it be claimed!—cream-visage, then, of course,
You 've but to say the ticket slipped by chance,
Go, milk-cheek! Do my bidding—
Mooney. I am gone.
[MOONEY *disappears in the window,* SMIRKE *and* SOAPEY *returning from the door rapidly.*
Smirke. A customer.
Soapey. A lady and a gent.
Prowl. Quick to your places; now let Homburg's house
Show that it justly merits HOMBURG'S name.

Enter MR. *and* MRS. GOODCHILD. PROWL *bows and shows them to the counter, where* SOAPEY *is serving.*

Mr. G. I want a pair of dog's-skin gloves—those marked
At tenpence in the window.
Soapey. Thank you, Sir.
Prowl (*speaking aside to the different characters*). Porters bring forth those massive flannel bales,
That ponderous carpetting—those heavy Tweeds,
And make a circle round the customers.
[*This is done while* MR. *and* MRS. GOODCHILD *have their faces turned towards the counter.*
You, SPOONEY, place the steps across the door,
Mount them—and, with a well-feigned energy,
Rub the plate-glass. [SPOONEY *does so.*
And now come hither SMIRKE;

You are the great reliance of the firm;
That simper, that insinuating smile,
You know so well to practise, I have seen
Within a week clear off a bankrupt's stock.
Smirke. You flatter me.
Prowl. No, SMIRKE, I speak but truth.
I've faith in thee—if on this very day
Three thousand bonnets hung upon thy lip—
Thou'dst turn, I'm sure, three thousand female heads
Into those bonnets.
Smirke (smiling). I should do my best.
Prowl. I know thou wouldst—you see that couple there?
[*Pointing to* MR. *and* MRS. GOODCHILD.
SOAPEY is serving them! approach and listen.
[*They go near the counter, where* MR. *and* MRS. [GOODCHILD *are being served.*
Mr. G. This pair will do (*gives a shilling*). I'll thank you for the change.
[SOAPEY *takes the shilling, and appears to go for the change, but joins* PROWL *and* SMIRKE *who are not observed by* MR. *and* MRS. GOODCHILD.
Prowl (aside). What have they bought?
Soapey. One pair of dog, at ten.
Prowl. One dog at ten—caitiff! SMASH, CRASH AND CO.
Would to the dogs together promptly go,
If all resembled thee.
Soapey. What could I do?
Prowl. What could'st thou do! Stay, have they got their change?
Soapey. Not yet.
Prowl. Not yet. Ha, ha! there still is time;
Withhold it till I bid thee render it.
Now, SMIRKE, for action! Art thou well prepared?
Smirke. I am. Give me that box of cambric collars;
And now those cuffs; now yonder pelerines.
Place on the top that lot of chemisettes;
And when you see me occupied in talk,
Send forward ribbons, stockings, satinettes.
And anything, in fact, that comes to hand.
[SMIRKE, *having his arms piled up with various articles, advances to the counter, where* MR. *and* MRS. G. *are standing.*
Mr. G. I'm waiting for my change.
Smirke. They're bringing it.
In the mean time, there are some bargains here,
The lady would, I'm sure, be tempted with.
Mrs. G. Oh, no indeed; not I.
Mr. G. My change—my change.
Smirke. These collars are the prettiest—newest things;
I bought a lot—the bankrupt broke his heart.
They cost him half-a-guinea.
Mrs. G. That is dear.
Smirke. And we are selling them at half-a-crown.
Mrs. G. They're really very cheap.
Mr. G. My change—my change.
Smirke. And so becoming; let me try one on.
Permit me just to place it round your neck.
Mrs. G. Oh no, indeed—I'm not in want of it.
Smirke. You must allow me (*slips it round her neck*); very sweet, indeed.
Look at the lady, Sir; how it becomes
The delicate complexion.
Mr. G. Stuff!—my change.
Smirke. The only thing it wants is cuffs to match.
Here are the cuffs—they're French—cost 8*s.* 6*d.*
Mrs. G. How dear!
Smirke. But Europe's long unsettled state,
The fall of monarchy in France—the shock
That agitates the Continental thrones
Enables us to sell at one-and-nine.
Mrs. G. (*to* MR. GOODCHILD). They're very pretty, are they not, my dear?
Mr. G. No; take them off. Must I stand by and see
My wife thus cuffed and collared 'gainst my will.
I want my change.
Mrs. G. My dear, pray keep your temper.
Mr. G. The fellow's quite impertinent.
Mrs. G. My dear,
There's never any harm in trying on.
Mr. G. (*vehemently*). I want my twopence change.
Smirke (smiling). One moment, Sir.
This shawl—pray madam, suffer me to place it
Upon your shoulders—'tis the only one
Remaining of five hundred—bought last week
Of a transported bankrupt, who, 'tis said,
Robbed creditors of thirty thousand pounds.
This stock we sell at price of stolen goods.
Mr. G. Swindlers—I'll hear no more! Come, JULIA, come!
Thus, thus, and thus! (*tears off collar, cuffs, and shawl*) I free thee from the chains
That roguery would weave around us both.
[*He is about to rush out with his wife, when he sees the bales of goods placed to obstruct him. He upsets them.*
Thus, thus, and thus, and thus I trample on
The emblems of commercial knavery.
[*As he gets to the door, he sees* SPOONEY *on the steps, whom he overthrows.*
Down, caitiff, down, that dares to bar my way,
And make me captive in a den of thieves!
Come, JULIA, come away!
Mrs. G. Art mad, HORATIO?
Mr. G. Mad—am. I mad—am—not, but mad art thou.
'Gainst dogskin gloves henceforth I make a vow.
[*He takes her violently by the arm and rushes out with her.* SPOONEY *rises from the ground.* SMIRKE *buries his face in a box of lace collars. The* Assistants, Shopmen, &c., &c., *stand pointing to the goods scattered about the floor, and* PROWL *goes to the centre. The iron shutters rattle down through the sudden snapping of the support, and the curtain falls.*

WE STAND UPON A VOLCANO.

ALTHOUGH Ludgate Hill is not exactly like Ætna, nor do we literally find Vesuvius in the snow of Snow Hill, Holborn, still we are justified in saying that the metropolis stands upon a volcano, for there is constantly an eruption, or breaking up, of the public thoroughfares. If there were another invasion of the Picts, we could not be more completely picked to pieces than we are by those demons of fire and water, the Genii of gas and sewerage. There is certainly something like variety in a walk to the City, for we come every now and then to such a terrific rupture in the ground, as may well be called a break in the journey.

If we attempt a ride into the City, the affair has all the danger, without any of the pleasing excitement of a steeple-chase, for the chances of a casual plug-hole of former days are now superseded by the terrors of the open trench, and the perils of the precipice. The wonder is, that London is not some day blown up by a terrific explosion of gas, for the inflammable fluid is continually pouring out from the lacerated pipes, and the earth is so full of awful gashes, that the noxious gases are for ever mixing with the air, and making combustion imminent. Every gap in the pavement is a stop-gap, bringing every cab to a stand, and as we fear the gas companies will blow up London, we anticipate matters by blowing up them, in the hope of checking their eccentricities.

THE TURN OF THE TIDE.

THE *Chronicle*—whose Papal leaders ought to be printed in ink of congenial scarlet—says, rejoicingly, of what it calls the No Popery Crusade of the City of London, "the tide of opinion is already turned." Is it, indeed? Is it running down from Fulham, and will it soon be low water at Lambeth? And shall we have what was the boat of the Fisherman, but is now the three-decker of the POPE, high and dry in mud, with her ports open and her guns run out, and bearing upon Westminster Abbey? Shall the Lamb and Flag wave from the mast-head, fanning the folks of England with blessings? And—as we have seen similar amenities carried out at Cherbourg, between French and English Commanders—will the Fisherman of London take oars from Fulham, and visit the Fisherman of Rome off Lambeth? 'Twill be pretty enough to see them taking a turn upon the deck; the shovel hat in contrast with that beautiful bit of colour worn by the Captain Cardinal, the legs of black stepping out and keeping time with the legs of scarlet. But this the *Chronicle* promises, and this we shall see when—we shall see.

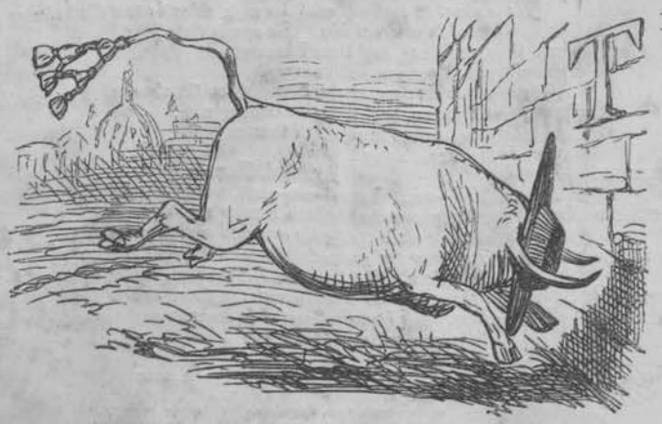
Words and Things.

"AND where the harm in the words CARDINAL OF WESTMINSTER? What danger in mere title, without authority?" asks MISS PUSSY-KITTEN of *Mr. Punch;* and *Mr. Punch* replies, "All the harm, and all the danger, Madam. Words, especially words from the Vatican, are the Gentlemen-Ushers to things."

THE POPE'S BULL.—Imagining that England had been converted to Roman Catholicism.

THE HISTORICAL HOAXES OF HERETICS.—A BALLAD ON A BULL.

TUNE.—"*No Science to me is a Mystery.*"



RUE BRITONS, I 'll tell you a mystery,
Which will cause you to open your eyes,
A very large portion of History
Is merely a parcel of lies;
Every crime in its pages related,
Of the POPE and his Priests, you must view
As fictitious—hatch'd up—fabricated:
Because not a word of it 's true!

Chorus.
'Tis a positive fact—though a mystery—
That authors, abroad and at home,
Have nearly all falsified History
To prevent our submitting to Rome.

Every Pontiff that ever existed
Led a life that was free from all taint;
Though his acts have been shamefully twisted,
ALEXANDER THE SIXTH was a Saint:
You must hold him completely exempted
From the charges of which we 've all learnt;
To poison he never attempted:
SAVONAROLA never was burnt.
Chorus.—'Tis a positive fact, &c.

Persecution—by empty pretences—
An objection to Rome has been made;
But, in fact, there were no Albigenses,
And no SIMON DE MONTFORT'S crusade.
JOHN HUSS, so continually quoted,
And JEROME OF PRAGUE, are a myth,
At the Council of CONSTANCE devoted
To the faggots, no more than JOE SMITH.
Chorus.—'Tis a positive fact, &c.

In Spain there was no Inquisition,
Whatever deceivers may say
('Twould have soon met the POPE'S prohibition);
No such thing as an *auto-de-fé*.
ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S slaughter, notorious
As you fancy it, never occurred;
That 'twas praised and approved by the glorious
THIRTEENTH GREGORY 's simply absurd.
Chorus.—'Tis a positive fact, &c.

You have heard of a vague innuendo
That in England a statute was passed,
Call'd "*De hæretico comburendo;*"
But this fib is as great as the last.
Oh! the Church would have never consented
To have such a law made in her name,
And let her stray sheep be tormented
To a death of slow anguish by flame.
Chorus.—'Tis a positive fact, &c.

MARY never burnt bishops—the arson
Is a fudge by the wicked or mad—
Why, such conduct, both POPE and POPE'S parson
Would have surely condemn'd if she had:
'Tis a cram to say CRANMER was martyr'd,
Nor did RIDLEY nor LATIMER fall;
Whereas GUY FAWKES was hanged, drawn, and quarter'd
Absolutely for nothing at all.
Chorus.—'Tis a positive fact, &c.

But, bethink you, good Catholic laymen,
Whilst historians our credence obtain,
English Protestants cannot say Amen
To your PONTIFF'S pretensions to reign;
And will ever resist his intrusion,
No offence, mind, whatever, to you,
Till convinced of the utter delusion
Of believing that History 's true:

Chorus.
Till assured of the fact—though a mystery—
That authors, abroad and at home,
Have atrociously falsified History,
They will ne'er yield submission to Rome.

A BOAR "WRITING TO THE TIMES."

THE columns of our contemporary the *Times* are "open daily" for the redress of grievances, and everybody who has to complain of anybody in power, or out of power, from a prime minister to a policeman, or from a millionnaire to a merchant, finds immediate consolation in "writing to the *Times*." We think, however, it is rather hard upon our contemporary to tax his good nature to the extent to which we saw a specimen the other day, when some individual—a descendant, probably, of the benevolent enthusiast who walked side-by-side with a duck for half a-day in a pelting shower, to give the animal the benefit of half of his umbrella—troubled the *Times* with a letter, complaining of the smallness of the sty allotted to the Boar in the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens. If the domestic arrangements of the Boars are to be taken up by those, whose sympathy with them is accounted for by a similarity of name—errors of spelling always excepted—there will be no end to the correspondence our contemporary will find inundating his letter-box. Besides, if the Boar is to have a hearing, why should not the Hippopotamus be allowed his say, through the medium of an amanuensis, in the columns of the press; and if this once begins, there will be no end to the complaints of bad accommodation, too much confinement, and the numerous other grievances to which the inmates of a zoological establishment are liable. The Monkeys, who are for ever chattering, will be calling upon some one to put their chattering into writing, and send it to the *Times*, complaining, no doubt, of the parasol points perpetually being poked at them, and perhaps of the quality of the biscuits sold at the door for the visitors to pelt them with. Though our contemporary has, very goodnaturedly, allowed insertion to the remonstrances on the part of the Boar, complaining of his want of "a wooden railing instead of iron to rub himself against," still, we advise that the matter should not be suffered to become a precedent for every animal, to whom the rules of the world are not exactly the sort he would have selected for himself, if he had been allowed the choice of them.

COCHINEAL AT FULHAM.

OUR readers may not be aware that the BISHOP OF LONDON is as great in his knowledge of the vegetable world, of the nature of trees, from the cedar to the hyssop, as of Hebrew roots. For some time past his Lordship has suffered a number of experiments to be made, with a view to the production of the cochineal insect,—the insect that, with a proper solution of tin, supplies the most brilliant scarlet. For some time there was, at least in the gardens of Fulham, every appearance that the insect might be acclimated, and so, scarlet be obtained from home-growth. At the present writing there seems, on the part of his Lordship, a desire to give the experiment up. London will no longer stand the hazard of the dye. Again, there are many of the Church—friends of his Lordship—who have shown a great yearning towards scarlet stockings—but somehow they cannot bear to think of the colour, if without a solution of their church tin.

THE CURRENT COIN OF THE REALM.

THE penny may be considered the black current, and the shilling the white current, whilst the postage stamp—for it is now received universally as a current coin—may be looked upon as the red current coin of the realm!

MOTTO FOR PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY.—De minimis curat *Legs*.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7th, 1850.

DOMESTIC SCENES—SERVED WITH A WRIT.

Mr. Punch's Irish Maid is heard outside in the passage. O, Lor!—O, Holy Saints! O, Marthyrs, and Stars, and Gyarthers! O, Blessed of Heaven! and is it your Holinesses Reverences?

[*She goes down on her knees.*

Mr. Punch. What 's that noise, DOODENA?

Doodena. Av you plaise, Sir, 'tis the Gentlemin wishes to see your Honour.

Mr. Punch. What are their names, DOODENA?

Doodena. Av you plaise, Sir, they say their names is MR. WISEBOY and MR. NEWBOY—and they 've brought your Honour *a Little Bull.*

Mr. Punch. A little *what?*—let the persons in.

WISEBOY *enters, with* NEWBOY *holding up his tail.*

Toby. Gr-r-r-r-r-r-row-wow-rrow!

Newboy. What, *Toby?* Pooh, *Toby!*—*To-o-oby!* Don't you remember me, *Toby?*

Wiseboy (*presents a Writ*). "Before our Sovereign Lord the POPE, you——" &c., &c.

Mr. Punch. Confound the POPE! I don't owe him a shilling! Show 'em out—show 'em out, DOODENA!

Toby. Gr-r-ow-wow-wow! [*Exeunt* D., W., N.

Mr. Punch. Confound their impudence! Lord bless my soul!—It 's all from taking that DOODENA into my service; but she 's a poor, ignorant girl, and I 've taken her for worse or for better.

[MR. PUNCH *lights a cigar and calls back* TOBY, *and speaks to him seriously.*

Now listen, to me, *Toby*, my dog. You were just now going to bite the calves of that gentleman in the red legs, and very good calves they are.—But you must not bite, *Toby*, though I give you hearty leave to growl a little. You see he comes here neither with my leave nor by my leave: announces himself as spiritual pastor and master of my country, and produces his commission to govern over me, signed by the POPE OF ROME. Now, my dear *Toby*, I just as much care about the POPE OF ROME as I do about the Mufti of Ispahan; and my desire for a quiet life is such, that if the latter were to come in this country and build himself a mosque and minaret, and bawl out thence that there was no Prophet but Mahomet, and that he the Mufti was the Mufti of all England, and his mosque the only place where a man could say his prayers with any advantage, I would let the Mufti speak; making, when need was, a strong protest against his bawling, and stating every now and then, with all my heart and conscience, that I didn't believe a single word of it.

But I 'll have no persecution, *Toby*. I say, keep your teeth out of the Cardinal's legs. The great object is to show that most of us in this country utterly scout his claim, and laugh at his red hat and red stockings, his ring and his crozier, and his Pontifical, whether he swears upon it to expugnate us or not. That is the main point, whereof we should convince him—and when he talks of governing us—we say Pooh. Come and say your prayers, and light your candles and chaunt your services, and welcome—but as for governing *us*—you petticoated Roman Prince, as you call yourself, you who daren't so much as publish a newspaper, and who haven't even a railroad—we laugh at you and your absurd old-world pretensions—and must every now and then let you know that we laugh at you.

But for all that, *Toby*, we'll leave his Eminence's legs alone. He has as good a right to his crimson as a quaker has to drab, and must have free leave to set up his pulpit, as you and I have to act in our booth. Do him no harm. When those Irishmen battered, and half or quite killed the poor policemen the other day, do you think they advanced their religion by the assault? No, nor can we by expugnation or persecution hope to make converts to ours. The railroad, the newspaper, free thought and free discussion, all of which privileges we have won in spite of my Lord Cardinal's petticoats, we intend to keep; and when he brags about the progress of his Church, we 'll say to him, "See, Sir, how freedom grows! That flourishes and increases for all you can do: that will have books for all your Index Expurgatorius. Why, you cursed and excommunicated England once—but the sun shone on it the next day all the same: and the Armada went down: and the island grew, and continues to grow, in Strength, and Truth, and Freedom. GOD SAVE THE QUEEN." *Toby*, do you hear, Sir?

[*Toby puts his head between* MR. PUNCH'S *knees.* MR. P. *fondles and pats him.*

BRITISH AND AMERICAN REGATTA.

OWING to the vast improvements which have lately been made in ship-building, it is expected that arrangements will shortly be entered into between the leading proprietors of the mercantile marine navy of this country and the United States, for a race round the world.

VIEW OF THE MODEL PRISON.

THE Model Prison at Pentonville is so comfortable a place that some people may wonder what induced HACKETT to run away from it. It has been surmised that he did so because he was disgusted with the humbug.

MORE ABOUT HATS.

(By our own Commissioner in search of one).

THE letter of an esteemed correspondent, writing from Manchester, informs me that when an English traveller of his acquaintance presented himself, wearing the hat of his country, to a party of Choctaw Indians (who had never seen the article before), they invested him solemnly with the title of "*Father of the Cooking-Pot.*"

Did the hat serve any such culinary purpose, it might, by being useful, in some measure excuse its not being ornamental. But except when an ingenious ROBERT HOUDIN or HERR DOBLER uses some gentleman's hat to make a pancake, or to boil some pigeons in, I never remember to have seen the article used as a cooking utensil. This digression over, I resume my travelling observations.

On crossing the Belgian Frontier into Prussia, I was sensible of a change for the better. Felt had ousted silk and beaver. The chimney-pot was nowhere to be seen, except upon some obstinate travelling Englishman, and, here and there, on an Anglo-maniac of a German. One of my companions, who belonged to the former intractable class, persisted in wearing his chimney-pot in the railway carriage, to his own infinite discomfort, and the utter crushing, defacing, and unshaping of the thing itself. The hat at last, feeling itself out of place, took advantage of its wearer's falling asleep to throw itself out of the window, and I have no doubt was run over by the train. I found the cap very generally worn in Germany. The cap, I am bound to say, has many advantages. It may be sat upon. It may be put into the pocket. It may be made pretty with embroidery. It can be chosen with an eye to the face, and constructed so as to draw over the ears. In all these respects, its superiority to the hat is incontestable. But it is an imperfect head-dress notwithstanding. There is a want of continuity about the peak, that fragment of a brim, and in most cases it labours under a certain meanness and pettiness of character, which must prevent its ever taking much for general wear, though, in a carriage, it is both neat and appropriate. The proneness of the Germans to mount uniforms, on the slightest possible provocation, has much to do with the prevalence of the cap among them. German railway porters are got up like non-commissioned officers, and the *commissionaire* at your hotel, who blacks your boots and runs—(no, the German never runs)—walks on an errand, has a coat buttoned up to the neck with a stiff collar, red stripes down his trousers, and not unfrequently an order at his button-hole. I believe it is only his poverty which restrains him from breaking out in epaulettes. Prussia is peculiarly uniform-ridden. I saw as many soldiers as civilians when I was there, and what it must be now the *Landwehr* is called out, and 500,000 men on foot (or horseback), I leave you, Sir, to imagine.

Again, the German princes (as witness a certain illustrious prince, not a hundred miles from Windsor) have discovered the deep significance of hats. They have found out the mysterious connection of white felt with red republicanism; and in many States such felts are forbidden for that reason. These potentates do not like anything or anybody that is wide-awake. But the dangerous contamination does not seem to extend to black felts, and these may be said to cover all heads in Germany not appropriated to the cap. Such black felts, *à la Tyrolienne*, with narrow brims and steeple crowns; or with broad brims and low crowns, *à la* Cavalier; or with round crowns and brims turned up all round, *à la* fancy flower-pot, might be encountered in every steamboat, and round every billiard-table, from Cologne to Prague, so far as the tobacco-smoke allowed me to discover. And wherever the State did not lay an embargo on the article, the white felt, broad-brimmed, and Cavalieresque—the *Heckerisches Hut* (as it has been called, after the lamented Baden patriot of that name, who, like our own CUFFEY, has now "left his country for his country's good") came out in all its breadth of shadow and variety of slouch.

And a most picturesque and convenient hat it is, Sir. I had two confiscated during my journey, and very nearly owed to my second a visit of some duration to Spandau. But still I persevered, from a real admiration of the form and colour. And on the whole, the hat I have seen which most realises the conditions of the ideal head-cover, is this same revolutionary white, grey, or drab wide-awake—somewhat broader in the brim, and higher in the crown, than the last-conceived attempts of the same kind exhibited in our own shop-windows.

This hat has real vitality. Neither Prussian persecution, nor Austrian absolutism, has been able to put it down. It has survived an association with a cause anything but creditable, and bids fair, before long, to make its way to the head of united Germany, which Prussia and Austria are just now each insisting ought to be on its own shoulders.

In my next article, Sir, I propose, with your leave, to combat objections to the discrowning of the reigning chimney-pot, drawn from the unpicturesqueness of the rest of our costume, and to point out the steps to be taken in 1851 to set up the rational hat, which is destined to replace the national hat of England.

DRAMAS FOR EVERY-DAY LIFE.

THE following drama is upon a subject that will come home to the heart and tongue, the lungs and the lips, the epiglottis and the affections, of every Englishman. There is not a theme in the whole range of every-day life, that so frequently furnishes the matter of conversation, and there can be none, consequently, so universal in its interest, as the one which forms the subject of the drama we are about to present to our readers. In every circle, at every hour of every day, the first point started by every one meeting with another, and taken up by that other with the keenest relish, is—The Weather. The title may not appear at first sight a promising one, for the purposes of the dramatist; but if he can succeed in presenting to his countrymen a type of a drama for every-day life, divested of those common-places which long habit and an apparent exhaustion of the theme may have thrown about it, he will be content to hang up his harp on the first hat-peg of "Tara's," or any one else's "hall," and repose, as well as such a substitute for a mattress will allow him, upon his already-acquired laurels. But without further prologue, we will "ring up," and let the curtain rise for the drama of

THE WEATHER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MR. MUFFLE . *An old friend of the late husband of* MRS. YAWNLEY.
MRS. MUFFLE . . *Wife of* MR. MUFFLE.
MRS. SHIVERS . { *A casual acquaintance of* MRS. YAWNLEY, *and knowing, incidentally a little of the* MUFFLES.
MRS. YAWNLEY . *A widow, whose late husband was a friend of* MR. MUFFLE.
Servant *to* MRS. YAWNLEY.

The SCENE *passes in the drawing-room of* MRS. YAWNLEY. *The Stage represents a handsome drawing-room, elegantly furnished. There is a door at the back opening on to a hall in which is hung a weather glass.*

MRS. YAWNLEY (*in a morning dress*) *discovered seated in conversation with* MRS. SHIVERS, *who wears her shawl and bonnet.*

Mrs. Y. It is indeed!—the winter, as you say,
Has now set in with great severity.
Mrs. S. Not that I think we 've reason to complain.
This is December we should recollect.
Mrs. Y. We should indeed—a very true remark:
And one that never struck me till you made it.

Enter Servant, *announcing* MR. *and* MRS. MUFFLE.

Mrs. Y. (*rising*). Dear MRS. MUFFLE, this is very kind,
To come to see me on a day like this,
Which I and MRS. SHIVERS (whom you know)
Were just remarking was extremely cold.
Mr. M. Cold—do you think!
Mrs. Y. Yes—pray come near the fire.
Mrs. M. Oh! Thank you—no—I 'd really rather not.
I 'm very warm with walking. [*Sits at a distance.*
Mrs. S. Probably.
But walking somehow never makes me warm.
[*An awkward pause, during which* MR. MUFFLE *puts his fingers between the bars of a parrot's cage, as if playing with the bird, receives a savage snap, but says nothing, as the affair is not remarked by anybody.*
Mrs. Y. What think you, MISTER MUFFLE, will it rain?
You gentlemen can always judge so well.
Mr. M. (*walking to the window, partly to conceal the pain of his finger*). Why that depends a good deal on the wind.
Mrs. S. They say that when the smoke is beaten down,
Rain may be looked for.
Mrs. M. I have often heard
That if the birds fly very near the ground,
Wet is in store. Look at that sparrow now,
He 's fairly *on* the ground, so it *must* rain.
Mrs Y. But now he 's off again, and so it won't.
Those adages, I think, are often wrong.
Mr. M. One rule I 've always found infallible.
Mrs. S. Pray tell us what it is.
Mrs. Y. Do—I entreat.
It would be so convenient to know

Some certain rule by which to guide one's self.
My glass deceives me often.
Mrs. M. (*in a mental aside*). Rather say
Your glass tells often some unpleasant truths.
Mr. M. My weather-glass, dear Madam, is my corn.
Mrs. M. Why, really, MISTER M., you 're quite absurd;
Have we the means of guidance such as that?
You 're positively rude.
Mrs. Y. (*laughing*). Oh, not at all;
He 's trod upon no tender place of mine.
Mrs. S. I 've heard some story of the tails of cows
'Tis said that when to the wind's quarter turn'd,
They augur rain. Now tell me, Mr. MUFFLE,
Do you believe in that?
Mr. M. I 'd trust a cow's,
As well as any other idle tail.
Mrs. Y. That 's saying very little. Tell me, now,
(For your opinion, really, I respect,)
Are mackerel-looking clouds a sign of wet?
Mr. M. I think it probable that mackerel clouds
Betoken wet, just as a mackerel's self
Puts us in mind of water.
Mrs. S. Are you joking,
Or speaking as a scientific man?
Mrs. Y. You 're such a wag, there 's never any knowing
When you are serious, or half in jest.
Dear MRS. MUFFLE, you that know him best,
Shall we believe him?
Mrs. M. Oh, I can say nothing.

[*All laugh for some minutes, on and off, at the possibly intended wit of* MR. MUFFLE; *and the tittering having died off gradually, there is a pause.*

Mrs. M. (*to Mrs. Y.*) Have you been out much lately?
Mrs. Y. No, indeed,
The dampness in the air prevented me.
Mrs. S. 'Tis rather drier now.
Mrs. Y. I think it is.
I hope I shall be getting out next week,
If I can find a clear and frosty day.
Mr. M. I think 'tis very probable you will.
Mrs. Y. I 'm quite delighted to have heard you say so;
But are you quizzing us? You 're such a quiz!
Mr. Y. (*with serious earnestness*). Believe me, MRS. YAWNLEY, when I say
I 've far too much regard—too much esteem—
For one I 've known as long as I 've known you,
To say a word intending to mislead;
In friendship's solemn earnestness I said,
And say again, pledging my honour on it,
'Tis my belief we may, ere very long,
Some clear and frosty days anticipate.
Mrs. Y. I know your kindness, and I feel it much;
You were my poor dear husband's early friend.

[*Taking out her handkerchief.* MRS. S. *goes towards the window to avoid being involved in the scene.*

I feel that though with cheerful badinage
You now and then amuse a passing hour,
When with a serious appeal addressed,
You never make a frivolous reply.
Mrs. M. (*rising, and kissing* MRS. Y.) You do him justice, but we must be going.
Mr. M. (*giving his hand to* MRS. Y.) Good morning, MRS. YAWNLEY.
Mrs Y. Won't you wait,
And take some luncheon?
Mr. M. Thank you; no, indeed;
We must be getting home, I fear 'twill rain.
Mrs. S. I think you go my way—I 'm in a fly,
And shall be very glad to set you down.
Mrs. M. Oh, thank you; that 's delightful.
Mrs. S. (*to* MRS. Y.) So, I 'll say
Good bye at once.
Mrs. Y. Well, if you will not stay.

[MR. *and* MRS. MUFFLE, *and* MRS. SHIVERS, *exeunt by the door.* MRS. YAWNLEY *goes to the bell.* MR. MUFFLE *taps on the weather-glass; the bell rings; and the glass, which is going down, falls considerably at the same moment as the curtain.*

Speaking Likeness.

WE have seen so many speaking likenesses that were so little like the ugly objects they were supposed to represent, that we really believe if these "speaking" likenesses had the power of speaking, they would experience a very great difficulty in telling the names of the persons they resembled.

FEARFUL RETRIBUTION.

CERTAIN persons—MR. ROEBUCK, too, amongst them—have been finding fault with LORD JOHN RUSSELL for the energetic Letter he wrote to the BISHOP OF DURHAM, calling it, 'midst other milk-and-water objections, "intemperate," "ill-timed," "indiscreet," &c. But if his Lordship is to blame in the matter, we are sure he has been more than sufficiently punished for his Letter, by having to read all the answers that have been sent to him in reply to it. MR. ST. BARNABAS BENNETT, for instance, sent him the other day a very agreeable communication, only five columns long, which he had the refined cruelty to call his "*First* Letter." This threat is so obvious, that we really think MR. BENNETT might be taken into custody upon the charge of having written a threatening letter to LORD JOHN RUSSELL, with a view of working upon his fears, and intimidating him in the execution of his duty. Who would remain Premier of England, with the dread constantly before him of receiving from MR. BENNETT a letter, only five columns long, once a week? We only know if we were Prime Minister, the prospect of receiving another Letter like it—and there is no knowing how many more—would make us instantly resign.

GREEN GROW THE CRITICS, OH!

DRAMATIC criticism is rather at a low ebb, and the critics, in self-defence—plead a sort of "confession and avoidance," that is to say, they confess that there is very little in their criticisms; but they add, with much truth, that there is very little to criticise.

We wish, however, that they would at least endeavour to throw the charm of novelty into their phraseology, which is becoming fearfully stale from frequent repetition. We are sick of hearing that, "MR. SO-AND-SO was respectable in the small part of the Captain;" or that MISS JOLIFILLE "had nothing to do but to look pretty, in which we need not say she acquitted herself to the satisfaction of the audience." We should also feel refreshed by something in place of the old intimation that "MR. B. convulsed the house by his usual quaint manner;" or that "MR. M. threw his usual amount of unction into the part of the General."

We are not sufficiently skilled in theatrical chemistry to be able to analyse the style of MR. M. or MR. L., or MR. ANYBODY, with such nicety as to admit of our extracting the "unction"—putting it, as it were, on a separate plate—from the rest of the acting, and weighing it in a scale, as a sort of guide from which to form an estimate of the "usual" quantity. We are tired, moreover, of being told that "the part was one which enabled MR. CHARLES MATTHEWS to display his customary coolness," especially when the piece is far more calculated to display the extreme "coolness" with which the playwright has stolen it from the French, and put his own name to it. We admit that there is little in the present state of the drama to encourage criticism to an honourable exertion of its best powers; for we are quite ready to own that the breaking of butterflies on the wheel is not a more superfluous operation than submitting the Grub—or Grub Street—to the same disproportionate punishment. However, feebleness reacts upon itself, and a healthy criticism might do something towards the restoration of a healthy drama; but, as things go at present, the wish-wash of the press makes the wishy-washy stuff of the stage, which it lives upon.

THE LAUREATESHIP.

WE are glad to find the Laureateship filled up at last, if it is only on account of the numerous expectants who were kept in suspense, in the hope of obtaining the office. A popular comic vocalist sent in a tender, we believe, with specimens of congratulatory odes, and an offer to attend and sing them himself at any or all of the Palace dinners; and men of some pretensions to the post furnished estimates, but as these were, in most cases, over-estimates of themselves, no attention was paid to them. Considerable disappointment is said to have been caused to one of the candidates, who prides himself on being a great improvisatore; but he consoled himself partially under his vexation, by the remark, that he failed entirely owing to political causes—for, being an improvisa-Tore, instead of an improvisa-Whig, he could scarcely have expected an office at the hands of a Whig government.

GROUNDLESS ALARM.

Equestrian. "NOW, BOY, DON'T YOU BE TAKING OFF YOUR HAT TO MAKE ME A BOW—YOU 'LL FRIGHTEN MY HORSE."

Boy. "A—A—A WARN'T A-GOING TO!"

The Triumph of Industry.

MR. BRIEFLESS intends sending in to the forthcoming Exhibition an article which, he declares, will contain within itself quite an Exhibition of Industry, and must attract all the eyes of Europe to its merits. This is no other than the dummy motion, which has been lying now on MR. BRIEFLESS's table for the last ten, or twelve, or fifteen years,—in fact, as long as MR. BRIEFLESS can recollect he has been practising at the Bar. MR. BRIEFLESS intends to send it in as the nearest approach that has yet been made to the grand secret of "*Perpetual Motion;*" and he has sanguine hopes of receiving the prize offered by Government for its discovery.

A HATTER'S OPINION UPON THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.

"A REMARKABLY good season, Sir, in fact the very best season we have ever had, Sir.—Why let me see, I have sold in all 92 hats,—which are just 33 more than last year—but then, Sir, you must know, *God Save the Queen* has been played every night this season."

THE IRISH MENAGERIE.

WE understand that there is to be a much grander collection of beasts than usual at the fat cattle show this year. Now will be the time, then, for visitors from the Sister Island to see the lions.

THE CAMBRIDGE MONUMENT.

THERE has been a great demonstration perpetrated in favour of the Cambridge Testimonial. At least forty enthusiastic individuals met by advertisement, to prove that they were dreadfully in earnest; and after a splendid display of eloquent fireworks, separated without doing anything. And this was very judicious, because it supplies them with a very proper excuse for meeting again. Seven plans were discussed as significantly bearing upon the best means of sending the late DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE down to posterity. Plan 6 was "a bronze equestrian statue!" We are very sorry that this plan should be abandoned. London is very naked of statues, and Cambridge in Trafalgar Square would have very nicely balanced the bronze effigy of the lamented GEORGE THE FOURTH, whose virtues as a man cannot be too earnestly studied, and too zealously copied, by the British youth. The statue being out of the question, Plan Number 2—for an asylum for widows of non-commissioned officers and privates of the army—promises to become the favourite. One speaker talked very hopefully of the yearly subscriptions to be expected from the non-commissioned officers and privates of the 130 regiments of the line. When we consider the large amount of pay enjoyed by every full private, when we reflect upon the difficulty that continually besets him in the pleasant and rational expenditure of his entire shilling *per diem*, the Cambridge Monument comes in delightfully to his aid; and he will have the proud satisfaction of feeling that he has contributed to the memorial of a man who with a princely income—for very many years doubled by viceregal pay—left his son and daughter to be found in board and lodging by an admiring people. That the late DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE should become a yearly charge to the private soldier, must endear his memory in a manner that it is almost too affecting to contemplate; though in a general sense and as a matter of national delight, we think the £12,000 per annum enjoyed by the present illustrious Duke is a sufficient and an abiding memento of the name of CAMBRIDGE.

The only One Thing that Never Changes.

WE see from the foreign correspondence of the newspapers that

"PRINCE TAXIS has been ordered to make an immediate advance."

It is very curious, but directly there is a war, or even the rumour of a war, it is sure to be followed—no matter in what kingdom—by an immediate advance of Taxes.

ONE WAY TO OPPOSE PAPAL AGGRESSION.

THE public will be glad to hear that the Bishops and Clergy have resolved on adopting a course which is calculated effectually to arrest the progress of Papal usurpation. It is said that, in recognition of the cordial assistance which they are experiencing at the present crisis at the hands of Dissenters of all denominations, they have determined on seriously revising their articles and formularies, to see if there are not really certain essential points, agreement on which would be sufficient for their mutual union. It is, however, reported that they intend distinctly to renounce all claims and pretensions founded on or derived from that theory of infallibility against which they now find themselves obliged to protest. Rumour has likewise circulated the welcome intelligence that they are about to apply to the Legislature for a strictly equitable adjustment of Church property, with reference solely to its legitimate purposes.

The story further goes, that the Dissenters have decided on relinquishing any whims or crotchets which may hitherto have been, on their side, obstacles to coalition. Lastly, it is declared that all of the parties, being now awake to the consequences of allowing the population to remain in ignorance, will earnestly co-operate in the diffusion of knowledge, with a view to the cultivation of reason and the extension of common sense, which will be as important a step as any that may be taken to resist papal aggression.

'Popery in Flower and Popery in the Bud."

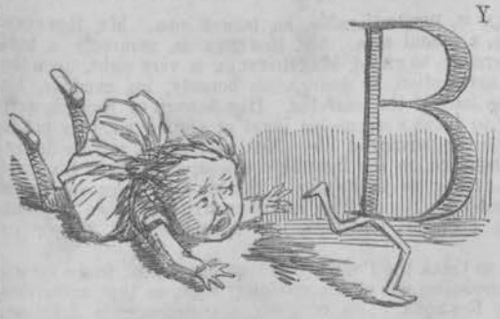
LORD ASHLEY, at the Crown and Anchor, spoke of Popery in the above two-fold condition. *Punch* immediately set to work to obtain specimens; and subjoins the flower and the bud. The full-blown flower was obtained from the garden of the house attached to St. George's Chapel the modest opening bud from the gardens of Fulham:—

THE FLOWER

THE BUD.

THE CAT'S PAW; OR, POOR PU(S)SEY.

SYMPATHY FOR THE HIGHER ORDERS.



BY way of change for "Shocking Catastrophe," "Frightful Casualty," or "Melancholy and Fatal Occurrence," the *Morning Post* of Thursday, last week, relates an accident under a heading equally striking and original—thus:—

"VULGAR SPORTS.—On Tuesday last, the floor of a room in a beer-house in Manchester fell in with an assemblage of 35 or 40 men, who were enjoying the intellectual gratification of witnessing a celebrated terrier worry a number of rats, in a given number of minutes. A man named TOOLE had his spine fractured, and has since died. A second, named CARR, had his right thigh broken, and is in a dangerous state, and several others are much injured."

What would the gentleman who dishes up the *Post* for fashionable breakfast tables think of such a description as the subjoined, of an accident, attended with loss of life, occurring among sportsmen of the superior classes?—

"ARISTOCRATIC AMUSEMENTS.—Yesterday, the brow of a gravel-pit gave way with a party of noblemen and gentlemen who were out with the QUEEN'S hounds, enjoying the intellectual gratification of beholding a number of dogs worry a stag. A nobleman, named MONTAGUE, had his skull fractured, and has since died. Another, named HOWARD, had three of his ribs broken, and lies in a precarious condition, and several gentlemen besides were severely hurt."

Perhaps this would appear to our friend of the *Post* a somewhat over-light and airy style of reporting death and fractures. Peradventure those mischances, with the accessories of stags and hounds, would be looked upon as rather more serious matters than they seem to have been in connexion with rats and terriers, by that gentleman—or gentleman's gentleman.

GRAND TERPSICHOREAN FEAT.

WE are informed that the BARON NATHAN is practising a step which is to leave all his other steps many thousand steppes behind. This step is no other than *dancing a hornpipe amongst the toys and tea-cups in the Lowther Arcade!* The time selected for the grand terpsichorean achievement will be five o'clock in the afternoon, and any one who knows the almost impassable state of the Lowther Arcade at that hour of the day, will be able to appreciate the many hundred thousand difficulties, in the shape of children's drums, and babies' tea-things, which the indefatigable BARON will have to meet with in his way. He is very sanguine, however, of success, and has adopted an ingenious mode of training, which we cannot resist the temptation of recording. He gives directions, every morning after breakfast, that his study may be instantly "put to rights." This study contains some of the finest specimens of art, in the shape of Bohemian mugs, China cows, chalk Apollos, Wedgwood Venuses, Parian milk-maids, and medieval chimney-sweeps—mostly the gifts of grateful noblemen and lovely peeresses, who have not blushed to receive instructions from the gifted feet of the BARON. When the room is "put to rights," and the disorder consequently is at the very highest, the bold BARON dashes frantically into the middle of the confusion, and there indulges for hours in the wildest flights of genius amidst the heap of scattered things. As yet the BARON has not even broken off a branch of the gilt tree which generally grows out of the back of the peculiar breed of China cows, sold in England, and he expects by Christmas—which is the period when the Lowther Arcade is the most crowded with the ephemeral trifles of the festive season—to be quite perfect. We hope that good fortune may smile upon both of the BARON'S legs, so that he may not put his foot into a single Christmas Box. At least £1000 is dependent upon the result.

Stray Piece of Wit Picked up at the Promenade Concerts.

ON one of the most crowded nights the visitors overflowed the vacant space at the back of the orchestra. This vacant space is filled with statues standing in the midst of small patches of Saloon Gardening. The crowd kept flowing faster and faster, and a little gentleman was carried away by the strength of the current: "Don't! pray don't push!" he screamed out, from the middle of one of these patches, with his arms clinging for support round the waist of Apollo. "Don't push so,—I'm standing in a flower-pot."—"Well, then," retorted a malicious Guardsman, "Since you are in the flower-pot, my little fellow, you may as well stop there,—and grow."

MODEL PASTORAL.

ADDRESSED TO HIS FLOCK, BY THE RIGHT REV. DR. B. B. LAMBKINS, BISHOP OF CAMBERWELL; LATE BISHOP OF RHINOCEROS, AND V.A. OF THE SUBURBAN DISTRICT.

BLAISE BONNER, *&c., Bishop of Camberwell, and Administrator of the Diocese of Peckham Rye, to our Dearly Beloved the Clergy, secular and regular, and the Faithful of the said Dioceses, Health and Benediction, &c.*

"DEARLY BELOVED,

"AT length our dear country, through so many rolling years trampled under the demoniacal hoof of a pestiferous heresy, and pursuing its eccentric and baleful ellipse far, far into the desolate realms of chaos, has now returned into its proper orbit, to its legitimate circumgyration about the centre of the ecclesiastical universe, just, my dearly beloved, as the obedient solar luminary diurnally revolves around the mighty terrestrial globe—whatever the Tuscan heretic may have pretended to the contrary.

"Well might this change in our position, dearly beloved, excite in us emotions of the proudest exultation; but let us rather contemplate it with a becoming humility; let us speak of it in the simple language of modesty, and not in the florid inflated phraseology of pompous arrogance.

"But how are you to act amid the raging storm which the sanguinary animosity of the implacable enemies of your faith has raised around you? My dearly beloved, you must bear yourselves meekly towards those atrocious calumniators. You must remonstrate mildly and moderately with these malignant and wilful defamers of your creed and your morals.

"Submit patiently to the taunts of the profane, the abandoned, the reprobate wretches. When you are reviled by the monsters, revile them not in return—the odious, detestable, abominable wicked miscreants! No, dearly beloved: be gentle and tender in confuting their execrable heresies. Deny without acrimony their slanderous accusations; their dreadful, horrid, appalling, terrific lies. Gaze on with a compassionate serenity whilst our sacred vestments, and all our most precious mysteries, are burlesqued and caricatured by the reptiles—the serpents. Oh! never think of avenging your outraged pastors, although you yourselves are insulted in their persons by the vermin. Let no reproaches, however bitter, provoke you to retort on your spiteful, insolent, malevolent traducers. Oh, no! dearly beloved, return not scorn for scorn when you are scoffed at by these contemptible heretics, the miserable mushrooms of scarce three centuries, and vile spawn of WYCLIFFE and LUTHER and JOHN KNOX. Let your scrupulous respect to the constituted authorities show how submissive and forbearing you can be whilst the shafts of impious ridicule are hurled at the solemn rites of your worship by the PRIME MINISTER OF THE CROWN. Be patient—enduring—forgiving—whilst HER MAJESTY'S Clergy are doing their utmost to unleash the bloodhounds of persecution on you. Ah! you must love and pity those rascals and scoundrels. You must address the villains in the language of charity, and not launch invectives at the barbarians, blackguards, brutes, beasts. Yes! dearly-beloved, return benedictions for the curses of an infuriated rabble. Yes! with the kindness of brotherly affection, repay the frantic hatred of the ferocious mob. Yes! let words of peace and good-will be your response to the death-whoop, smiles of benignity your reply to the menacing grimaces, of the savage heathens, the pagans, the crew of infidels, the herd of misbelievers, odious as the Manichæans, pernicious as the disciples of SIMON MAGUS. Oh, yes! dearly beloved; and, finally, evince the plenitude of obedience to rulers who combine the treachery of JUDAS with the craft of HEROD and the cruelty of PILATE.

"BLAISE BONNER,
"*Bishop of Camberwell and*
"*Administrator of the Diocese of Peckham Rye.*"

"GIVEN AT CAMBERWELL, *Dec.* 10."

Hitting two Opposite Sects with the Same Proverb.

As the Temperance Societies are about to hold a series of meetings at Exeter Hall, at which, as a matter of course, a great deal of nonsense will be spouted forth, and the beauties of temperance illustrated in language not always drawn from the same source, we present them with the following motto, which we hope every teetotal speaker will bear in mind as he rises on his legs to speak.

"Il n'y a pas de sot dans ce monde qui ne peut trouver un plus grand sot que lui-même."

The beauty of the above motto is that the Temperance Societies may apply it with justice to their speakers, and yet uphold it with equal truth in furtherance of their own good cause; for it will translate most admirably in the following manner:—

"THERE IS SO SOT IN THIS WORLD BUT WHO IS SURE TO FIND A GREATER SOT THAN HIMSELF."

SIR CHARLES WOOD'S TALES OF WONDER.

N what account should we disbelieve in the winking picture of Rimini, or in the liquefaction of the blood of ST. JANUARIUS, when only last week so astounding a statement as the following was made in the *Times?*—

"THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER acknowledges the receipt of £80 to the credit of Income Tax, inclosed in a letter from Plymouth."

Considering the want of equity—in plain terms the iniquity—of the operation of the Income Tax, one can hardly be less surprised at the above announcement than one would be at this;—

"*Mr. Punch* acknowledges the receipt of £100 inclosed to him in a letter from 'Q. P., Surrey,' as 'conscience money, being the amount concealed by a mis-statement from burglars, when the house was broken into the other day.'"

But the wonder of wonders is to come. The *Times* paragraph goes on to say,

"The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER also acknowledges the receipt of £6 from 'MEDICUS,' as a repayment of public money received when not legally entitled to it."

The wonder, however, here is not the restitution, but the circumstance of their being anything to restore. Of all the novelties of these extraordinary times, the strangest, to the mind of *Mr. Punch*, is the fact, that there exists a medical man who has received any public money to which he was not legally entitled. If *Punch* had a farthing of such money, he would frame it and glaze it; if he had two farthings, he would send the second to the British Museum; if the whole £6 had been transmitted to him, he would, instead of paying the sum into the Exchequer, have sent a farthing a-piece to all the union workhouses in the United Kingdom, to be preserved, by way of memento, in the board-room, and the remainder he would have distributed between the surgeons of those establishments—thus making, proportionally, a very considerable addition to their incomes.

WISEMAN IN HIS DINING-ROOM.

NICHOLAS WISEMAN has been cruelly libelled by the press. He has been charged with receiving Catholic visitors and neophytes in state in the dining-room attached to St. George's Chapel. It was said of him, that "he threw himself comfortably back into an arm-chair, and that he exacted more than the extreme rigour of royal etiquette." No such thing, says ALEXANDER GOSS, of St. Edward's, Liverpool; and we implicitly believe him. No doubt, malignity has strangely jumbled the two Cardinals—CARDINAL WISEMAN, at St. George's, and *Cardinal Wolsey*, at the Haymarket Theatre. That WISEMAN is, at the present moment, only WOLSEY in his early state—like a young hedgehog in the wool, to come out all over prickles, and not to be touched by lay fingers—we can readily believe; but that WISEMAN—give him his growth—would be WOLSEY in all his glory, we have the authority of his unchanging and infallible Church for our assurance. At present, however, we can believe WISEMAN the very combination of Christian humility and gentlemanly courtesy. We can believe him with paternal affection receiving "young friends, entire strangers to him, to dinner"—even if the young friends are merely neophytes, desirous of foregoing the irksomeness of daily labour as means of daily bread, for—in due course—the more ascetic life of father confessors. We do not believe in the present royal appointments and royal etiquette of the temporary Cardinal; no, looking very closely, we rather see upon him a hair-shirt, an iron girdle, and—at least—half-a-pint of unboiled peas in either of his pastoral sandals.

SOMETHING VERY PATENT.—That some reform is strongly needed in the absurd laws that apply to Patents!

ROEBUCK, THE POLITE LETTER-WRITER.

MR. ROEBUCK is, unquestionably, an honest man. MR. ROEBUCK is, indisputably, a candid man. MR. ROEBUCK is, assuredly, a bold man. And, therefore, so gifted, MR. ROEBUCK is very right, upon the least possible aggravation, to flourish his honesty, his candour, his boldness, in the face of the universe. His flowers of rhetoric were never intended to blush unseen—his jewel of a good name is not to sparkle merely in the privacy of life. No; he makes a regular flower-show of his eloquence, on the lightest occasion, and sports his good name for plain-dealing, as jauntily as a Sunday apprentice sports his smallest diamond-pin. Hence, MR. ROEBUCK writes a letter to LORD JOHN RUSSELL upon his lordship's late epistle to the BISHOP OF DURHAM.

And here let us thank the POPE's Bull that has caused to be turned up such a polished specimen of the epistolary style, as that subscribed JOHN ARTHUR ROEBUCK. Its courtesy, its delicacy, is delicious. Perhaps there is no public man who could so delightfully redeem the harshness of political contest by such elegance of manner, such refinement of expression. We treat ourselves with a morsel of the true, instinctive gentleman. MR. ROEBUCK tells LORD RUSSELL that he will not quote *Hansard* against him; he will assume no such ungrateful task. No: MR. ROEBUCK will only deal with the amenities of life; and, from the nettle controversy, pluck the flower of good breeding; and here it is, a flower odorous of the best manners:—

"As I have no desire to convict you of mere inconsistency—and as I believe *that even a most minute investigation of all that you have ever uttered in Parliament would not greatly conduce to my edification*—I would rather address you as the Prime Minister of England, than deal with your sayings as recorded in *Hansard*."

We have marked the true beauty of the sentence in italics, as we would, were we able, mark a beautiful pansy with an additional "freak" of jet: it deserves to be made to come out with greater force, for the honesty, candour, boldness, and good-manners, combined in a few words—unprovoked words—that say to a gentleman and the Prime Minister of England—"You have been talking for some thirty years in Parliament—your name is associated with the most important political changes—you are the First Minister, and you have never uttered a syllable that would edify me, JOHN ARTHUR ROEBUCK!" It was so necessary to the writer's case—so inseparable from the argument levelled against the writer of the letter to the BISHOP OF DURHAM, that all his antecedents should be put down, badged, branded—upon most minute investigation—as the labours of a nobody, a nincompoop!

Now, MR. ROEBUCK's plain-speaking might tell a man, so burthened, that he had a lump on his shoulder.

MR. ROEBUCK's candour might point to the pock-marks in another man's face; whilst MR. ROEBUCK's perseverance, as a public character, might volunteer to enumerate every pit.

MR. ROEBUCK's boldness might, heroically risking his own *nasus*, indignantly charge a third man with the possession of a pug-nose.

And in each and all of these qualities, namely, the plain-speaking of MR. ROEBUCK—the candour of MR. ROEBUCK—the boldness of MR. ROEBUCK,—would be grandly prominent; but not more prominent than the delicacy of MR. ROEBUCK—the courtesy of MR. ROEBUCK—and, above all, the chivalrous good-manners of MR. ROEBUCK.

Parody for Puseyites.

THOUGH crosses and candles we play with at home,
To go the whole gander, there 's no place like Rome;
We 've statues and relics to hallow us there,
Which, save in museums, you 'll not find elsewhere.
Rome, Rome, sweet, sweet Rome!
For all us Tractarians there 's no place like Rome!

PLEAS' DON'T.

SOMEBODY has prepared for the forthcoming Exhibition "a process for water-proofing any stuff, from the finest lace to the coarsest fustian." If the discovery is applicable to "any stuff," it may, we hope, be adapted to that precious "stuff," a special plea, which frequently fails from its being utterly unable to hold water.

Punch and the Pope.

WE understand that PIO NO-NO, that great double negative, who has been attempting to make himself an affirmative in this country, expressed extreme sorrow, almost amounting to despair, when he heard that *Punch* was opposed to his recent proceedings. PIO, who understands the English language, though he does not seem to understand the English people, remarked to one of his attendants in a half-mournful half-merry tone, "Alas, alas! I should have cared comparatively little about the probable failure of my attempt to get the English to swallow the bowl of Bishop I have been brewing for them, but it cuts me to the quick to perceive that there is no chance of their having their *Punch à la Romaine*.

HOW TO MAKE ENGLAND A LAUGHING-STOCK FOR THE POPE!

"Forewarned is forearmed."

ALL crotchetty, fidgetty, conceited, eccentric politicians, impatient to make themselves conspicuous:

All factious partisans, bent on overthrowing the Government at all hazards:

All constitutionally lukewarm persons, who are indifferent to good or evil, and who affect "moderation" systematically, in order to get credit for being candid, and dispassionate, and philosophical:

All perverse and mischievous people, who would like to frustrate any great object, no matter what, merely for amusement:

All disaffected individuals, who would rejoice in the humiliation of their country, and who are ready to abet any foreign intrigue against the QUEEN, her Crown, and dignity:

Are requested to read the following directions which are offered, by way of hints, as to the course they had better pursue, with the view to defeat the national determination to put down the POPE'S attempt to domineer over England:—

As soon as meetings cease to be held, and addresses to be voted, in reference to the Papal invasion, begin to pooh-pooh the whole movement, and go about saying that all interest in the subject is subsiding.

When the question of legislative resistance to the POPE comes to be discussed, treat it as a religious one, although you know very well that its nature is political.

Pretend that the authority of Popish Bishops is merely spiritual, whereas you have seen them use it to resist the laws in Sardinia, and to oppose the Government in Ireland.

Persist in calling the outcry, which has been occasioned by the POPE'S attack, a shout of bigotry against the Roman Catholics at large—you being perfectly aware that it is merely a protest against the pretensions of their priesthood.

Keep repeating, no matter how often you are contradicted, or how false you see your assertion to be, that the demand for prohibiting the Popish Prelates to assume territorial titles, is a call for reviving the penal laws against the practice of the Roman Catholic religion.

Nevertheless—utterly regardless of consistency—at the same time, harp continually on the question, "What's in a name?"—as though the POPE and his Bishops would insist upon names if they were of no consequence; and as though it is not obvious that they want the use of those names to give their Church the appearance of a national character, and thus authority in the eyes of the ignorant multitude.

Pretend not to hear when you are reminded that if a name is of no value, the privation of it is no hardship.

Endeavour to confound the refusal of permission to assume the title of Archbishop of Westminster with the denial of the right to be Archbishop of the Roman Catholics in Westminster.

Attack LORD JOHN RUSSELL with quotations raked out of *Hansard* from speeches made by him in behalf of Roman Catholic rights; cast in his teeth the mistakes he may have made in his policy towards the Romish Church; twit him with his liberal concessions; abuse him for his generous civilities to it and its members. In short, use all the common arts of faction—never mind how mean—against a cause which you may in vain oppose on its own merits.

And should you, good worthy friends, succeed in preventing the suppression of the titles assumed by the POPE'S bishops, you will thwart the mighty will of the people of England. And then the Popish hierarchy, with uplifted hands and eyes, will declare that a miracle has been wrought in their favour—which many simpletons will believe. And the indignation of the English people will have evaporated in impotent bluster; and we shall be a spectacle of derision to the whole world, and this will be great fun.

The Darkest Injustice.

HAVING to pay the Window Tax during the month of November, when the tremendous fogs prevent Englishmen seeing anything of the article for which they are so blindly taxed!

NURSERY RHYMES FOR THE PRESENT TIMES.

I.

RIDE in a 'bus, to Chelsea, with us,
And see MR. BENNETT, who 's making this fuss;
With bells at day's breaking, and bells at its close,
He 's a regular nuisance wherever he goes.

II.

Hushaby BENNETT, on the Church top;
When your bells cease, the outcry will stop.
If you don't stop, when reason shall call,
Down will go BENNETT, bell-ringing, and all.

III.

Little JACK RUSSELL
Got in a bustle,
At hearing the general cry;
A letter wrote he,
In the popular key,
And said "What a good boy am I!"

IV.

Sing a song of Popery,
The universal cry;
Six-and-twenty Bishops
Their Sovereign standing by.
When the Address was opened,
Two names were nowhere seen;
Now isn't this a pretty way
To serve their gracious QUEEN?

ULLATHORNE in the pulpit
Was speaking words of honey;
A Bishop in his library
Was counting out some money;
The POPE was in the Vatican,
Thinking "how well it goes,"
When up jump'd *Punch's* little dog,
And snapped off his nose.

LODGING-HOUSE KEEPERS' LOGIC.

THE Lodging-House Keepers of London are beginning to calculate the probable profits of the Great Exhibition season of 1851, or in other words, they are "counting their chickens before they are hatched;" that is to say, before they shell out. Somebody has said that 4,000,000 of strangers will be poured into London, and as there are not more than 1,000,000 beds to let, the rules of arithmetic call upon us to divide one by four, and as four into one won't go, we recommend some of the intended visitors, before they leave a comfortable bed at home, to "sleep upon it," until they have made sure of a substitute. The bedstead trade has received a tremendous impetus, and sacking is in fierce demand, as if it were expected that the invasion of 1851 would lead to the sacking of the whole city. Lodging-House Keepers are looking out in all directions for bedsteads, or for anything that will turn up to serve instead, and we have heard of a proposal having been made to a family requiring apartments, to make up a bed in the cistern for two of the children, by drawing off the water in the evening, and getting the infants up and dressed before the water is turned on in the morning. If the company should take it into its head—its New River Head—to sluice the sewers in the course of the night, which does happen now and then, of course the poor children might be unexpectedly "washed and done for," as well as boarded and lodged in the way described.

It is expected that provisions will rise to a dreadful height; that meat will be sold by the mouthful instead of the pound; that bread will rise, without reference to any particular quantity of yeast; and that butter will be found to be fetching a shilling an ounce, by those who are sent to fetch the butter. As to milk, we have heard that a "Pure Milk and Cream Company" have taken thel ease of a chalk-pit near town; and new-laid eggs are being already laid in lime, with a view to the approaching season. Sand is being brought to this country as ballast, to be thrown on to the sugar market, at the proper moment, when the demand is at its height; and foreign sloe-juice is being carried into Port, as fast as it can be imported.

PUNCH ON SPECIAL PLEADING.—INTRODUCTION.

BEFORE administering law between litigating parties, there are two things to be done—in addition to the parties themselves—namely, first to ascertain the subject for decision, and, secondly, to complicate it so as to make it difficult to decide. This is effected by letting the lawyers state in complicated terms the simple cases of their clients, and thus raising from these opposition statements a mass of entanglement which the clients themselves might call nasty crotchets, but which the lawyers term "nice points." In every subject of dispute with two sides to it, there is a right and a wrong, but in the style of putting the contending statements, so as to confuse the right and the wrong together, the science of special pleading consists. This system is of such remote antiquity, that nobody knows the beginning of it, and this accounts for no one being able to appreciate its end. The accumulated chicanery and blundering of several generations, called in forensic language the "wisdom of successive ages," gradually brought special pleading into its present shape, or, rather, into its present endless forms. Its extensive drain on the pockets of the suitors has rendered it always an important branch of legal study, while, when properly understood, it appears an instrument so beautifully calculated for distributive justice, that, when brought to bear upon property, it will often distribute the whole of it among the lawyers, and leave nothing for the litigants themselves.

CHAPTER I.

OF THE PROCEEDINGS IN AN ACTION, FROM ITS COMMENCEMENT TO ITS TERMINATION.

Actions are divided into *Real*, in which there is often much sham; *Personal*, in which the personality is frequently indulged in by Counsel, at the expence of the witnesses; and *Mixed*, in which a great deal of pure nonsense sometimes prevails. The Legislature being at last sensible to the shamness of Real, and the pure nonsense of Mixed actions, abolished all except four, and for the learning on these subjects, now become obsolete, we must refer to the "books," which have been transferred to the shops of Butter, from the shop of Butterworth.*

There are three superior Courts of Common Law, one of their great points of superiority being their superior expense, which saves the Common Law from being so common as to be positively vulgar; and its high price gives it one of the qualities of a luxury, rendering it *caviare* to the million, or indeed to any but the *millionnaire*. These Courts are the Queen's Bench,—a bench which five Judges sit upon; the Exchequer, whose sign is a chess or draught-board,—some say to show how difficult is the game of law, while others maintain it is merely emblematic of the drafts on the pockets of the suitor; and thirdly, the Common Pleas, which took its title, possibly, from the fact of the lawyers finding the profits such as to make them un-Common-ly Pleas'd.

The real and mixed actions not yet abolished, are—1st, the Writ of Right of Dower, and 2d, the Writ of Dower; both relating to widows; but as widows are formidable persons to go to law against, these actions are seldom used. The third is the action of *Quare Impedit*, which would be brought against me by a parson if I kept him out of his living; but as the working parsons find it difficult to get a living, this action is also rare. The fourth is the action of Ejectment, for the recovery of land, which is the only action that cannot be brought without some ground.

Of personal actions, the most usual are debt, and a few others; but we will begin by going into debt as slightly as possible. The action of debt is founded on some contract, real or supposed, and when there has been no contract, the law, taking a contracted view of matters, will have a contract implied. Debt, like every other personal action, begins with a summons, in which VICTORIA comes "greeting;" which means, according to JOHNSON, "saluting in kindness," "congratulating," or "paying compliments at a distance;" but, considering the unpleasant nature of a writ at all times, we cannot help thinking that the word "greeting" is misapplied. The writ commands you to enter an appearance within eight days, and, by way of assisting you to make an appearance, the writ invests you, as it were, with a new suit.

The action of covenant lies for breach of covenant, that is to say, a promise under seal; and under wafer it is just as binding, for you are equally compelled to stick to it like wax.

The action of *Detinue* lies where a party seeks to recover what is detained from him; though it does not seem that a gentleman detaining a newspaper more than ten minutes at a coffee-house would be liable to detinue, though the action would be an ungentlemanly one, to say the least of it.

The action of Trespass lies for any injury committed with violence, such as assault and battery, either actual or implied; as, if A, while making pancakes, throws an egg-shell at B, the law will imply battery, though the egg-shell was empty.

The action of Trespass on the Case lies, where a party seeks damages for a wrong to which trespass will not apply—where, in fact, a man has not been assaulted or hurt in his person, but where he has been hurt in that tender part—his pocket. Of this action there are two species, called *assumpsit*, by which the law—at no time very unassuming—assumes that a person, legally liable to do a thing, has promised to do it, however unpromising such person may be; and *trover*, which seeks to recover damages for property which it is supposed the defendant found and converted, so that an action might perhaps be brought in this form, to recover from Popery those who have been found and converted to the use, or rather lost and converted to the abuses, of the Romish Church.

Having gone slightly into the different forms of actions; having just tapped the reader on the shoulder with a writ in each case, which, by the way, should be personally served on him at home, though the bailiff runs the risk of getting sometimes served out, we shall proceed to trial, perhaps, of the reader's patience in a subsequent chapter.

* Butterworth—the Law Publisher in Fleet-Street.

The Index Expurgatorius.

SHAKSPEARE and HUMBOLDT have recently been promoted to this Index. Shortly, among other persons and things, will appear NEWTON, HARVEY, LORD NELSON, WELLINGTON, WATT, Vaccination, Railways, the Tubular Bridge, QUEEN VICTORIA, and the Electric Telegraph.

To be Given at the Vatican, April 1, 1851. BY AUTHORITY OF THE POPE.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14th, 1850

UNPROTECTED ENGLAND.

BEING A GROAN FROM THE EX-UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

"To Mr. Punch.

HOUGH MR. JONES, SIR, has a *great* objection to my appearing in *print*, for he declares that I've made myself *ridiculous* and *him* too, by the way in which I've come before the *public* in your *entertaining* Journal, (though I'm *sure* MR. J. was *ridiculous* enough, without any *letters* being written upon *that* subject); still I feel that as a *female*, though not now *unprotected* (if MR. J. *be* any protection, so *much* from home as he is on his *journeys*), I ought to *uplift* my *humble* voice against the present awful *unprotected* state of the *country*. I don't allude to *burglars* at *present* (though I *must* say your *artist* never *can* have seen me, or he would *never* have made me in *that* nightcap). But, Sir, if it had been only *me* talking about the unprotected state of the *country*, you might have said, as MR. J. *always* does, 'There, MRS. J., you're talking nonsense again!' but I don't speak as a *poor, weak woman*, now, because I'm *afraid*, but I've seen it all *proved* in a *book*, written by SIR F. B. HEAD, BART., with all the *figures* in it, and *calculations* made, and I feel the *serious* attention of the *married* women of England ought to be *called* to it. *All husbands* are not like MR. JONES, and *some* will listen to *reason, though* it comes from their *wives*.

"SIR F. B. HEAD dedicates his book (in the most *flattering* manner, I *must* say) to unprotected females in *general*. Little did I think, when I saw the work on MR. SMITHERS's table, with such a nice, *clean, white* cover, what *awful* things it had inside of it! I took it up quite *promiscuously*, but oh, Sir, the *state of mind* I was in before I laid it down!

"First, it shows you that there's France with 408,630 soldiers, and 2,501,000 national guards, and all *know* what those *nasty foreigners* are by the *specimens* we see in the streets; and there's Austria with 378,552 soldiers, all horrid, *frowsy, tobacco-smoking butchers;* and Prussia with as many just as bad; and Russia, with 950,000—and what can be *expected* from men fed on *tallow, raw hides*, and *brandy?* and then there's poor England with 123,758 soldiers, and *no more*, and many of them, *I'm afraid*, no better than they *should* be, running after the *maids;* for it was *only* last week that SMITHERS's cook was near taking *laudanum*, because of a corporal in the *Scotch* life-guards who got *all* her wages to buy a *discharge* and go into the green-grocery and *general* line, but *spent* it *all*, and is a corporal at this *moment*, and *and never comes near her!*

"And if this is the way the British army behaves, *in time of peace*, to poor British *females*, what *is* to be expected from these dreadful foreigners in a war? And, then that horrid book shows that the English *men* ain't to be *trusted*—I've long thought so in regard to *one*, in particular—and that their *confusion* increases with their *numbers;* as I'm sure, any one may see, who's ever been to a *review* of the Surrey yomanry, at *Wormwood* Scrubs, (where I was with the SMITHERS's no later than last summer,) and the mess they got in with *one* regiment, I'm sure I *can't think* what it would be with half a *dozen?*

"And as for ships and men of war, and navies; every body knows that those Dover and Boulogne steamers can bring over loads of soldiers, the *book* says, in *two* hours; but, I'm sure, when *I* went to Boulogne, it *seemed* a *great* deal longer than *that*—but *one* thing I must say that I think he has forgotten, and that is the *dreadful* state of *sea-sickness* the foreigners would be in—to judge by what *I felt*, you might *knock* them down with a *feather:* until they'd had a *nice* cup of tea, and a good *night's rest*.

"However, there is *no doubt* that any number of these *dreadful* foreigners may come up to London *to-morrow*—and there's *that Exposition*—who knows whether the *machines* may'nt be full of *gun-powder* and things, and that the artisans and people, who come over with them mayn't be *soldiers* in *disguise*, with belts stuck full of *pistols* and *daggers*—under their—what d'ye-call-em—blue *smock-frock* things!

"You may believe, my *blood did* run *cold*, when I came to where the book describes the 'two hundred thousand young enthusiastic French soldiers, waving banners in our pure English air, on which are mentally inscribed these words—we almost shudder as we transcribe them—(I'm sure I *quite* shuddered when I read them)

"'BOOTY, BEAUTY, AND REVENGE!'

"I declare as I came to those words, I saw our furniture smashed and the *plate* melted, and me *struggling* with a *foreigner* in moustachios—and JONES with his throat cut from ear—but I *can't* bear it—

"When the book has made out how *easy* it would be for a French army to *invade* England (and it seems so *easy*, one *wonders* why they haven't done it ever so long ago), comes the *awfullest* chapter—'The Capture *of London* by a French army.' It makes one's hair *stand on end*, to think of foreign armies *encamped* in each of the Parks, another between Clapham and Camberwell, and a third about *Brixton* and Battersea! *That* couldn't be far from the SMITHERS'S, and how, *knowing* this, they *can* have such a book in the *house*, I *can't* think. Then there will be the horses in the churches, and the *officers* in the *best* houses—of *course we* should have one *at least* in Craven Street, if it was only for my *writing* this *letter;* and people may say what they like about Frenchmen being *polite*, I'm sure *I* found them perfect *brutes* in the custom-house at Boulogne—and detachments in the Milbank *Penitentiary*—a very proper place for 'em—and in the National Gallery, and the Docks, and *Regent Street*. But oh! that chapter at the end of the book, '*On the Treatment of Women in War.*' It's not so much what *it says*, but the hints are enough to drive a poor unprotected female out of her senses.

"Sir, I have *just* put the book *down*. I *feel* it's *my duty* to write to you, and call upon the females in the kingdom, protected and unprotected, to *awaken* their husbands, and brothers, and fathers, and *male* relations *generally* to what is *hanging ove* us! I don't know SIR F. B. HEAD, BART., but *I feel* what a *debt* of *gratitude* is due to him from me and all the young women—yes, Sir, and all the old women—in Great Britain, Ireland, and Scotland, and I remain

"Your *alarmed*, but *constant* reader,

"MARTHA JONES."

A (PUMP) HANDLE FOR A JOKE.

EXIT ST. BARNABAS BENNETT.

EVERY one knows that MR. BENNETT has resigned because the BISHOP OF LONDON would not allow him to intone the prayers. "Don't you think him a great pump?" asked A of B, on hearing the news. "I don't know about his being a pump," was B's. reply; "but, when I heard him singing out the service, I always regarded him as something on the high-drawlic principle." (Loud cries of "Turn him out!"—"Apology"—&c., &c.)

CONSOLATION AMID CONTROVERSY.

AMID these controversial breezes,
One slight consideration pleases:
Than ink, there's shed no graver fluid,
For Roman Bonze, or British Druid.

Suppose this epoch of Addresses
Had not VICTORIA's been, but BESS's,
It would have added one more story
To Persecution's annals gory.

We've now some sharpish mutual slanging,
But, Heaven be thanked, there is no hanging;
No axe, no chopping-block, no drawing,
But only just a little jawing.

On Temple Bar no heads are sticking,
'Gainst QUEEN's supremacy for kicking;
On London Bridge we see no quarters
Of traitors cut up into martyrs.

There's no JACK KETCH his business plying,
People beheading, throttling, frying.
Punch, and he says it without boasting,
Does all the cutting up and roasting.

THE MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

T a moment like the present, when everybody is asking whether the fire of war, so long smouldering in Germany, is to burst out into flame or to end in smoke? whether France is to see the spectacle of Liberty devouring her own children, or her own children devouring Liberty? whether England is to become a province of the Papal dominions, or whether the POPE will discover that he has gone beyond his province in doing what he has done?—though these and other important interrogatories agitate and divide the public mind, the question which really absorbs the attention of the whole world is—When are we to have PUNCH'S ALMANACK? This question is being answered in typographic thunder and telegraphic lightning, by the steam-struck advertisements of the newspaper press, and the electro-agitated wires of the Railway Companies.

One half the world is asking "When will PUNCH'S ALMANACK be published?" and the other half is answering "On the 23rd?" No one has yet ventured to surmise what the result will be, and we dare not trust ourselves to divulge the grand secret which in a few days will burst upon the senses of enraptured millions. What we have already done has surpassed the wildest anticipations of the most boundless fancy; but what we are about to do, will as far surpass everything that has gone before, as Pelion, Ossa, and Olympus, piled one upon the other, exceed in altitude the pebble on the pavement. We are about to fire into the country a tremendous broadside of wit and humour which shall wondrously surpass our ordinary weekly *feu de joie!* and though even this comprises a *mitraille*, as the French would call it, of a round of shot from sixteen columns, each comprising some fifty to a hundred jokes, the volley we are about to deliver can only be slightly conceived by multiplying every fifty by five hundred, and recollecting that our ammunition has no lead in its composition, but consists of a material like the diamond, with all its most brilliant and most cutting qualities combined.

POLICE REGULATIONS FOR THE PUBLICATION OF PUNCH'S ALMANACK.

IN order to preserve order during the execution of the orders for *Punch's* Almanack, the following orders will be issued as to the order in which the public will present themselves at the office on the 23rd.

All persons belonging to the trade must enter Fleet Street at the Farringdon Street end, and form in six rows along the south-side as far as Bride Court.

Private individuals, requiring single copies, must enter the City through Temple Bar, or Chancery Lane, and fall into the line at the Law Life Insurance Office. As soon as the line extends to the corner of Bride Court, a fresh row must be formed, and so on untill there are twelve abreast, after which no more will be admitted into the City; but those coming may leave their names with the City Toll Collector, which will entitle them to a place in the procession on a subsequent day.

After being served, the trade will draw off by St. Bride's Church, and retire over Blackfriars' Bridge, entering the City again by London, Southwark, or any of the other Bridges, should they require to do so.

The public after having obtained their copies, will pull off to the north side of Fleet Street and retire by Clerkenwell, re-entering the City, should they desire to do so, by the City Road and Moorgate Street.

Foreign Ambassadors, producing their credentials under the sign manual of their respective Sovereigns, and presenting them to the City Toll Collector, will be allowed to proceed without reference to the foregoing rules.

BARON VON REICHENBACH'S PHILOSOPHY OF A KISS.

(A Lecture for the Ladies' College.)

"WHAT'S in a kiss?" demands a once popular song, ladies.

"There's no harm in a kiss," replies the self-responsive lyric. "'Tis a pure pledge of friendship to man."

The answer is vague, if not evasive. A more definite one has been given by BARON VON REICHENBACH, in a book, whose title must, to most of those lips which lend the question its interest, prove rather trying—"*Physico-Physiological Researches on the Dynamics of Magnetism, Electricity, Heat, Light, Crystallisation, and Chemism, in their Relations to Vital Force.*"

VON REICHENBACH writes this book to prove that he has discovered a new force or principle in Nature, similar to electricity, only immensely more subtle than the electric fluid. This—what d'ye call it?—the Baron calls *Od*. Well he may, some of you will perhaps remark—judging merely from the sound of the word. Others may suggest that the letters should have been reversed, and that the *Od* is, properly speaking, a *Do. Od*, according to BARON VON REICHENBACH, emanates from everything in Nature, more or less; but especially from magnets, crystals, the sun, moon, and stars, and the tips of the fingers. It is luminous in the dark to sensitive persons; it affects their nerves of touch; and it is what operates in animal magnetism. Besides escaping from the fingers' ends, it also issues powerfully from the lips; and this brings us to VON REICHENBACH'S theory of a kiss. *Punch* quotes DR. ASHBURNER'S translation, page 257, of the treatise of the astounding Baron;—

"We here arrive at a not uninteresting explanation of a hitherto obscure matter—the import of the kiss. The lips form one of the foci of the biod, and the flames which our poets describe, do actually blaze there. * * *

"It may be asked, how this can agree with the circumstance that the mouth is od-negative? This, however, does harmonise very well with the fact; for the kiss gives nothing—it desires and strives merely, it sucks in and sips. The kiss is, therefore, not a negation, but a physical and moral negativity."

"*Biod*," ladies, means vital *Od;* the mesmeric influence, in fact. The somewhat curious description of a kiss, as being "not a negation, but a physical and moral negativity," is simply as much as to say, that the kiss is a decided fact; but that the act of kissing is not conferring a favour, but taking a liberty; which seems true.

Certainly, a genuine kiss is not a negation, but, on the contrary, a strong affirmation, which the lips cannot express so forcibly by any articulate phrase—"*Je vous aime*"—"*Zoë mou sas agapo*"—or ditto in plain English.

But neither can a kiss be a "negativity" in all cases—at least, according to the experience of *Mr. Punch*. It may be so when A snatches a kiss from B. But if every kiss is a negativity, when A and B kiss one another at the same moment, the kisses of both are negativities. Now, negativity implies positivity. Therefore, if A is kissed by B, and B by A at the same moment, their kisses are both positivities, because they are both negativities, which is absurd. If negativity does not imply positivity, then, when A and B mutually kiss, neither of the two imparts any positive gratification to the other, which is still more absurd. And on the last supposition, the answer to the question, "What's in a kiss?" would be, "Nothing at all," the absurdity of which is self-evident.

BARON VON REICHENBACH leaves reciprocity out of the question, as if he had no idea of it. His *od* theory of kissing shows that he is little versed in the practice, which, if it were all a "negativity," would be truly odious. There would be nothing more pleasant in lovers' kisses than there is in kissing the book to make an affidavit. The Baron should try a few experiments relative to this branch of his subject: he had better come to England at Christmas, and perform them under the mistletoe.

Universal Contempt of Court.

IT seems that any person is liable to be committed to prison for his lifetime by the Court of Chancery, as guilty of contempt of Court, for not paying that which he has not to pay, and for not doing other impossibilities. What a number of people might be committed for contempt of the Court of Chancery, if we all expressed our feelings!

DIRECT FROM THE UNITED STATES.

THE matrimonial knot is like the Gordian Ditto—those who would be great men must cut it. (*Loud cries of "Shame," from the Editor, and all the married contributors.*)

The Press and the Papacy.

THOSE who would—if they could—bring us again under the yoke of superstition, may ascribe the opposition which they encounter in their designs to the agency of the Arch-Enemy; but the real truth is, that the only devil they have to contend with is the printer's.

IMPORTANT LEGAL INTELLIGENCE.—PROBABLE SECESSIONS FROM THE BAR.

We have heard with considerable regret, that the same spirit of ceremonialism, which has caused so much division in the Church, has at length penetrated to the Courts of Law, and is likely to lead to some secessions of a very sweeping character. For some time past Mr. Briefless, immediately on his arrival in Westminster Hall, has been in the habit of going through a series of absurd mummeries, which have at last attracted the attention of the Judges. It seems that the learned gentleman, no sooner appears upon the back row, in any of the Courts, than he bows with great pertinacity to the Bench, and if the salutation is not noticed or acknowledged, he proceeds to cough with such violence, that attention is sure to be attracted towards him. He, also, has discovered, or believes that he has discovered, somewhere in the books, an allusion to an office connected with that of Ancient Serjeant, and to which he gives the name of Ancient Junior. By virtue of his supposed right to this imaginary position, he claims pre-audience of all other juniors, and he sometimes causes much confusion in the Court by altercation with any of the younger members of the bar, whom he will not allow to rise without molestation, until they have recognised his ancient juniorship, when he permits them to proceed by courtesy.

He has also, on more than one occasion, behaved in such an extraordinary manner with respect to motions of course, insisting upon handing them in direct to the Judge, without the intervention of the Usher, that once or twice the Bench has expressed displeasure; but Mr. Briefless insists that as the barrister hands the motion in, the old law knows no intervening hand, and he cannot conscientiously avail himself of such a go-between.

These ceremonials are now carried to such an extreme, that the highest legal authority will probably be called upon to interfere, and the result may be the secession of the learned gentleman from the Hall of Westminster. Some correspondence has already passed between Mr. Briefless and a high legal authority, but we do not at present feel called upon to give it publicity.

MAIDS OF ALL-POPERY-WORK.

A late Puseyite, turned inside out to a Roman Catholic, and rechristened upon his turning, Ignatius—Father Ignatius (the Loyola is for a time suppressed)—has called on all Catholics to send female servants of their own creed—servants of the lowest degree, even to that of scullions—into the houses of Protestants, that the heretics, or at least the forlorn and foredoomed children of the heretics, may be lured into the fold of the Pope. Father Ignatius has not preached to careless hearts or deaf ears: many female servants, from lady's-maid to the above-named scullion, are at this moment in the bosoms of Protestant families, wriggled there to carry out the blessed intentions of Father Ignatius. The subjoined correspondence—(for the present we cannot disclose the source whence we obtained it)—directed to Father Ignatius, has been forwarded to Cardinal Wiseman, who, in the handsomest manner, has offered fine paper copies for the service of Mr. Bennett, late of St. Barnabas.

"Belgravia Square, Day of St. Tippets.

"Most Reverend Father,—I entered my present service on the day of St. Blancmange; and—my character as a Protestant lady's-maid who could dress hair, having deceived the scrutiny of even the heretical grandmother, I was very soon received into the confidence of Mrs. * * * and her three daughters. In another month, and they will all be brought over. They have thrice attended mass—service I believe they call it, at St. Barnabas; and, as I say, in a month at most, they must be at the feet of the Cardinal. I have insinuated under the pillows of each of the young ladies a pocket copy of the pious and blessed Peter Dens, and the good fruits of that holy book are livelily apparent.

"I have promised Miss Leonora—(she proposes to call herself Veronica)—the little finger of St. Fibs, as you desired me, and she awaits with an ardour almost seraphic the arrival of a relic that will snatch her, a brand, from the fire."

"I remain, your Obedient Daughter,
"Monica."

"P.S.—How I yearn for the day, when my present duty accomplished, I return to the Sisterhood of St. Thistle's!"

"Baker Street, St. Sago's Eve.

"Holy Father,—For three weeks I've been here with the heretic Browns, and have, at last, turned two of the children, girls, aged six and eight. I began my pious work by giving 'em rosaries of bull's-eyes, and Saint Margaret in gingerbread, with Bleeding Hearts in sugar and horehound. They continually ask for more; which I give when they say what I've taught 'em, a Paternoster and an Ave-Maria a-piece, with a special prayer for Father Ignatius.

"I've got a Twelfth-Cake blessed by Father Maloney, and have no doubt that will—with your blessing—in the fulness of time, bring over the whole family.

"Your Dutiful Daughter,
"Angelica."

"P.S.—Holy Father, you can hardly fathom the ignorance of these Browns! What a daily trial it is for me to sink myself down to their level!"

"Walworth, St. Pan's Day.

"Holy Father,—In obedience to your commands, and as a dutiful daughter of the Pope, I have now lived six weeks with the Jenkinsons, ironmongers, as plain cook and maid of all work. I found them stubborn heretics, only fit for the Cardinal to deal with—but at last have hopes. Last Sunday but one we had a goose, which I singed with a copy of his Holiness's Bull; which has done precious work. Besides this, I've had all the night-lights of Mr. and Mrs. Jenkinson blessed, and though they've only got through a pound and a half, I can see that the unction conveyed into the tallow has entered their hearts, and that they already begin to soften.

"On Wednesday last, I let the big dog, at the last moment, run away with a heretic shoulder-of-mutton, that the darkened creatures might make their dinner upon some blessed herrings. I shall do some such pious fraud every Wednesday and Friday.

"Hoping for your prayers,
"I remain Your Devoted Daughter,
"Teresa."

"P.S. The butcher's man has only got half through the holy Dens, and has already been twice to St. Barnabas."

WHERE IS THE BRITISH LION?

Air—"*Blue Bells of Scotland.*"

Oh where, and oh where, is the British Lion gone,
That we hear no mention made of him in the row that's going on?
And it's oh! in my heart, I'm afraid that he is done.

Oh where, and oh where, did your British Lion dwell?
Oh! 'twas somewhere in a den, of course, but where I cannot tell;
But he's now quite used up—and perhaps it is as well.

Suppose and suppose we the British Lion try,
To point an antipapal speech, should we get applause thereby?
No; your hearers all would laugh at you, and would sing out "All my eye."

Who is for St. Alban's?—Our friend, the *Daily News*, writing of this borough, calls it "a drug." If this be so, Mr. Jacob Bell, the candidate chemist, is the very man to represent it.

AGGRAVATING—RATHER!

COMPLAINTS OF QUESTIONS.

WE have received a variety of letters from different quarters relative to the Papal Aggression, but alluding to it in an entirely novel point of view. Our correspondents express the fear that their various claims on public and parliamentary attention will be overlooked in the present excitement. We can only find room for the heads of these communications.—"The Income Tax" complains that its adjustment is in danger of being postponed or not attended to. "The Assessed Taxes" are under serious apprehensions that they will not be revised; and "The Window Tax," in particular, is afraid that it will be suffered to remain in its unpleasant and invidious position between the light and the people. "Smithfield" dreads that its promised removal out of town for change of air will be deferred. "The deep deep Sea"—BRITANNIA'S peculiar empire—is afraid that maritime affairs, properly speaking, will be forgotten in the heat of our dispute with the See of Rome: and, lastly, the "Electric Light" declares it has been quite snuffed out in the ecclesiastical controversy about candles.

ONE OF THE LIGHTS OF CIVILISATION WHICH BARBAROUS NATIONS ARE EXEMPT FROM.—The Window-Tax.

RUB UP YOUR BLUNDERBUSS!

To Mr. Punch.

"SIR, "*Mildew Hall, Dec.* 13, 1850.

"I am an old gentleman, and of an old way of thinking. I hate all new-fangled notions. Most of the advertisements that I meet with in the newspapers annoy me. Nine out of ten of them are puffs of some stupid invention, or other novelty pretending to be an improvement. But now here, Sir, is an advertisement copied from the *Times* of this day, which really was quite a treat to me to read. It shows that the fine old spirit of JOHN BULL is not yet extinct, in spite of all your "progress" and philanthropy. Here it is, Sir; and much good may it do you, as it has done me:—

FRIMLEY MURDER—The Winter approaching, and taking into consideration the late murders and burglaries, it behoves all persons, either town or country residents, to be armed with a weapon of defence; all parties desirous of so doing will find a very large ASSORTMENT OF PISTOLS AND GUNS, at all prices, Life Preservers, Blunderbusses, &c., at"—— &c., &c., &c.

Eh, Sir? What do you say to this? Doesn't it remind you of the fine old times described by FIELDING, when a walk from Westminster to the City had the excitement of adventure, from the chance of being robbed? Here, Sir, we have the glorious days of DICK TURPIN and JERRY ABERSHAW come back again. We shall now be in a position thoroughly to enjoy the *Beggar's Opera*—which excellent old play, I hope will be revived at some of the theatres—as once more holding the mirror up to society. Of course I do not mean to say that I should like to be robbed and murdered; but, Sir, I must confess I do feel a sort of pleasure and gratification in the idea that it is once more necessary to keep arms in the house. Often have I sighed when I recollected the old blunderbuss that I used as a little boy to see hanging on the wall when I went with my father to the County Bank at Mouldyhurst. There is nothing in my opinion, Sir, like shooting a thief when you catch him; and I hope we shall return to that sensible plan, and to the good old precaution of setting steel-traps and spring-guns; for it is quite clear that your modern preventive police is no protection whatever against robbers.

"I am, Sir, &c.,

"THOROUGHBUFF."

FIREWORKS FOR THE MILLION!—MR. PUNCH, Pyrotechnist, confidently recommends his Squibs, which, both in brilliancy and utility as signals, &c. are infinitely superior to the finest Roman Candles.

NURSERY RHYMES FOR GREAT BABIES.

POOR Curates who know not the world and its crimes,
Green half-pay Lieutenants, oh, do read your *Times!*
When letters come offering you cash to advance,
You should know of such people as MR. H. HANCE.

If hard-up, pay your price for a loan if you will,
But ne'er give a stranger your name to a bill,
For you'll not have a farthing remitted to you,
And you *will* have to pay the bill when it falls due.

Would you keep on the safe and respectable side?
Take this maxim in money-affairs as your guide—
Except people in business, and children, by rights,
No person whatever should ever fly kites.

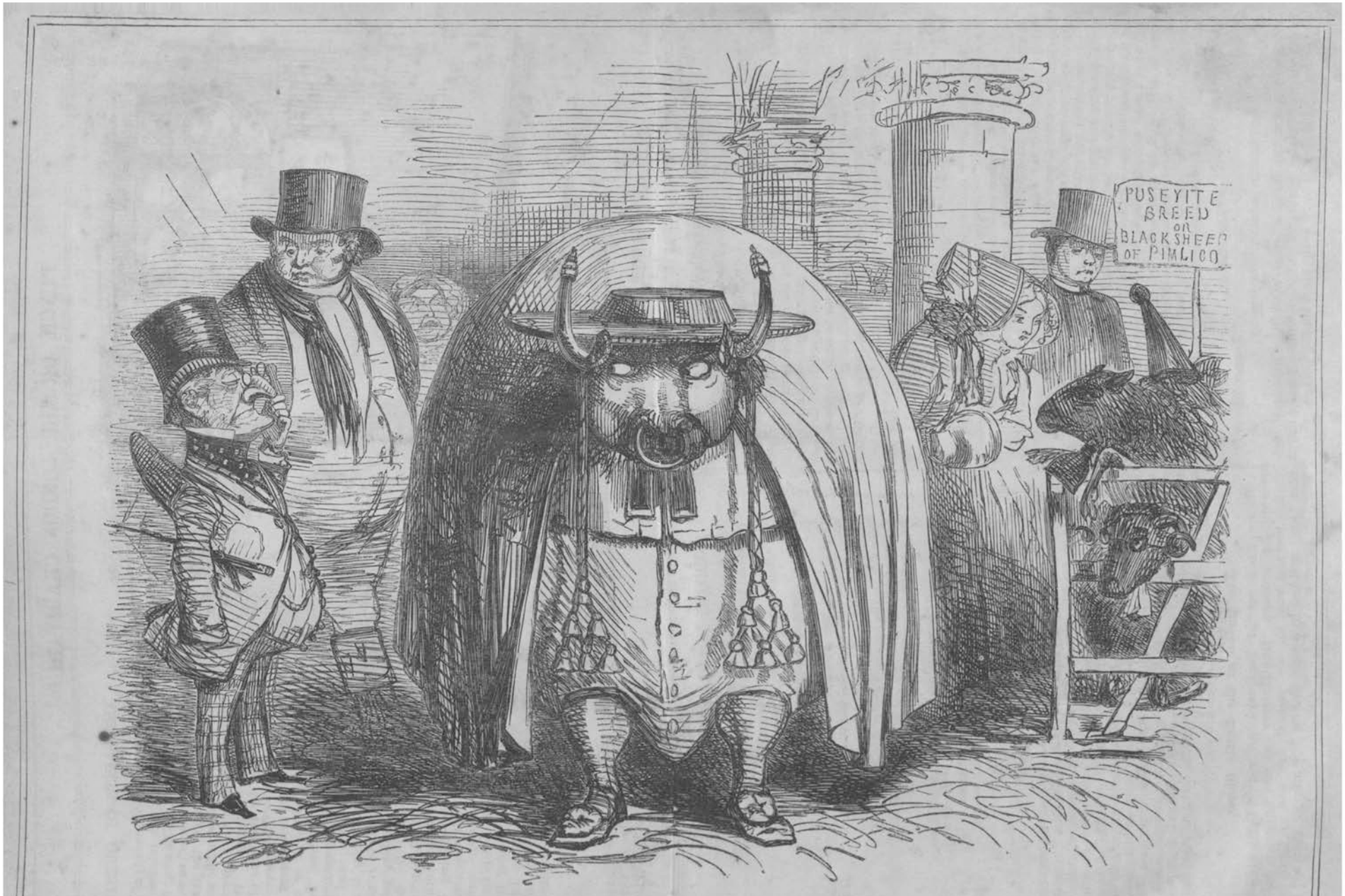
By neglecting the rule which has just been laid down,
Your transactions are render'd the talk of the Town;
And a gentleman thus in the newspaper flames,
With LAZARUS and LEVI, and such pretty names.

Cardinal and Goose.

REALLY, it is too bad of the public to hiss and hoot that very clever actor, MR. ROGERS, when he plays *Cardinal Pandulph* to MR. MACREADY'S *King John*, at the Haymarket. We all know, of course, that the disapprobation is meant for the character itself, and not at the manner in which it is acted. But it is not usual to hiss *Iago* or *Shylock*, because their characters are odious; on the contrary, the more perfectly their personator expresses roguery and malice, the more he is applauded. As sibilation is always an unpleasant sound to a performer's ear, *Punch* would suggest that popular feeling as regards Cardinals might be evinced much more pleasantly to MR. ROGERS, as well as more unmistakeably, and even more loudly, by cheering that gentleman instead of hissing him.

The Queen at the Cattle Show.

WE are glad to see that the QUEEN honoured the Cattle Show this year with her presence. HER MAJESTY had seen beef-eaters before: she has now seen what they are made of; and must, no doubt, have been highly gratified by a sight proving how many of them she has among her subjects.



GREAT CATTLE SHOW.

THE ROMAN BULL THAT DIDN'T GET THE PRIZE.

A GENT'S OPINION ON HATS.

CERTAINLY, JOLLY OLD PUNCH, I must say that, in all your observations about hats, you have hit the right nail on the head. Nothing can be more inconvenient than our present *chapeau*. Now, witness the hats at the Promenade Concerts, or any of our theatres, when '*God save the Queen*' is being sung. There is an instant cry of 'Hats off!' Yes, it's all very well to cry 'Hats off!' but when you have taken your hat off, where are you to put it to? Your arms are pinioned to your side as tight as a trussed fowl. Your hat is consequently either knocked off, or smashed in, or else wedged tight over your eyes; in which elegant position every one takes advantage of giving you a friendly knock on the head, whilst you have not even the pleasure of seeing who your assailant is; and if you do succeed in lifting off your hat in time, it is very little better off than on, for you are obliged to hold it up in the air, whilst all the solos are being played, with innumerable variations, on the cornet, bassoon, ophicleide, and piccolo; or else you must hold it by your side, or between your legs—from which position it is sure to issue forth more like the saucer to a flower-pot, or the iron lid of a coal-hole, or anything else that is round and flat, and not usually worn on the top of a gent's head.

"No less than six valuable hats of mine were ruined in this way, and you are at liberty, dear old *Punch*, to inspect their mangled remains at my rooms, any day you like. Latterly, I have grown wiser, and always go to the concerts in a Turkish, or a felt or a smoking cap; something which I could either stow away in my pocket, or wear on my cranium, as I liked. In fact, our present style of beaver is quite unfit for any place of amusement, and to take one to an evening party, why, it is positively dangerous. I suppose some one comes in for the good hats, but I know I never take a bad hat to a *soirée*, but I am sure to come away with a worse one.

"Some reform, as JOEY HUME would say, is terribly wanted, for I know a whole gang of young fellows who, like myself, are heartily tired of being treated like so many tenpenny-nails, by having a body of arms descending, like a shower of hammers, and knocking us perpetually on the head. We are not to blame—the fault lies in our hats.

"Yours, Dear *Punchy*,

"Regularly every week (price 3*d*.)

"TIM BOUNCE."

PUSEYITE CATTLE SHOW.

MR. PUNCH is happy to publish the announcement, that a new Smithfield Club is to be established on Puseyite and Mediæval principles, to promote retrogression, in opposition to the spirit of the age. Instead of the fattest of cattle, will be exhibited the leanest of kine—anchorite, hermit, and recluse stock; sheep of the skin-and-bone foreign variety (for shearing), and ascetic pigs. A list, placed over the head of each, will specify the articles of diet on which the creature has been starved down to its particular extreme of emaciation—as split-peas, pulse, oatmeal, sorrel, dandelions,—perhaps thistles—and red-herrings. The dead stock up-stairs will include thaumaturgic mummies and relics in great plenty, and an extensive assortment of scourges, hair-shirts, iron belts and collars, and the like implements of self-annoyance. There will be store of images and beads for those who have a taste in such articles, and of course, an abundance of crosses; but the most remarkable crosses in the Exhibition will be those shown below—the crosses between the Roman Bull and the Oxford breed of soft-horns.

SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW.

(*From our own Protectionist.*)

THIS melancholy event came off last week, when prizes were distributed to the breeders of the very leanest stock—a brass band, the horns and ophicleides draperied with black crape, playing funereal airs at intervals. The results of free trade were never more shockingly conspicuous than in the shadowy forms of steers and oxen; whilst there was a pen of a dozen pigs, scarcely one of which was visible to the naked eye. We observed more than one benevolent lady weeping pearls over indefinite things that had vainly struggled to become porkers. There were sheep that were nothing but the merest bladebones, here and there covered with threads of worsted. The QUEEN and PRINCE ALBERT, with two of the little Princes, visited the spectacle, contemplating it with becoming gravity. The Prince carried away the prize for a bull that was only visible when placed under a glass of forty Opera power. Occasionally, an acute ear might detect sounds that a liberal mind might interpret as ghost-like bellowings—spectral bleatings—with now and then an asthmatic attempt at a grunt. The DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S battering-ram is not to be seen when looked at in front; but only from either side. It is said to have been fed upon old drum-heads, with occasionally the ribands of a recruiting-sergeant chopped and made into a warm mash. We ought, by the way, to have remarked that the DUKE OF RICHMOND attended, as President, in deep mourning; and bore in his face and manner the profoundest traces of unutterable woe. However, let us proceed to give the list of prizes, all of them so many triumphant proofs of the withering influence of Free-Trade.

OXEN OR STEERS.

The DUKE OF RUTLAND carried away the £30 prize for the thinnest steer. It had been fed on waste copies of Protectionist pamphlets with the tune of "The Roast Beef of Old England," played in A flat on a tin trumpet. Some idea may be entertained of the nicety with which the animal had been brought to the lowest point of life,—when we state that five minutes after the noble duke received the prize, the thing died; all the brass band braying "The Roast Beef of Old England" for half-an-hour in the vain hope of reviving it. The beast was distributed among the Marylebone poor; all of them ordered to appear in spectacles to see, if possible, their proper quantities.

LONG-WOOLLED SHEEP.

The DUKE OF ATHOLL bore off the first prize of £20, for an extraordinary specimen of highland sheep, that both puzzled and delighted the judges. The sheep had been reared upon Highland thistles, according to the Duke's well-known hospitality; and these thistles so judiciously served, that they had taken the place of the wool growing through the animal's sides, and coating them all over with their brushy points. The REV. MR. BENNETT, was present, and was *much* delighted with his wool of thistles; he is to be presented with a comforter—the thing will be very popular by Christmas, to be called the Atholl Bosom Friend—woven from the fleece. The web, in place of the vulgar linen shirt, is expected to become very general with the ladies and gentlemen who feed upon the honey hived at St. Barnabas.

PIGS.

COLONEL SIBTHORP took the prize for the Pig of Lead; so small a pig, that it might creep down the tube of a MORDAN'S pencil. MR. DISRAELI sent the shadow of a sow; one of his practical epigrams, showing he had ceased to have even a real squeak for Protection; he also sent a porker that, from its largeness of size—where smallness was the object—was deemed hopeless of any reward. However, MR. DISRAELI carefully removing a muzzle from the pig's snout, the animal collapsed flat as a crush-hat. The fact is MR. DISRAELI had, as he afterwards averred, seemingly fattened the hog upon a pair of bellows. There are, we have heard, pigs that see the wind; whether MR. DISRAELI'S pig is of that sort, the eloquent Protectionist said not. He however took a second prize; and next year promises to exhibit a whole litter of the smallest pigs in the world, suckled upon phials of aqua-fortis.

COWS.

The leap of the Cow that jumped over the Moon was exhibited by the DUKE OF RICHMOND. This Cow had been fed on the printer's ink from the *Standard* newspaper, which sufficiently accounts for the daring altitude of its flight. The Duke was proffered the gold medal, but resolutely refused any such vanity.

In conclusion, we are happy to say that the Exhibition was well attended. The thousands of our countrymen who witnessed the wretched condition of the cattle must have carried away with them the profound conviction, that the days of Free Trade are numbered; and that a speedy return to Protection is called for by the interests of man and brute—from Dukes to steers, from Parliament men to pigs.

DRAMAS FOR EVERY-DAY LIFE.

THE OMNIBUS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MR. MOODY	*A Malcontent.*
SLAM	*A Conductor misconducting himself.*
MISS TALBOYS, MISS PEABODY, MISS JANE PEABODY, MRS. JINGLE	*Passengers starting for boat not arriving at Blackwall.*

LITTLE JINGLES, LITTLE PEABODIES, Passengers, &c.

The Stage represents the Interior of a Blackwall Omnibus. MOODY *and four other passengers discovered.* MOODY *occupies one of the corners near the door, looking at the Knightsbridge clock.*

Moody (*poking the Conductor with a stick*). Now, then, I say! When are you going to start?
Slam (*the Conductor*). Why, you 're enough to make one start indeed;
My coat 's a pretty stout one, or by JOVE
You 'd stab a fellow with that stick of yours.
Moody. None of your impudence—arn't you going on.
Slam. Going on—of course we are—but give us time
To take the nose-bags off the horses' heads.
Moody. I 've sat here twenty minutes by the clock.
Slam. That clock 's convulsive—don't believe it, Sir.
It 's got delirium tremens in its hands;
It 's very liable to fits and starts.
Moody. 'Tis fit that thou should'st start—
I 'll take your number.
Slam. Thirteen 's our number, and we wish to take it.
[*He jumps on to his bracket, and cries out,* "City!—City!—Bank!"—&c.
Moody. Oh, Patience!—of the virtues rarest, best—
Why do they place thee on a monument?—
'Tis in an omnibus thou 'rt needed most.
[MOODY *is making a dig at the Conductor with his stick, when the door suddenly opens, and* MISS TALBOYS *is pushed in, making the sixth passenger, who receives the point of the ferule in her chest.*
Miss Talboys (*shrieking*). Mercy, what 's that?—some one has run me through.
Moody. I beg your pardon, madam; but, indeed,
The poke received by you was meant for him. (*Loudly to the Conductor*).
Are we going on?
Slam. You 're going on pretty fast,
It strikes me, Sir; striking the passengers
In that ferocious way (*to the Driver without*). Right! cut along.
[MOODY *is about to remonstrate, when* SLAM *bangs the door, and the Omnibus proceeds.*
Moody (*to* MISS TALBOYS). Madam, I trust I caused you no——
Slam (*without*). Hold hard!
On the off-side—two ladies and a gent.
[*The Omnibus stops with a jerk, which throws* MISS TALBOYS *forward into* MOODY'S *arms.*
Slam (*opening the door—addressing himself to* MOODY). Now, Sir, as soon as it 's agreeable,
To let that lady be—perhaps you 'll allow
These passengers to get into the 'bus.
Moody. Insolent scoundrel!—to insinuate——
Slam. 'Tis you that 's the insinuating gent,
If from appearances we ought to judge.
Now ladies, if you please.
[*He assists* MISS PEABODY, MISS JANE PEABODY, and MASTER PEABODY *into the Omnibus, who make ten passengers.*
Moody. I 'll summons you.
Slam. What a cantankerous old cove it is.
[*Jumps on to his bracket, slams the door, and the Omnibus goes on.*
Moody. Talk of the savage in his native state;
There 's not, I 'm sure, a greater brute on earth
Than the conductor of a Blackwall 'bus.
[*The vehicle proceeds at a furious rate, and sways from side to side.*
Miss Peabody. Oh, mercy! they 'll upset us.
[MISS PEABODY *poking at the Conductor with her parasol.*
Hi!—Conductor!
Slam (*looking in at the window and addressing* MOODY). At it again—you 're never satisfied.
Moody. What d'ye mean—I never spoke to you;
There 's somebody inside wants putting down.
Slam (*to the Driver*). Hold hard!
[*The Omnibus stops;* SLAM *opening the door, says*
Now ladies, please to look alive;
The other 'bus is coming down upon us.
Miss P. No, no; 'twas not for that we stopped the 'bus;
'Twas but to beg of you to be so kind
As to inform the driver that my sister
Is very nervous when he drives so fast.
Slam (*jumping up on his bracket, and talking without to the Driver*).
A pretty thing to stop the 'bus for, BILL!
We 've got a nervous lady, here, inside.
[*To* MISS PEABODY, *through the window.*
Shall we pull up, Ma'am, at the Doctor's shop?
P'rhaps you 'd find something there to do you good.
Miss P. Insolent fellow! What a set they are!
Miss T. You 're very right, Ma'am. Talk of Polar Bears,
They can't be half such bears as—
[*The Omnibus stops with a jerk, which throws the* MISSES PEABODY *sideways on to* MISS TALBOYS.
Mercy on us!
[*The door opens, and* MASTER JOHN JINGLE, *aged* 6, *is pushed head-foremost into the vehicle;* MASTER EDWARD JINGLE, *aged* 4, *is thrown on to the lap of* MR. MOODY, *and* MRS. JINGLE, *making thirteen passengers, with* MASTER CHARLES *and* MISS JULIA JINGLE (*twins*), *one in each arm, is squeezed through the door, looking back as she enters.*
Mrs. J. (*standing in the doorway of the Omnibus*). That parcel goes with me inside—that box
Must not stand side sideways—ho! my carpet-bag.
Slam. Sit down, Ma'am.
Mrs. J. Not until I 'm satisfied
My things are safe—don't throw that on the roof;
I 'm sure that box is sideways.
Slam. Take your seat—
The opposition pole will run you through.
[*He pushes her forward, and slams the door,* MASTER CHARLES *and* MISS JINGLE *scream.*
Mrs. J. (*looking round*). Why, where am I am to sit?
Moody (*looking at* MASTER EDWARD). Whose child is this?
[*Puts him down in the centre of the Omnibus.*
Mrs. J. (*looking at* MOODY *angrily*). How disagreeable some people are!
Moody. They are, indeed, Ma'am!
Mrs. J. (*seating herself with difficulty*). What a deal of room
Some people take.
Moody. Women especially!
Mrs. J. (*a notice at one end of the Omnibus having caught her eye*).
What 's that? No, no!—I can't believe my eyes.
And yet it says, that "Children must be paid for!"
Moody. If it said "double fare," I 'd cry "Amen."
Mrs. J. Brute! but I 'll ask at once.
[*Hitting* SLAM *with a large brown paper parcel.*
I say, Conductor!
Slam. Now, then, Ma'am, keep your parcels to yourself;
What do you go to hit a fellow for?
Why can't you speak before you come to blows?
[*He stands on the step, and delivers the following speech in at the window.*
I 'll tell you what it is; 'twould serve you right,

To pull you up before the magistrate
For an assault.
Mrs. J. Nonsense, I only nudged you.
Slam. Nudged me, indeed! Why, only yesterday
I got a walking-stick half-down my throat.
Just now, that discontented-looking gent
[*Looking at* MOODY, *who scowls.*
Gave me a poke enough to stir the fire
Of anger in my breast—you call us bears.
You're not far out in one respect, at least;
For what we bear, bears out the name you give us.
Moody. Well, don't go on in that insulting way;
The lady wants to speak to you.
Slam. Oh, does she?
She 's capable of speaking for herself. [MOODY *grunts.*
Mrs. J. What I would say is this—you don't of course
Charge for the children?
Slam. Yes, of course we do.
Mrs. J. What for such precious dears as these?
Slam. Why, Ma'am,
These precious dears were precious dear to us,
If we for nothing carried them about.
Mrs. J. 'Tis cruel; can you look into the face
Of helpless infancy, and have the heart
To take a fare? What! shall I have to pay
For every interesting little charge?
Slam. Our little charge is three-pence—mark'd outside;
You see the notice, "Children must be paid for!"
Mrs. Jingle. What, all my chickens?—all at three-pence each?—
You have no children, 'busman, if you had—

[MRS. JINGLE *is proceeding in her declamation, when a smash is heard, a jerk is felt—the two near wheels become "off" wheels, and the Omnibus and the curtain fall together.*

THE NEW OXFORD COSTUME.

AN UNDERGRADUATE GOING TO LECTURE.

EXTRACTS FROM THE IRISH HUE AND CRY.

TONY GOWAN is advertised as having lost "A Pig with a very long tail, and a black spot on the tip of its snout that curls up behind."

A Cow is described as "very difficult to milk, and of no use to any one but the owner, with one horn much longer than the other."

JOHN HAWKINS is alluded to as having "a pair of quick grey eyes, with little or no whiskers, and a Roman nose, that has a great difficulty in looking any one in the face."

BETSY WATERTON is accused of having "absconded with a chest of drawers and a cock and hen, and has red hair and a broken tooth, none of which are her own."

The Manager of the Savings' Bank at Dunferry, near Goofowran, is spoken of in these terms: "He had on, when last seen, a pair of corduroy trousers, with a tremendous squint rather the worse for wear, besides an affected lisp, which he endeavours to conceal with a pair of gold spectacles."

A burglar has his portrait taken in the following manner. "He has little or no hair, but black eyes on a turned-up nose, which is dyed black to conceal its greyness."

THE PREMIER'S LETTER-WRITER TO THE POPE.

MR. PUNCH, as private and confidential Secretary to the Premier, begs to transmit the subjoined letter, together with a more formal official communication, by the ordinary medium of conveyance, to His Holiness:—

"MY DEAR SIR, "*Downing Street, Dec.* 14, 1850.

"I wish to address you—plain MASTAI FERRETTI—as equally plain JOHN RUSSELL. My object in writing this note is, to render the diplomatic message accompanying it perfectly clear to you; so that there shall be no mistake about it. Of course you are aware, by this time, of the violent excitement which has been occasioned among us by your division of England into bishopricks. Do not suppose that this was in the least degree created by my letter, directed to the country through the BISHOP OF DURHAM. On the contrary, to that letter alone it is owing, that the excitement was not much more violent. If I had not written it, I don't know what would have happened, and I know not what will happen if I do not fulfil the pledge it contains. I have as good as promised the people legal redress, by abolishing your bishops' territorial titles. That has, comparatively, quieted them. I must keep my promise, or be universally scouted, or you must take the affair out of my hands, by revoking your bull, and retranslating your bishops to Melipotamus, and Utopia, and Jericho.

"As Vicars Apostolic, or whatever else you may please to call them except bishops of places in England, there is no objection at all to their remaining here. Our people don't wish to persecute them in the slightest manner, or to prevent them from preaching and teaching their peculiar doctrines with perfect freedom; but the British public, mind you, will not have those doctrines preached and taught under what appears to be its sanction and approval.

"Now, my dear Sir, you must see that to call a MR. SOLOMON, ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER, is nothing more nor less of a trick than making use of Westminster's name to indorse a bill. So with the rest of your bishopricks throughout England.—I forbear from qualifying these transactions with the terms which I should be justified in applying to them; but really, my dear Sir, I must say that this kind of thing won't do: and you cannot be allowed to take these liberties with our credit. Understand, once for all, that JOHN BULL is resolved to be a bull to himself; and let me recommend you—I speak vernacularly, not as an expositor—to draw in those horns of yours, or else you will place me between those of a very unpleasant dilemma. I have the honour to be, my dear Sir,

"Yours, as you behave yourself,

"*The Rt. Rev. Mastai Ferretti, Bishop of Rome.*" "JOHN RUSSELL."

THE WOMEN OF WINDSOR.

THE Women of Windsor have been petitioning the QUEEN on the Papal aggression, and among other matters, they express "the gratitude of their hearts for the atmosphere with which the court is surrounded." We know that some people about a court give themselves precious airs, but we cannot say whether these form part of the atmosphere so prized by the Women of Windsor. The address has too much of the scent of Windsor soap about it to please us, and we are pretty sure that HER MAJESTY'S good sense will revolt somewhat against the conclusion come to by the Women of Windsor, that "the royal example has thrown a lustre over their maternal duties;" or in other words, rendered it "genteel" to have a family. The maternal duties when properly performed, as in the case of VICTORIA, *give* lustre to the highest station, but as to their deriving any lustre from it, the QUEEN herself would tell the Women of Windsor that the first and most natural of our affections can require no sanction from a court to add to their respectability. We never wish to be hard upon the soft sex; however, we must tell the Women of Windsor that there is quite enough twaddle and toadyism in the world without their adding to the stock, especially when they address it to an illustrious lady whose aversion to humbug of every description is proverbial.

Going a Little too Far.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON wrote to MR. ST. BARNABAS BENNETT the following mild caution:—

"I really fear you are carrying things too far."

We agree, for once, with the Bishop of London, and must say that when a gentleman runs from Pimlico to Rome, and carries his principles to the extreme lengths which MR. ST. B. BENNETT has done, that it is "carrying things a little too far." If the reverend gentleman were to carry his principles out altogether—we mean out of the Church of England—we think it would be very much better for the interests of all parties.

Oratorian. "Is your Mistress within, my dear?"

Maid-of-All-Work. "Oh, help! help! here's a Bogie, Missus! help! help!"

PUSEYISM IN THE POLICE.

The resignation of Mr. Bennett will at all events stop the spread of Puseyism that might have been introduced among the Police force, by its being necessary to send some 200 or 300 of them every Sunday to form a part of the congregation of St. Barnabas. We have not heard of any very strong case, but had the recent proceedings gone on, we might have met with a constable here and there insisting on lighting the candle in his bull's-eye by day, and ringing at five o'clock every morning the bells of his own neighbourhood. Happily, these Bennett-isms are not now in danger of arising, as the Police force will no longer be required to be on duty while the clerical duty is being performed in Pimlico.

SMITHFIELD FOR EVER!

With the view to improve Smithfield, the Corporation proposes to enlarge it. Every child must perceive that this will simply be making Smithfield a greater nuisance than it was before.

PUNCH ON SPECIAL PLEADING.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.—OF THE DECLARATION.

The writ being now served, it is next to be returned, and this is sometimes done by giving it back at once to the bailiff or throwing it in his face. Such quick returns as these would bring such very small profit to a plaintiff that they are not allowable, and the writ can only be returned by the sheriff bringing it back, on a certain day, into the superior court. He then gives a short account, in writing, of the manner in which the writ has been executed; but, if the bailiff has been pumped upon—as we find reported in Shower—or pelted with oysters, as in Shelley's case, or kicked down stairs, as he was in Foot against the Sheriff, it does not seem that the particulars need be set forth.

If the defendant does not appear within eight days after the writ has come "greeting," as if it would say, "my service to you," the plaintiff may, in most cases, appear for him; and this shows how true it is that appearances are often deceitful and treacherous; for, when a plaintiff appears for a defendant, it is only to have an opportunity of appearing against him at the next step.

The pleadings now commence, which were originally delivered orally by the parties themselves in open Court, when success might depend on length of tongue; but, the parties themselves being got rid of, in the modern practice, and the lawyers coming in to represent them, success usually depends on length of purse. The object of pleading, whether oral or written, is to bring the parties to an issue; which means, literally, a way out; but, in practice, the effect of getting plaintiff and defendant to an issue is to let them both regularly in.

Almost all pleas, except those of the simplest kind, must be signed by a barrister; who does not usually draw the plea, but he merely draws the half guinea for the use of his name. The pleading begins with the declaration, in which the plaintiff is supposed to state the cause of action; but in which he gives such an exaggerated account of his grievances, that not more than one-tenth of what he states, is to be believed. For example, if A. has had his nose slightly pulled by B., the former proceeds to say that "the defendant, with force and arms, and with great force and violence, seized, laid hold of, pulled, plucked and tore, and with his fists, gave and struck a great many violent blows, and strokes, on and about, divers parts of the plaintiff's nose."* If Jones has been given into custody by Smith, without sufficient reason; and Jones brings an action for false imprisonment; instead of saying, "he was compelled to go to a station-house," he declares that the defendant, "with force, and arms, seized, laid hold of, and with great violence pulled, and dragged, and gave, and struck a great many violent blows and strokes, and forced, and compelled him—the plaintiff—to go in and along divers public streets and highways, to a police office; whereby the plaintiff was not only greatly hurt, bruised and wounded, but was also kept."

If Snooks's dog bites Thomson's pet lamb, Snooks declares "That defendant did wilfully and injuriously keep a certain dog, he, the defendant, well knowing that the said dog was and continued to be fierce and mad, and accustomed to attack, bite, injure, hurt, chase, worry, harass, tear, agitate, wound, lacerate, snap at, and kill sheep and lambs, and that the said dog afterwards, to wit, on the——day of ———, and divers other days, did attack (&c. &c. down to) and kill one hundred sheep and one hundred lambs of the plaintiff; whereby the said sheep and the said lambs (it will be remembered there was only one lamb,) were greatly terrified, damaged, injured, hurt, deteriorated, frightened, depreciated, floored, flustered, and flabbergasted, to the damage of the plaintiff of £——, and therefore he brings his suit."

The various forms of declaration are so numerous, that they fill a volume of 700 large pages of Chitty, who is quite chatty on this dry subject, so much does he find to say with regard to it. To this able and amusing writer we refer those who are curious to know how a schoolmaster may declare for "work and labour, care, diligence, and attendance of himself, his ushers and teachers, there performed and bestowed in and about the teaching, instructing, boarding, educating, lodging, flogging, enlightening, thrashing, washing, whipping, and otherwise soundly improving divers infants and persons." These, and almost all other conceivable causes of action, are dealt with fully in the pages to which we allude, and all therefore who wish the treat of going to law, are referred to the treatise alluded to.

Musical Intelligence.

The celebrated Harp of Ireland is, we are informed, to be thoroughly repaired and improved. The old strings, that were always snapping or jangling, are to be replaced by entirely new ones, manufactured from Irish flax, and prepared with an application of the products derived from Irish peat; which will greatly ameliorate the tone and enlarge the capabilities of the instrument, rendering its powers equal to the tune of some millions per annum.

* Chitty on Pleading, vol. ii. p. 605.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—Saturday, December 21st, 1850.

MR. PUNCH'S ADDRESS TO THE GREAT CITY OF CASTLEBAR.

E Men of Mayo! MR. HUGHES, the Secretary of the Castlebar Industrial Society of Gentlemen! Your letter, with its enclosures, has come to hand; and as the Castlebar Industrial Society appears desirous to give publicity to its resolutions, I have the honour to print them, in this the last number of my periodical, which appears in this last week of the melancholy year 1850:—

"RESOLVED: That in consequence of the attacks made on the Catholic religion of this country, as well as on all Catholics indiscriminately, all over the world, by that notorious paper called *Punch:* notorious for many falsehoods and wicked intentions; and although the subscription is paid for some time in advance, the Committee are unanimously of opinion that it would be encouraging a repetition of similar falsehoods and designs, as well as encouraging that fanatical system of ignorance and intolerance in the misguided English people, to receive it, for the future, into their Reading-Rooms; and our Clerk is directed to give intimation of this our intention to the Proprietor, as well as to send him a copy of this Resolution; and that the *Telegraph*, the *Freeman's Journal*, and *Tablet* newspapers, be supplied a copy, requesting that same will be inserted in their patriotic papers."

It appears from the above statement, (1) that in consequence of the attacks made by the notorious *Punch* on the Catholic religion of Ireland, and, indeed, of all other countries, (and although the subscription is paid for some time in advance,) the Committee of the Castlebar Society will not receive the misguided English people into their reading-rooms: and (2) that the Clerk is instructed to inform the Proprietor: and that the editors of three Irish newspapers shall "be supplied a copy" of this resolution, requesting "that same" will be inserted in their papers.

As the Proprietor of the benighted English people, I must grieve that the doors of your Athenæum are closed to them: considering "the subscription is paid for some time in advance," this measure is hard upon my people; but as your Committee has come to the resolution, I have but to record "that same," and deplore the loss which has befallen this infatuated nation.

Sir, and good friend—this is the end of the year; my paper will appear upon a day which, since the first of Christmas Days, has been consecrated to peace and goodwill; and I am not going to lose my temper at this season, or have a word of anything but kindness, for you or any other Irishman, Anglican, Roman, Puseyite, Gorhamite, Mormonite, or what not. This is a truce day—and ought to be held as those days were held in the Peninsular campaigns, when the French and the Anglo-Irish outposts came down and talked to each other in a friendly manner, and handed each other their beef or their brandy-flasks across the water with a "*Bonjour*, PADDY!" or "How d'ye do, Mounseer?" I hope, in the neighbouring capital of Tuam, His Grace your Lord Archbishop will have as good a dinner as my Lord Bishop. I hope his Eminence at St. George's and his Lordship at Fulham will be pretty cheerful; and DOCTOR ADLER will have a comfortable turkey (without sausages) and DOCTOR CUMMING a pleasant dinner, though they both of them belong to sects which are not in the habit of keeping Christmas.

And I would that, the year ending so, the next could begin and continue so; and that you and I, MR. HUGHES, could have no cause for disputing. But before you accuse me and others of making attacks upon Catholics all over the world, see, my good Sir, how it is, and since when it is, that these hostilities have begun! Not two months ago we were living in peace and quiet; not two months ago, and I had the benefit (or somebody to whom you showed that touching mark of confidence) of your subscription to my paper; not very many months ago, when your people of Mayo were in straits, who came to help? whose money was it that supplied you? who brought Indian corn and rice to you? Did relief come from Rome or from London? It was the English Protestants that helped you—and who showed that their meaning was peace and good-will.

What was it altered the relations of amity? Who was it began war? Let the Lion of St. Jarlath's himself say, was the truce broken by us, or was it the POPE'S army that marched upon us to take possession of our territory? Industrial Castlebarians! we appeal to you, and ask who gave the signal for the fight, and whether it was not his Eminence with his pastoral crook that first occasioned the Shaloo? Yes, it was the march of that confounded prelate from the Flaminian Gate, who came upon us "*rubente tibiâ sacras jaculatus arces*," and caused this abominable strife and uproar.

Before that, we were living in peace and freedom; before that, if the services of the BISHOP OF MELIPOTAMUS were not required at that remote see, he was quite welcome to live in Golden Square; before that, our Catholic friends lived in confidence with us, and we laughed and worked together; FATHER IGNATIUS was as much at liberty to wear a beard as MR. MUNTZ; FATHER FABER might wear his cloak; MR. BENNETT might light his candles; the Lion of St. Jarlath's might growl now and anon—but Chume is a distant place and the voice of Mayo is not very loud in this city; we were all at peace and loving each other, or tolerating each other, which is the next thing; when his Eminence puts his confounded crimson foot into our premises, and our whole empire is at strife; LORD JOHN begins to cry out "Mummery!" DOCTOR NEWMAN begins to tell us that we are all —I need not say what; the BISHOP OF LONDON begins to blow out poor MR. BENNETT'S candles; the boys begin to hoot the Oratorians in the streets; the Irish begin to thrash the policemen ("Let the POPE give the word, we're the childthren of the Cruseeders," as MR. AMBROSE PHILLIPS says); *Punch* (who must always be a Protestant) begins to caricature his Eminence, and to laugh at his stockings; and my honest Castlebar Industrial Society publishes, not a bull, but a resolution full of bulls; and there's brawling, and bickering, and broken heads, and friends parting, and fighting and fury all round.

Ah, MR. HUGHES—ah, ye men of the Castlebar Athenayum! it's hard to think that the POPE OF ROME, who had been got to allow one little Protestant Chapel to exist in his city, in the midst of these very disputes—in the midst of these shrieks for freedom and fair play and liberty of conscience with which his officers are invoking the genius of our country —it is hard, I say, that the POPE OF ROME should have had that one little Protestant Chapel shut up! On this Christmas Day our people can find no refuge within the POPE'S city, but must go out of the Flaminian Gate to say their prayers. Round the walls of his capital, monuments imperishable of the constancy of Christian men, are caves and catacombs, in which the first bishops and believers in his faith worshipped and died in secret. The symbol of his creed is raised up triumphantly in the arena, where its martyrs of old braved torture and overcame death; and the apartments of his palace are still decorated with pictures representing and lauding the slaughter of Protestants. Ah me! that Christian people should ever have sale for those portraits or painted them! You who sneer at the beadle who keeps guard at the shrine of SAINT EDWARD, what say you to the librarian who shows you the medal of the Massacre of BARTHOLOMEW? If a POPE could absolve from allegiance to ELIZABETH, excuse us at least for thinking that the same fate might befal the successors of either. See, at any rate, that there are reasons why we must differ from you; and why, when you make your own claim, plant your own standard, appeal to your own pedigree, we should advance ours in our turn.

And when the battle begins again—MAY THE RIGHT SIDE WIN—that is a toast which we all of us can drink on this day of truce; and which concerns the humblest persons engaged as much as it does the Primate of all England, in whichever part of Lambeth he be. May the Right Side Win, and the fight be conducted with manly fair-play.

The Sweating System.

THE venerable old proverb has recorded the melancholy fact, that "It takes nine tailors to make a man;" and really, from the miserable way in which the Jew "sweating" masters treat them, one might be induced to believe it as a truth; for their wages are so shamefully small, that it may be said, "It takes the wages of nine tailors to make the pay of an ordinary workman."

HEAVY SLEEP.

A PERSON cannot sleep, we are told, when he has anything heavy weighing upon his mind, and we have felt this heaviness of sleep ourselves, most particularly at this time of the year, when we have found it totally impossible to compose our minds comfortably to sleep, owing to the number of Christmas *Waits*.

The Cardinal Controversy.

BOTH sides in this controversy declare that the question is so plain, "that it is quite unanswerable;" but from the number of letters that have been written upon the subject, and the endless answers they have received, it hardly looks like it.

CHRISTMAS BEEF IN THE CITY.

EARLY all the streets of London last week were more or less hung with prize beef. Tallow-chandlers and soap-boilers, as they looked upon the carcases, paid homage to the fat, and cooks and kitchen-maids dropped curtsies to perquisites in perspective. But of all the show-beef exhibited, no carcase so worthily appealed to the admiration of a discriminating public as the carcase of an ox, destined, as we heard, for the LORD MAYOR'S table during the dinner festivities of the season—it was no other than the carcase of the last bullock that, driven from Smithfield market, broke shop-windows, knocked down horses, and in Bowling-Green-Lane lifted an old woman "into the air several feet, letting her fall near the walls" of an appropriate burial-ground, which, as a final tenant, she narrowly escaped. Further, the bullock gored a man named THOMAS LAGAN; who two days afterwards died in St. Bartholomew's.

It will be readily conceded that this bullock was—especially for the City of London—the prize bullock of the season, as vindicating the civic wisdom that clings to Smithfield Market as a no less vital than venerable institution. The carcase was tastefully decorated with black ribands; and will be brought to the civic table to solemn music, the "Dead March" taking, for the nonce, the place of "The Roast Beef of Old England." All the champions and defenders of Smithfield Market have been invited by the LORD MAYOR to partake of what may emphatically be called, the City Prize Bullock.

BARE PROBABILITY.

WE have heard of a state of surliness comparable only with that of "a bear with a sore head;" but it has been found that a bear with a sore eye is a still more unmanageable animal. Science has therefore been lately occupied in operating on the ursine organs of vision, as it occasionally does upon the human eye for cataract. A curious account has lately appeared of the treatment of bears for this affection; and, we are happy to say, the attempt has been so far successful, that we shall not be under the necessity of seeing at the Zoological Gardens a lot of short-sighted bears, or bears with eye-glasses and spectacles.

The bear who was a patient on a late occasion, was kindly regaled with a draught of chloroform, which rendered him insensible to all pain. So great was the gratitude of the bear to the medical gentlemen, that he would have acknowledged their attentions with an affectionate hug, if he could have got near enough; and as it was, there streamed from his eyes a cataract of tears of joy, which pleasingly replaced the cataract from which he had been suffering.

The Affairs of Grease.

WE are sorry that the fat cattle did not sell well this year. Their over-obesity seems to have been one of the causes of their going off so heavily—which is no wonder. Fat oxen cannot be expected to be brisk. Now this truth has been brought home to graziers, perhaps they will abandon the system of fattening animals so enormously; which is the merest infatuation.

THE SOVEREIGN CONTEMPT.—The KING OF PRUSSIA!

VERY LITTLE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THEM.

AN eminent Tallow Chandler in the City, being asked what he thought of the great candle difference between MR. ST. BARNABAS BENNETT, and the BISHOP OF LONDON, replied that "he could see very little difference between them—it was six short sixes of the one against half-a-dozen of the other."

FORESIGHT OF OUR ANCESTORS.—It was extremely kind of our ancestors to place Smithfield Market so near a Hospital!

TRIMMINGS FOR TRACTARIANS;

OR, ROMAN "NOSES" IN BELGRAVIA.

MESSIEURS NOSES have found—without very great search—
There's a slight disagreement, just now, in the Church.
Some parties by daylight wish candles to burn,
Or this way or that way would bow, kneel, or turn:
But others not liking the views of those gents,
The result has been recent unpleasant events.
The discussion of questions like these I decline;
In fact they are quite out of NOSES'S line,
All but one, and on that a few words I will say,
Because public opinion assures me I may.
MESSIEURS PUSEY AND CO. lay on one point great stress;
Which is, as of course you 'll anticipate, dress.
Now I've mentioned a theme that's contested by none
To be quite in the province of NOSES and SON.
Where they see demand brisk, prompt supply to impart,
In Belgravia they've opened a splendid branch-mart;
Of their business still further extending the scope,
MESSIEURS N. AND SON there sell stole, amice, and cope;
Best chasubles, too, may be had very low,
And Tractarians will also find albs, quite the go.
In the first style of fashion prevailing at Rome
Every article's cut—so they 'll feel quite at home.
To their palliums the NOSES attention direct;
Their pontificals all are extremely select.
If your Puseyite wants under-clothing that hurts,
He had best go to NOSES AND SON'S for hair-shirts,
Manufactured expressly of super-stiff bristles,
That will sting you like nettles, and prick worse than thistles.
There 's a large stock of sandals from which he may choose,
At NOSES'S likewise; besides boots and shoes,
Which will fit to a T, should the customer please,
Or leave room, if he likes, for a number of peas.
For those, too, whom satire calls clerical Bats,
There's an ample and various assortment of hats,
From tiara to plain sacerdotal black cap,
Or friar's flat wideawake, wanting in nap;
Which, with cloak, hood, cowl, cassock, and girdle to match,
Is, at NOSES'S prices, a regular catch.
All these garments, in short, would have just suited LAUD,
And the stock PIO NONO himself would applaud.
Come, run then, ye reverends of Pimlico, run,
And be rigged out like Romans, by NOSES AND SON!

*** A new book called "Divinity's Darling," just published, with directions for self-measurement.

A CHRISTMAS ADVERTISEMENT.

UR Metropolitan walls, about Christmas time, generally present a juvenile invocation to a parent, commencing with the very touching, and, accordingly, very taking words, "Do, Papa, buy me so and so." As the idea is getting stale, when applied to Peter Parleyisms, and matters of that infantine class, we suggest that it might be rendered more telling and novel by something like the following:—"Do, Papa, buy me PETERSDORFF'S Abridgment: it's in sixteen beautiful volumes, so nice, so large, and so cheap—only twenty guineas!"

"A Real Lad of Wax."

IF one were called upon to give the best instance of undaunted courage, we would point to the bronze medallion, which has just been put up on the Trafalgar Column, and which illustrates the fact of NELSON calling for a candle and a piece of wax for his letter, refusing, for fear the enemy should think he was in the least hurried by their guns, to seal it with a wafer. We maintain that the above fact is the strongest proof on record of *unwafering courage*. (*Bravo! Three cheers, boys, for* NELSON.)

SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE AND THE EXHIBITION OF 1851.

We understand that South Staffordshire will be as pertinently represented in the Crystal Palace as in the House of Commons; where Lord Lewisham supplies the senatorial porcelain clay, to the advantage alike of the county and the country. His Lordship attended a late Protection feast at Sutton Coldfield; and "greatly daring, dined" in honour of a hopeful return to high prices. His Lordship, moreover, made a speech; flinging a few pearls and diamonds at, what he happily called, the Great Exhibition of Reciprocity in Hyde Park, in which "industry was to be forced like early asparagus;" and his Lordship might have added, like much after-dinner eloquence, "under a glass." Further, his Lordship, "putting Free Trade altogether on one side, really did hope that the Government would take care that Mr. Mazzini, and others of that stamp who belonged to the Red Republican Club in London, did not give the nation a specimen of their industry also, on the occasion."

The wisdom and good taste of this allusion were not lost upon the commercial men of Staffordshire; for next morning a deputation of masters from the Potteries waited upon his Lordship, earnestly praying of him that he would condescend to sit for a Mug—a Monster Mug—to be formed out of his exaggerated portrait, of the very best Staffordshire clay, as a triumphant specimen of the county manufacture. And this vessel—to be known as the Lewisham Mug—will be so constructed, in order to illustrate the peculiar faculty of his Lordship as a senator and an orator, that whatever may be poured into it shall always rise above the top; so that, whilst the mug shall really contain nothing in itself, it shall never fail to display to the world—an enormous head of froth.

"HERE THEY ARE ALL A-GROWING."

The Proprietor of the Baker-Street Bazaar (which, by the bye, is rather a Bazaar of Butchers than Bakers) has been solicited by the Smithfield Cattle Show Committee to enlarge his premises. This is evidently done with the wise provision—or rather the foresight of future provisions—that, if the animals keep growing in the same extraordinary proportions they have hitherto done, not only must the doors be enlarged to receive them, but the whole Bazaar considerably widened to contain even one-twentieth part of them. The pigs, alone, are swelling out to such tremendous dimensions, that they will soon outgrow all recollection of their primitive size. It would not be a bad plan, we think, to hang one of Morland's pictures up in the Pig Department, in order to give the spectators some idea of what the size of the pig originally was. The same plan might be carried out with the other animals. Landseer, or Sydney Cooper, should be commissioned to paint portraits of the Sheep and the Bull and the Cow in days of yore, so as to give the non-mangel-wurzel public some estimate of what those animals respectively were in weight before they had become "permanently enlarged," in the hands of the fattener and the cake-seller. Some scale of measurement will be absolutely necessary, or else our children will be imagining that the cows and bulls in the bucolic days of Virgil were of the same Brobdignagian proportions as those, half-a-dozen of whom at present cause an overflow, (which every manager of a theatre must envy,) at the Baker Street Bazaar.

England's Peace-Offering.

The Crystal Palace may be looked upon as a noble Temple of Peace, where all nations will meet by appointment under the same roof, and shake each other by the hand. It is very curious that one half of Mr. Paxton's name should be significant of Peace. We propose, therefore, that over the principal entrance there be erected in large gold letters the following motto, so that all foreigners may read it as a friendly salute on the part of England:—

"PAX(TON) VOBISCUM."

The Battle of Hastings.

We all know that Hastings is very near a little place called Battle; and, from the belligerent manner in which Sir Thomas Hastings has been writing to Mr. Cobden, we should think the noble Admiral was anxious to put himself up as a finger-post on the high road to Battle. We recommend to artists, as a companion picture to their oft-painted "*Finding the Body of Harold*," the following *pendant*—"*Finding the Head of Hastings.*" They have only to read through his correspondence first, and they will at once see, in all its gloominess, the inviting grandeur of the subject.

DESCRIPTION OF PUSEYISM.

A Lady, being asked for a description of Puseyism, said, "it appeared to her like an Acting Charade—the meaning of which it was very difficult to find out." Like all puzzling Charades, then, which it is impossible to guess, the sooner Puseyism is *given up* the better.

OUR MODEL OF SMITHFIELD MARKET.

We have not seen the model that was exhibited by the City Corporation of their Smithfield Market; but we can imagine exactly what it was, if it was in the least true to nature.

We can imagine it contained twice as many sheep and oxen as there was any convenient space for.

We can imagine that the drovers were subjecting the poor animals to all kinds of cruelties, in order to force the above number into the small space allotted for them.

We can imagine the place to be knee-deep in filth; and the market to be one immense scene of rioting, confusion, swearing, and quarrelling.

We can imagine all the numerous public-houses round it to be choke-full, and that the drinking does not much contribute to the gentleness of the drovers' tempers, or considerably lessen the tumult of the scene.

We can imagine sheep to be lying down on the ground in the last stage of exhaustion, and infuriated oxen to be plunging down the streets in all directions.

We can also very easily imagine a man or two being gored to death, and several old women being tossed in the air in consequence; but no, it requires no imagination to believe the latter facts, for the accidents of the last week prove but too painfully that they are sad truths.

All the above incidents should have been represented in the Model of Smithfield Market, if it was in any way a faithful copy of the Market, as it at present exists, or must, under any improvements, exist, as long as the nuisance is allowed to continue in the heart of a Metropolis, which, at present, numbers a population of near upon two million people.

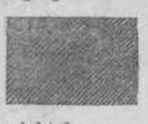
A YORKSHIRE JURY.

A ruffian, named John Robinson, was tried last week at York. The fellow had made one of a wedding-party; and crowned his festive mirth by perpetrating the worst offence against the weaker sex, of which the brute and the coward can be capable. The dastard was found guilty: there was no doubt, whatever, of the extent of injury suffered by his hapless victim; an innocent young woman,—one of the bridesmaids. And a Yorkshire Jury, after five hours' deliberation, return a verdict of guilty; tempered with "a strong recommendation to mercy on the grounds that he was not quite sober at the time, and excited by the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed."

Thus, with a Yorkshire Jury, drunkenness palliates the atrocity of felon lust; and the mirth of a marriage feast affords peculiar circumstances of extenuation to the cowardly villainy of a Tarquin Robinson! The women of York ought, by some significant testimonial, to commemorate the manly wisdom of their Civic Jury. We presume they were all bachelors, without any female relations. Indeed, after such a verdict, it is made rather difficult to believe that twelve such apologists in a box ever had mothers.

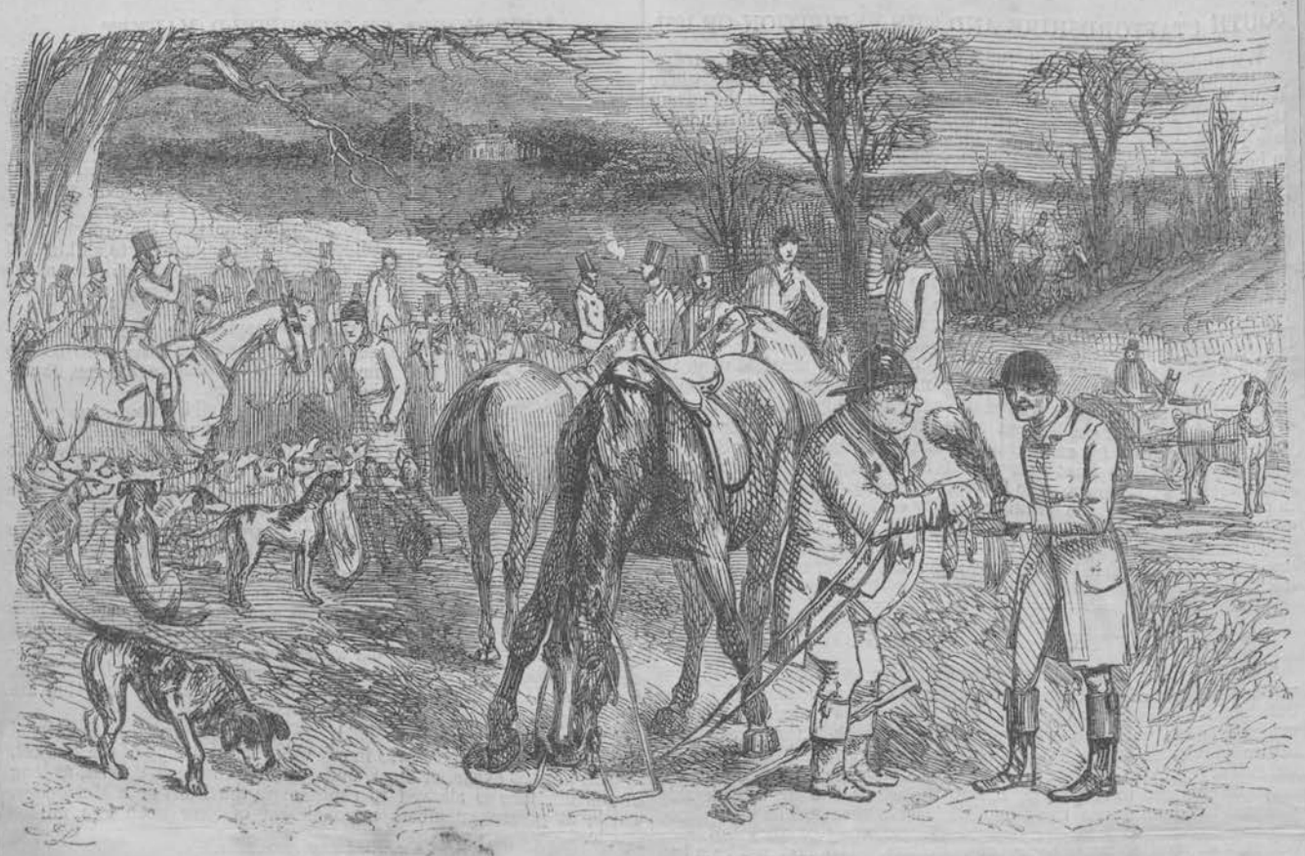
Specimen of a Bit of London Fog.

The specimen of a slab of fog, too thick, until broken, to pass through Temple Bar, has been brought to *Mr. Punch*, who—in the proportion of one-twentieth of an inch to a foot—here gives its grain and texture. It has a very fine sulphurous flavour, and is perhaps the best specimen of the real London article. *Mr. Punch* thinks that London fog might become a very profitable article of commerce, inasmuch as there can be little doubt that, when cut, it is susceptible of a very high polish, and might be worn as mourning-rings or shirt-studs.



PROCRASTINATION IN REWARDS IS THE THIEF OF MERIT.

Government is, generally speaking, very dilatory in its system of rewards, such as medals, and marks of merit and promotion, to poor military heroes, but we never heard yet of an instance of a mark of well-earned merit—a pension, for instance—being delayed in its payment to a government functionary some twenty or thirty years after his retirement!



MR. BRIGGS HAS ANOTHER GLORIOUS DAY WITH THE HOUNDS, AND GETS THE BRUSH (FOR WHICH HE PAYS HALF-A-SOVEREIGN—ONLY DON'T TELL ANYBODY).

TIMELY CAUTION.

OUR attention has been directed to the following alarming advertisement in the *Times*:—

"Fifty Widows' Caps Hands Wanted immediately. Apply to," &c. &c.

We are married ourselves, and so are insured from all danger, but we cannot caution young men, and widowers especially, too strongly against the imminent peril in which they are, every one of them, placed. They had better stop at home for a month or two, until the danger has a little blown over. The police should have the same instructions with regard to widows, as they have with regard to orange peel, that, if they see any weeds encumbering the pavement, they should instantly take them up, or remove them, so that the public may be protected from the liability of any injury. Otherwise it will be scarcely safe, with such an increase of widows, for an unmarried man to walk the streets!

CATTLE FOR COVENANTERS.—The Pope sends a Bull into Scotland. The Scotch send it back again, and inform his Holiness that they have a KNOX of their own.

CHRISTMAS CAROL FOR THE CRABBED.

CHRISTMAS comes with holly twig,
Christmas comes with mistletoe,
Christmas comes with waltz and jig,
Christmas comes with—what we owe!

Ah! with pudding and with beef,
Happy child, thy stomach fill,
Heedless of thy parents' grief,
FIGGINS's and CLEAVER's bill!

Foot it nimbly on the floor,
Youths and maidens—dance away;
He whose dancing days are o'er,
For the piper has to pay!

Who is Chaff-Wax?

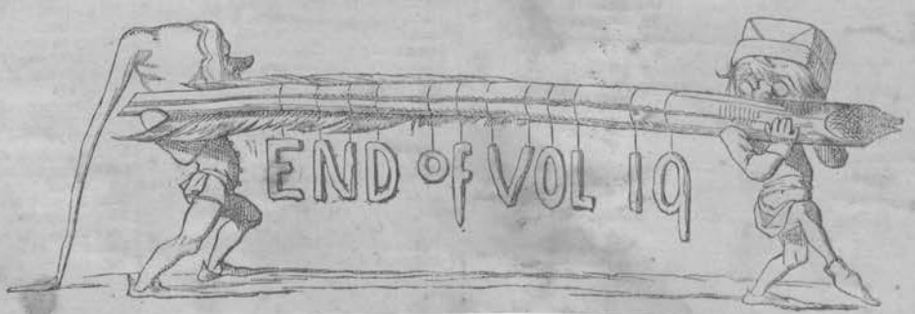
AMONG the expenses of obtaining a patent, we find repeatedly in one transaction the name of Chaff-wax, placed opposite to a fee of ten shillings. We have heard of bee's-wax, sealing-wax, and cobbler's-wax, but Chaff-wax was something new to us, until we found that he is entitled to several half-sovereigns upon every patent. Is Chaff-wax employed to cut chaff upon the humbug of the patent laws and at the expense of the patentee? for if he is, why not adopt as a substitute at a single cost MARY WEDLAKE'S chaff-cutter? Chaff-wax must be some lad of wax who has obtained a snug berth, but as the light of public opinion has been thrown with a somewhat powerful force upon the shameful absurdities of the patent laws, we advise Chaff to drop the wax, lest he may burn his fingers.

SONG FOR MR. ST. BARNABAS BENNETT.—"I've been Rome-ing, I've been Rome-ing."

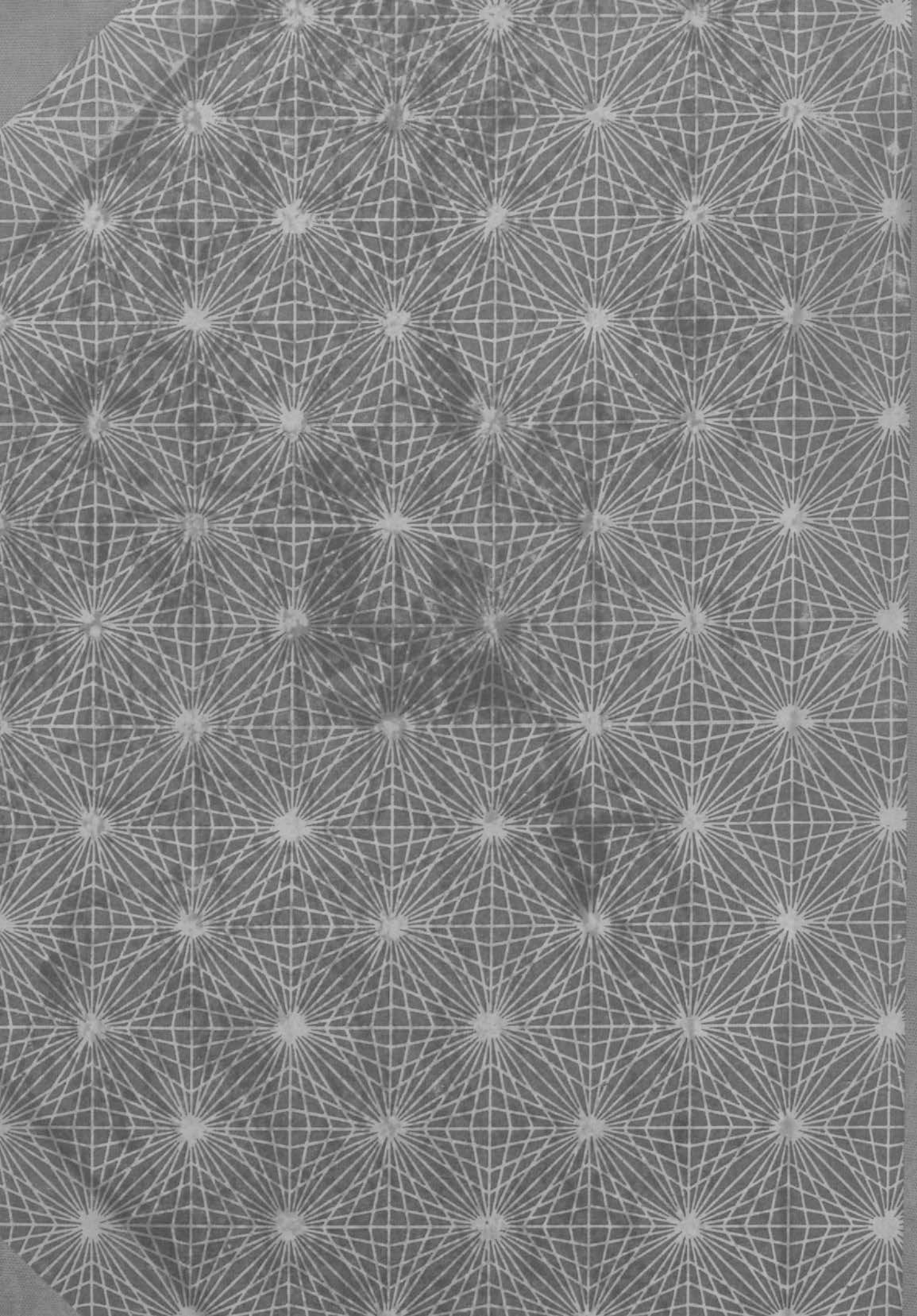
MOTHER CHURCH PUTTING HER HOUSE IN ORDER.

ABODE of Moonshine (The), 121
Advertisements in High Life, 49
Addiscombe Geese, 149
Affair of Folly (An), 221
Affairs of Grease (The), 264
Aggression on the Omnibus Roofs, 210
Alarming Balloon Accident, 171
Alarming State of Crops, 19
"All Soldiers are Gentlemen," 119
American Electricity, 160
Another Candidate for a Statue, 159
Another Punch at Punch's Railway, 110
Appetite for Novelty (An), 210
Articles Intended for Exhibition, by our Fast Man, 10
As Regular as Clockwork, 68
Assurance against Railway Accidents, 169
Astley's Mazeppa, 134
Astronomical Examination Paper, 205
Athol Passport Office (The), 144
Austrian Soldiers Rampant, 142
Authors of our Own Pleasures (The), 220
BABIES at the Play, 159
Bacon's new Brazen Head, 195
Balloon Scientific Preparations for the Ensuing Week, 62
Barclay and Perkins's Draymen, 119, 129
Bare Probability, 264
Baron Rothschild on a Wheelbarrow, 72
Baron Von Reichenbach's Philosophy of a Kiss, 254
Battle of Hastings (The), 265
Beef from the Vatican, 189
Beginning at the Proper End, 98
Beginning of the End (The), 58
Belgravians' Lament (The), 23
Between Mr. and Mrs. Jones and the Post, 47
Birnam Wood removes to Dunsinane, 169
Black Prince (The), 23
Blackwall and Whitebait, 12
Blind Competition, 140
Boarder Life in England, 155
Bonnycastle and Broadcloth, 62
Briefless on Puseyite Bell Ringing, 216
Britannia Ruling the Waves, 113
British Fountain (The), 169
Brougham Arms (The), 172
Brougham Himself Again, 173
Bit of my Mind, by Mrs. Mouser, 1, 11, &c.
Building Glass Castles in the Air, 13
Bull Fight of London, 225
Bull-fights in Paris (The), 88
Burglars Carousing, 177
Burial of the Dead (The), 57
CARMAN (The), 219
Californian Costumes, 102
Cambridge Bubble (The), 193
Cambridge Job (The), 54
Cambridge Monument (The), 78, 99, 240
Campaigns of Louis-Napoleon (The), 175
Can Anything be more Intolerable? 79
Cannibalism in the Army, 33
Cardinal and Goose, 256
Cardinal's Hat (The), 193
Cart before the Horse (The), 77
Catches in the New World, 100
Catalogue of the British Museum, 190
Celestial Family (The), 140
Chancery and Chancery Lane, 161
Chancery Lane worthy of its Name, 165
Charity begins after Dinner, 163
Charity Made Easy, 43
Cheerful Farmer (The), 165
Chiltern Hundreds (The), 52
Chip, Chow, Cherry, Chow, 206
Christmas Advertisement (A), 264
Christmas Beef in the City, 264
Christmas Carol for the Crabbed, 266
Church on the Continent, 176
City Committee's Report of Smithfield Market, 69
Claims for the British Chorus, 49
Climates for all Nations, 229
Coming Event (A), 159
Complaints of Questions, 256
Conscience Money Mania, 161
Constantinople Removed to Regent Street, 97
Contracting Bad Habits, 114
Conundrum for Farmers, 172
Convent of the Belgravians (The), 163
Conversations of the Sunday-Bound Letters, 8
Conversations of Lord Brougham, 69
Convict's Gastronomic Regenerator, 33
Cosmopolite Motto (A), 183
Cost of our Consular Establishments, 130
Country in Alarm (The), 172
Court that is Always Adjourning (The), 130
Cruel Case of Jew-Dropping, 69
DAMAGES £200, 88
Dangers of Omnibus Travelling, 110
Darkest Injustice (The), 252
Day at Camden Town (A), 9
Defenceless State of England, 220
Destruction of Westminster Hall, 195
Diary of the Hippopotamus, 20
Difference between French and English Barricades, 131
Dispensary Indispensable (A), 99
Domestic Scenes, 243
Donkey on Balloons (A), 69
Down Go the Bridges, Oh! 78
Dramas for Every-Day Life, 232, 244, 260
Drama in Chancery (The), 37
Dream of Whitefriars (A), 183
Ducks and Drakes in St. James's Park, 153
Duelling Season (The), 29
Duke in the Parks (The), 133
Duke of Cambridge's Annuity, 125
EARLY Closing of Glen Tilt, 124
Early Closing Shopkeeper (The), 125
Economics of Smoking (The), 37
Elective and Collective Wisdom, 73
Electric Words on Toleration, 229
Emperor in a Bottle (An), 179
England Expects every Bishop to do his Duty, 70
England's Green Woods and Forests, 161
England's Peace Offering, 265
English Gratitude, 89
English Locusts, 124
Error of the Press (The), 165
Exhibition of 1851, 88
Exhibition Plague (The), 191
Expensive Game of Marbles (An) 124
Extracts from the Irish Hue and Cry, 261
FAIRY Land, 98
Fashion for Coquettes, 22
Fashionable Organs (The), 39
Feathered Choristers for Canterbury, 129
Female Barristers, 144
First Appearance this Season of the American Serpent, 114
Fishmonger Poet, 171
Flowers of Fashionable Speech, 160
Flunkeyism in Ebony, 89
Foolery of Fashion, 12
Foreigners making free with England, 190
Four Equerries and Three Chaplains, 67
Fragments from the History of Cashmere, 251
French Improving (The), 135
From a very Old Friend, 87
From an Ex-Lunatic to the Duke of Atholl, 179
From an Old Friend in a New Place, 9
Fruits of Railway Travelling (The), 50
GAME Dukes, 185
Gentlemen's Fashions for the Sea-side, 77
Gent's Opinion on Hats (A), 259
Genuine Prize Song for Jenny Lind, 162
Getting the Wrong Animal by the Ear, 79
Glass Houses of Parliament (The), 81
Glass Palace and its Architect, 156
Going a little Too Far, 261
"Good" Butler (The), 199
"Good" Royal Domestics, 174
Good Turn for Tourists (A), 82
Gordon is Cumming (The), 144
Government and the Parks, 135
Government's Broken Slumbers, 50
Governess-Grinders (The), 151
Grand National Concerts (The) 181
Grand Pacific Canal, 176
Grand Scramble of Diamonds, 74
Grand Terpsichorean Feat, 249
Great Clock Case Again (The), 34
Green Grow the Critics, Oh! 245
Greenwich Fair, Greenwich Park, and Greenwich Hospital, 3
Great Welsh Eisteddvodd, 153
Greens to the Green, 28
Groan from the Counter (A), 91
Growl from the Boudoir (A), 30
HALF-HOLIDAY at Hampstead (A), 6
Hardest Worked man in the City (The), 49
Hat Reform (The), 156
Hatophobia, 145
Haunted Churchyards, 144
Haynau's Taste of Barclay and Perkins's Entire, 114
Heifervescence of Wit, 263
Height of Extravagance (The), 100
Here 's to the Volume, 1
"Here they are all a-growing," 265
Hey! for Scotland's Law, 87
High Qualifications for a President, 139
Hip, Hip, Hip, for the Hippopotamus, 99
Hippopotamus in a New Character, 92
Hitting Two Opposite Sects with the same Proverb, 249
Hob and Nob, 103, 119
Homœopathic System of Rewards, 113
House of Lords' Orderly (The), 8
"Housekeeper Wanted," 109
How do you like it? 98
How to Avoid becoming a Great Criminal, 222.
How to enjoy a Holiday, 1
How to make a Serjeant, 225
How to make England a Laughing-stock for the Pope, 251
How to Rise in France, 170
How to Spend a Holiday Shilling, 5
How we do Business in the House, 63
How will Glass affect the Human Frame? 194
Hudson Takes a Step forward, 70
Hyde and Seek, 27
IMAGINARY Dialogue (An), 43
Imperial Bagman (The), 94
Improve your ways in Chancery, 150
Increased Attraction, Increased Pay, 230
In Medio Tutissimus, 3
In Medio (Non) Tutissimus, 97
Insolence of Beadledom, 2
Invasion of England, 214
Irish-American Sea Serpent, 124, 141,
It is all a Matter of Conjecture, 37
JENKINS for Atholl, 195
Jenny Lind and the Americans, 146
Journey up the Monument (A), 1
Judge Knocking at de Door (A), 68
Jullien's Next Quadrille, 232
Jullien seen in a Moment of Inspiration, 17
Justice to Bachelors, 202, 210
KINDRED Quacks, 269
LABOUR and the Rich, 219
Lament of the Man in Brass, 206
Last Man of the Season (The), 111
Last Moments of a Condemned, 28
Lay of the Imprisoned Londoner, 99
Laying on the Cambridge Butter a little too thick, 150
Leading Article on the Admiralty and their Iron Steamers, 149
Leaves from the Artichoke, 27
Legacy to Flunkies (A), 43
Lights, Lights, I say! 100
Lights and Shades of Scottish Journalism, 165
Lion Huntress of Belgravia (The), 89, 91
Little Speech from a Little Blue-Coat Boy, 17
Look at Home, 43
Lord Brougham's Visit to America, 40
Lord Doublejohn, 63
Lord Mayor's Show (The), 194, 203
Lord of the Glen, 189
Lord Sackcloth and Ashleys, 2
Lord Stanley and the Bosworth Field of Protection, 181
Loud Cries of "Name! Name!" 37
Lungs of London, 142
MAIDS of all Popery Work, 255
Make your Game, Princes, 79
Making Jokes by Steam, 50
Malediction of Thurles (The), 142
Manchester Boys' and Girls' School (The), 193
Master Johnny's Holiday Letters, 74
Mawworm Redivivus, 126
Mechi's Magic Crops, 59
Meeting without an Adjournment (A), 163
Melancholy Musings, 170
Miss Maid's Last New Song (The), 116
Mill of Atholl's Glen (The), 175
Minister to his Majority (The), 62
Model Pastoral, 249
Momentous Question (The), 254
Monastery of Pimlico, 189

Money no Object, 98
Monster Strawberry (The), 42
Monument to Lord Ashley (A), 87
More about Hats, 194, 244
Most Moving Tale (A), 159
Mother Church and her Naughty Children, 231
Mountain of Light (The), 23
Mr. Malony's Account of the Ball, 53
Mr. Punch's Appeal to an Eminent Appealer, 223
Mr. Punch's Game List, 149
Mr. Punch to Pio Nono, 173
Mr. Punch's Tribute to Soyer, 201
Mr. Punch's Address to the Great City of Castlebar, 263
Mr. See Saw, 13
Museum Flea (The), 265
Music and Manners in London, 239
Music has Charms, 4
My Stars and Garters, 93
NAPOLEON Crossing the Alps, 42
National Relief (A), 8
Nepaulese Hunt (The), 49
New Cab Regulations (The), 116
New Colour for a Cardinal, 193
New Cry (A), 67
New Daily Summary of the Debates, 11
New Oxford Costume (The), 261
New Royal Game of Goose (The), 4
New Way to Pave Old Ones (A), 43
Next Balloon Ascent, 162
Night of Pleasure and "Prophète" (A), 18
No Benefit of the Act, 159
No more Babies at the Theatre, 179
No Such Luck, 93
No Thoroughfare, 170
Notes of a Town Traveller, 164
Novelty in the Month of September, 112
"Now, by St. Paul's, the Work goes bravely on," 89
Nursery Rhymes for Great Babies, 256
Oh! where, and oh! where, is the Aged Tortoise gone? 77
Old Proverb with a New Face (An), 209
Old Saw Newly Set (An), 205
Omissions from the Lord Mayor's Show, 211
On Birds, Balloons, and Bolusses, 210
One way to Oppose Papal Aggression, 246
Origin of the term "Ship-shape," 120
Original "Ineffable Flunkey" (The), 119
Our Little Bird, 101
Our Model of Smithfield Market, 265
Our Truant Ambassadors, 214
PALACE Periodical (The), 58
Panorama of the British Constitution, 70
Parks and the People (The), 144
Parliamentary Agitation, 78
Parliamentary Joe Miller (A), 48, 104
Patent Passenger Detector (The), 211
Pathetic Appeal of 42-Pounders, 10
Patronage of the Drama, 131
Peace Congress (The), 112
Penny-a-liners under Difficulties, 140
Penny-Post Carrier-Pigeon Society (The), 12
Physic and Farming, 57
Pie-Crust Promises, 28
Pimlico Busses, 98
Platitudes, 23
Playing at Balloons, 39
Plea's Don't, 250
Pleasure Trips of Brown, Jones, and Robinson, 14, 24, 60, 64, 80, &c.
Poacher of Westmoreland (The), 151
Poet at Battersea (The), 11
Poet's Idea of the Submarine Telegraph (A), 72
Police Regulations for the Publication of Punch's Almanack, 254
Policemen in the East, 82
Pontifical News, 182
Popery in Flower, and Popery in the Bud, 246
Popery in Pimlico, 229
Pope's Contribution to the Exhibition of '51 (The), 200
Post-Office Pet (The), 92
Premier at play (The), 139
Premier's Letter-Writer to the Pope, 261
Prerogative Wrong, 184
President's Hornpipe (The), 115
Prevention better than the best Cure, 192
Primrose Hill and its Prospects, 41
Proser (The), 7, 59
Prospect of Hampton Court (A), 4
Protection for the Electric Eel, 120
Puff Direct (The), 27
Puffing System at St. Paul's (The), 192
Pugnacity of the Party Press, 22
Pump Handle for a Joke (A), 253
Punch on Special Pleading, 252
Punch's Guide to the Science of Things Familiar, 79
Punch's Handbooks, 101
Punch's Labour Lost, 83
Punch's Monument to Peel, 157
Punch's Notes and Queries, 124
Punch's Penance, 204
Punch's Railway Traveller, 120, 171, 201
Punch's Royal Progresses, 109, 115
Pursuit of Journalism under difficulties, 154
Puseyism in the Police, 262
Puseyite Cattle Show, 259
Puseyite Cosmetics, 199
Puseyite "Histrionics," 215
QUEEN at Sea (The), 94
RACE for an Empire (A), 103
Railway Grease, 225
Railway Romance and Reality, 57
Rapid Act of Assmanship, 62
Rapid View of the English Stage, 184
Real Clerk of the Weather (The), 215
Real Lad of Wax (A), 264
Real State of the Case (The), 133
Real Street Obstructions (The), 30
Recruiting Department (The), 121
Reflections in a Crystal, 224
Reform your Lawyer's Bills, 185
Register! Register! Register! 161
Regular Crammer (A), 166
Relief for our Panes (A), 185
Religious Warmth, 221
Renovation of the Thames, 103
République pour Rire (The), 33
Revivals, 213
Riff-Raff on Railways, 159
Richmond Park, 7
Robberies which there is no Noise about, 133
Rods in Pickle, 100
Roebuck, the Polite Letter-Writer, 250
Royal Provident Fund, 53
Rub up your Blunderbuss, 256
Rupture between England and France, 115
SABBATARIAN Slander, 28
Sagacity of American Cats, 155
Science Head over Heels, 82
"Sea of Heads" (A), 156
Sea-side Lodging-house Market, 81
Sea-side Season (The), 50
Shakspeare à la Française, 12
Shall England Swallow the Leek? 166
Shameful Robbery committed on Mr. Washington Irving, 74
Shampooing Made Easy, 144
Sheriff Carden on Army and Navy, 154
Shop! 182
Short Review (A), 222
Short Way with the Pope's Puppets, 205
Show-up for the American Showman, 200
Sibthorp Cabinet (The), 70
Sign-y Quâ Non (A), 48
Silence, pray, Silence for a Pun, 125
Singular Force of Habit, 111
Sir Charles Wood's Tales of Wonder, 250
Skulls at Cologne and Wiesbaden, 121
Smithfield Club Cattle Show, 259
Smithfield Life Pill, 53
Smoke Nuisance (The), 22
Something very Surprising, 17
Some Ways are Improved Noways, 199
Song of the Cambridge Don, 131
South Staffordshire and the Exhibition of 1851, 265
Specimen of a Bit of London Fog, 265
Spoons of War (The), 150
St. Paul's beating St. Peter's, 38
St. People's Park, 141
Standing for a Seat, 33
State of the Railway Market, 63
Statistics of Guy Faux Day, 204
Statues of the Green and Good, 142
Step not Taken (The), 192
Stocks in Aid of the Pulpit (The), 132
Strange Likeness between the Old Bailey and the Opera, 37
Stray Piece of Wit picked up at the Promenade Concerts, 249
Summer Novelties in Balloons, 52
Summer's Day at Kensington (A), 8
Summit of his Ambition, 166
Sunday at Sea, 54
Sunday at the Mint, 49
Sweating System (The), 263
Sympathy for the Higher Orders, 249
TAKING the Nonsensus of the Country, 195
Tale of an Emigrant Tub, 126
Talent will make a Name, 194
Talking Elms (The), 32
Temperance Wine, 163
Terrors of the Thames (The), 22
"Terms—cash only," 61
Testimonial to Mr. Walker at Last, 150
Things for a German to Calculate, 42
There's no Preserve like it, 104
Thousand Jokes in a Thousand Hours (A), 176
Ticketoby for Bullmongers, 209
Timely Caution, 266
"To Err is Human," 139
To Persons about to Marry, 113
To Seaside Lodgers, 92
Tournaments of Smithfield (The), 83
Train Taken in Execution (A), 231
Trimmings for Tractarians, 264
Trustworthy Guide to London, 104
Turkish Bishop (A), 83
Turn, Gentle Brougham, 3
Two Exhibitions in One, 165
Twelve Hours and Twenty Minutes at Rosherville, 9
UNNATURAL Literary Parent (An), 155
Unprotected England, 254
Ups and Downs of King's Road (The), 36
VEHICLE of Satire (A), 2
Very Brazen Trumpet (A), 19
"Very Sorry, but we have no Room," 139
Very Worst that was ever made, 182
Voice from the Bottle (A), 206
Voice of the Charmer (The), 111
WANTED, Warehouse-room for Art, 210
War without a Wherefore, 229
Warning to Small Sovereigns, 150
We all must bow to Circumstances, 42
What a Person may do on the Sunday, and what he may not do, 29
What may, or may not be Exhibited in May, 22
What's to become of Westminster Hall? 199
Where is the British Lion? 255
Whisperings in the Gallery of St. Paul's, 169
Whitebait's Invitation to Ministers (The), 73
Who is Chaff-Wax? 266
Who's my Uncle? 4
Will you Buy? Buy? Buy? 231
Windsor, 2
Wiseman in his Dining-room, 250
Word for the Nightingale (A), 101
Word or two on Water, 58
Worshipful Mr. John Ketch (The), 34
Woman and the Cat, 150
Women of Windsor (The), 251
YEOMANRY Cavalry Reviewed, 67
Yorkshire Jury (A), 265



00126522

LONDON
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS WHITEFRIARS.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018